UNIVERSITÉ DE PARIS
FACULTÉ DES LETTRES ET SCIENCES HUMAINES

•

D. H. LAWRENCE : L'HOMME ET LA GENÈSE DE SON ŒUVRE

LES ANNÉES DE FORMATION : 1885-1919

* *

DOCUMENTS

Thèse principale pour le doctorat ès-lettres
présentée à la Faculté des Lettres et Sciences Humaines
de l'Université de Paris par Emile DELAVENAY

Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Normale Supérieure
Agrégé de l'Université
Chargé d'enseignement à la Faculté des Lettres et Sciences Humaines
de l'Université de Nice

1969

LIBRAIRIE C. KLINCKSIECK
PARIS

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APPENDICES

APPENDICE I

DEUX DOCUMENTS INEDITS SUR LA JEUNESSE DE LAWRENCE

A. *La première lettre connue de D. H. Lawrence*

The Teacher, Saturday March 25, 1905, vol. 11, n° 58, pp. 280-284, donne la liste des reçus à l'examen du *King's Scholarship*, et la photographie des nouveaux boursiers. La photographie de Lawrence, p. 283, le montre avec un grand front, un air juvénile, regard profond et concentré.

Son nom figure parmi les onze reçus en *Division I*, c'est-à-dire la tête de liste. Ces onze premiers n'ayant pas été classés entre eux par ordre de mérite, le prix offert par *The Teacher* (£ 60) a été divisé également entre eux, si bien que Lawrence reçut £ 5. 9 s 1 d.

The Teacher publie également la première en date des lettres de Lawrence jusqu'ici répertoriée, dont le texte suit. Cette lettre n'a été reproduite nulle part ailleurs.

> My schoolmaster showed me the first issue of your paper, and I at once recognized its merits and ordered one for myself. Needless to say, I have continued to take it ever since. I consider it of the greatest help to any student in our profession. I have always found that the courses of study contained in *The Teacher* have an originality which is very pleasing and instructive. The lessons in Geography and History bring the important points clearly into view, and the Mathematics are splendid practise to any one who would have every rule in its different forms at his command. Especially valuable are the Science and English, the forum being particularly adapted for those who cannot enjoy the benefits of a laboratory. I consider *The Teacher* a first class magazine for teachers; it is eminently practical and yet has an intellectual chatty tone which is very charming.
>
> During my study I used: *English:* Evan Daniel and Meiklejohn; *History:* Ransome and Gardiner; *Arithmetic:* Christian and Collen; *Geography:* Gill and Meiklejohn. I have been teaching for two years and a half, and until March of last year received my instruction from Mr. G. Holderness, headmaster of the Eastwood British School. In that month, however, I obtained permission to attend the Ilkeston Centre, and there I received the greatest assistance from the Principal, Mr. T. A. Beacroft.

B. *Un témoignage sur la vie de D. H. Lawrence à Croydon*

La lettre ci-après fut écrite au début de février 1936 par M. John William Jones, chez qui Lawrence logea pendant tout son séjour à Croydon de 1908 à 1912. Le rendez-vous proposé à l'auteur ne put jamais être fixé.

CROYDON LODGE OF FIDELITY
J. W. Jones, P.P.A.G.D.C.
Secretary

« Wilmari »
South Eden Park Road, Beckenham.
Phone: Beckenham 3845.

10 (?) February 1936.

Dear Miss F...,

I have pleasure in replying to your letter of yesterday's date. Thank you for the kind reference to the leisure of my retirement. You will be surprised to know that I am busier than when I was in employment. However, during the current fortnight I have several afternoons vacant and two or three evenings and I shall be pleased to arrange an interview with Mr Delavenay for the purpose mentioned in your letter. I believe Mrs Jones will interest the gentleman concerned more than I can. She is an exschoolmistress and she mothered D.H.L. during his stay in Croydon for 4 years. I bossed him. No one else ever seemed to try to. It would have been better for him if he had been more generally distasted to. You see he was the spoiled pet of his mother who had married a foreigner (Englishman) below her station in any degree and walk of life. She taught him to hate and speak disparagingly of his father - though in due course he avoided speaking of him in my presence. Lawrence never had a boy chum. He came to Croydon to his first job as an assistant master. Having had no boy friends, he wanted no men friends, but he did eventually become friendly with Mr McLeod and the association was founded on books. Lawrence made 4 female friendships. One was platonic (genuinely). One gave him up because she was morally frightened of him. One derided him and led him up the garden and showed him the back gate. It would be mean for me to describe the other one.

Probably Lawrence would have remained in Croydon (not as a teacher) had I not told him to clear off. He had some excellent qualities. He was distinctly charitable. Unselfish, but erratic and when in the occasional mood would make himself ill for weeks from the effects of an orgie (is that spelled rightly). Following his last one when living with us - he had a burst on the Saturday and Sunday with big wigs of the literary world - he had double pneumonia and when convalescent and was going to Bournemouth to recuperate at parting I told him to pack up entirely as I was through with him.

He wrote his first novels in my house. He did his first serious painting on Sunday mornings and (this will surprise you) I was better at it then than was he.

Do you know I had only intended writing to you a formal letter and look what I've done. Senile decay ?

Yours faithfully,

J. W. JONES.

APPENDICE II

PROGRAMME D'ETUDES DE D. H. LAWRENCE

Extracts from *Regulations for the Training of Teachers and for the Examination of Students in Training Colleges presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of His Majesty, H.M.S.O. 1906, Cd. 3049.*

Prefatory Memorandum

CHAPTER II

Two Year Students
Examination of Two Year Students

22. *(a)* Two Year Students will be examined in accordance with the regulations which follow, and, except as expressly provided, will not take the Certificate Examination of the Board of Education (*Section* 28 *(b)*).

23. *(a)* The proficiency of Students in
The Practice of Teaching,
Reading and Recitation,
Elementary Science,
Drawing,
Singing and Music (so far as not tested by the Board's or other written examination),
Needlework,
will be ascertained as follows: —

The Training College staff, during the period of training, will indicate their opinion as to the proficiency of individual students in each of the subjects named (so far as they are included in the courses of study), by keeping a record of marks and a register shewing the attendance of students at lessons in these subjects. These documents will be subject to the scrutiny of the Board or of their Inspector. Before the end of the second year of training the Training College will submit to the Board lists of the Two Year Students, arranged in not more than five groups according to proficiency in each of these subjects, so far as they have been included in the courses of study. The highest group should comprise those students only who are specially proficient, and may therefore be expected in ordinary circumstances to be small.

The Board's Written Examination

24. The Board's written examination is held in July each year in the following subjects, on the basis of the Syllabuses comprised in Appendix C.

English Language, Literature, and Composition.
Elementary Mathematics (including Arithmetic).
History and Geography.
The Theory of Music.
The Principles of Teaching.

(a) Two Year Students for whom alternative examinations have not been approved will attend this examination, and must take the last two subjects in their second year.

(b) Two Year Students will be examined as a rule in the first three subjects in July of their second year, but with the approval of the Board the whole of the Two Year Students of a College may be examined in one or more of those subjects in July of their first year. In any case in which the Board's approval is desired application must be made not later than March 1st.

(c) The examination in the Theory of Music and in the Principles of Teaching will be attended also by Two Year Students withdrawn from the remainder of the Board's examination, unless in these subjects alternative examinations have been approved.

Examination in Optional Subjects

25. In May, June, or July, the Board will hold such examinations as may be necessary to test the proficiency of Two Year Students in the Optional Subjects which have been included in their courses of study.

(a) No Two Year Student withdrawn from the Board's written examination, described in the previous Section, may be examined in Optional Subjects.

(b) A Two Year Student may be examined in Optional Subjects in his second year only.

APPENDIX C

Courses of Study for Students who will be examined by the Board in July, 1908.

(1.) ENGLISH LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND COMPOSITION
(Four Alternative Courses)

The Board attach the greatest importance to the encouragement among the students of such a liking for good literature as will result in the English classics being regarded not merely as subjects for examination, but as a permanent source of enjoyment. It is not their desire, therefore, that the general reading of the Students should be necessarily confined to the works expressly prescribed under that head.

Most of the books named in each scheme for general reading belong to, or have reference to, some special period of English History. The corresponding period of History is as far as possible to be studied with,

and in relation to, the Scheme of English Language and Literature chosen.

An anthology is suggested for general reading in each case. Any one of the following will be found suitable, but the choice of a Training College is not confined to this list: —

The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics (F.T. Palgrave), The Oxford Book of Verse (A. T. Q. Couch), The Paradise of English Poetry (H. C. Beeching), The Open Road (E. V. Lucas), English Lyrics from Chaucer to Poe (W. E. Henley), The Flower of the Mind (Mrs. Meynell).

A theme or essay will always be set.

SCHEME I. *(for study with Scheme I. of History)*

1. For general reading—
   All or most of the following—
   Shakespeare: Macbeth.
   Spenser: Faerie Queene, Book I.
   Macaulay: Essay on Bacon.
   Kingsley: Westward Ho!
   More's Utopia (Any translation).
   Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson: by his wife.
   An Anthology.
2. For detailed study—
   Shakespeare: A Midsummer Night's Dream.
   Milton: Comus, Lycidas, Arcades, Areopagitica.
   Bacon: The following Essays:— Of Parents and Children, Great Place, Nobility, Seditions and Troubles, Empire, Counsel, Dispatch, The True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates, Plantations.
3. An Outline Course on the structure and history of the English Language.

(4.) HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

Geography must always be studied in connection with the Course of History chosen, and must be illustrative of it.

The use of maps and the making of models and diagrams should be included in the teaching of geography.

(Seven Alternative Courses)

SCHEME I

General study of the History of England from Henry VII. to Oliver Cromwell, inclusive.

Detailed study of one of the four following:

The reigns of Edward VI and Mary.
The reign of Elizabeth.
The Civil War (1642-1648).
The Protectorate.

(8.) THE PRINCIPLES OF TEACHING

(Four Alternative Courses)

Syllabus No. 1

I. The Organisation and Curriculum of Elementary Schools.

(a) School-buildings and equipment; the bearing of various types of school building on the work of the school; sanitary conditions and surpervision.

(b) The physical health of the scholars and the means of maintaining it; signs of distress and fatigue; methods of detecting and dealing with physically and mentally defective children.

(c) The specific work of the head teacher, the classification of scholars, and the distribution of the staff in various types of school, *e.g.*, a small country school, large urban school, etc.

(d) School records. Subjects of the curriculum and the reasons for their inclusion; their relative importance, and the possibility of connecting one with another. The variations in curricula and time-tables necessary to meet the needs of scholars of various ages and various types of school.

(e) Discipline and self-discipline. The means of bringing the influence of the school to bear upon the home and after life of the scholars.

(f) The place of the elementary school in a national system of education.

II. Methods of Teaching:

(a) Speech: Structure and use of the vocal organs; means of securing distinct articulation; use of stories; continuous speech and written composition; reading, poetry and singing.

(b) Hand and eye training, including drawing and writing; exercises to promote manual dexterity and develop the artistic faculties; domestic occupations — *e.g.*, gardening, needlework, etc.; moral value of this training.

(c) General physical training, including games; laws of health.

(d) Nature study: means of developing interest in nature; animal and plant life; elements of geography.

(e) Number and elementary mathematics: suitable methods and apparatus.

(f) History: national traditions and social life.

III. A study of the following works:—

T. G. Rooper: Home and School Life.

Adams' Herbartian Psychology.

N. B. — Other works will be selected for 1909.

Syllabus No. 2

1. Elementary Psychology, especially in its bearing on teaching.

   The phenomena of mind, viz., sensation, memory, imagination, perception, inference, generalisation, feeling, and emotion. Attention and will, their cultivation by school methods. The growth of the child's mind and the assimilation of knowledge.

2. The elements of Logic.

   The laws of thinking, assimilation of knowledge, common fallacies. Nature, classification, and connection of the sciences and the methods of scientific discovery.

3. The influence of school education on character.

   The moral aim of school work. The connection of school work with the child's home life and surroundings. Means of strengthening the social value of the school.

4. School organisation.

   Types of schools and curricula. The co-ordination of schools in a district. School buildings, school records and appliances for teaching. The distribution of work amongst the members of a school staff. The classification of children.

5. Methods of teaching the Elementary School subjects as in II. of Syllabus no. 1. Correlation of subjects.

6. Hygiene.

   The health and physique of children as affected by school conditions. Common physical defects, and ailments and their treatment at school. Physical training.

7. Leading ideas and movements in Elementary Education in England since 1839, especially Matthew Arnold's Reports on Elementary Schools.

APPENDIX D

16. BOTANY

1. General structure and life-history of a flowering plant, with sufficient microscopic work to illustrate it clearly.

2. The formation of the seed. Pollination and fertilisation. Germination of seeds. Comparison of different types of germination.

3. The nutrition of plants. Physiology of the leaf: assimilation; respiration; transpiration. Function of the root: conduction of food substances.

4. Adaptation of plants to their surroundings: protection against animals; adaptations to cold and drought: shapes of leaves and the causes to which they are due: insects and flowers; the dispersal of fruits and seeds.

5. Elementary classification of plants: how to make use of a Flora.

N. B. — The whole course to be done practically. The syllabus only includes such topics as can be treated practically either by the examination of specimens or experimentally.

APPENDICE III

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH* REPORT OF THE *RAINBOW* POLICE COURT CASE

(Reproduced by courtesy of *The Daily Telegraph*)
Daily Telegraph, Monday 15 November 1915 (col. 2, p. 12)

AN OBJECTIONABLE NOVEL

Messrs. Methuen Summoned

At Bow Street Police Court, on Saturday, before Sir John Dickinson, Messrs. Methuen and Company (Ltd), publishers, of Essex Street, Strand, were summoned to show cause why 1,011 copies of a book entitled « Rainbow », by D. H. Lawrence, should not be destroyed.

Mr H. Muskett, who appeared on behalf of the Commissioner of Police, said he had also been in consultation with the Director of Public Prosecutions on the matter. He understood that there was no objection on the part of the defendant company, a publishing house of old standing and the highest repute, to an order going in the terms of the summons, but it was considered advisable in the public interest that a statement should be made.

To him personally it was a matter for the most profound regret that it should have been necessary for the protection of public morals and public decency in literary productions to bring this disgusting, detestable and pernicious work under the notice of the Court. Although there might not be an obscene word to be found in the book, it was in fact a mass of obscenity of thought, idea, and action, wrapped up in language which in some quarters might be considered artistic and intellectual. It was difficult to understand how Messrs Methuen could have lent their great name to the publication of this bawdy volume.

Mr Muskett proceeded to quote from two notices of *The Rainbow*, one of the critics being Mr Clement K. Shorter, who wrote:

Zola's novels are child's food compared with the strong meat contained in this book.

Continuing, Mr Muskett said that when a search warrant was executed the police were given every facility, and from that time Messrs Methuen had dealt with the matter with the strictest propriety.

Defendants were not legally represented, but a member of the firm who appeared on their behalf explained to the magistrate that they had never seen Mr Lawrence, but dealt with him through an agent. The original manuscript of the novel in question was returned, with an inti-

mation that it could not be published in its then form. The author kept it from August 1914, until June of this year and Messrs Methuen were then assured by the author's agent that their wishes had been carried out, but when the proofs were ready, their attention was called to the fact that parts of the work were still objectionable, and they again protested and insisted upon certain passages being altered.

Publishers' regret

No doubt they were unwise not to have finally gone through the book more carefully, but they were assured by the author's agent that it was all right. They extremely regretted that they should have published the book. It was a remarkable fact that two members of the firm read a certain chapter to which particular exception was taken without conceiving the suggestion it contained.

Sir John Dickinson: They could not have read it very intelligently, looking at the name of the chapter — « Shame. » Have all the copies of this book been called in ?

Mr Muskett: Yes, I think Messrs Methuen have done all they can. If any booksellers who still have copies persist in selling them after this warning, they will run the risk of prosecution.

Sir John Dickinson: Have the public libraries taken it ?

Mr Muskett: I understand not.

Sir John Dickinson said he had never read anything more disgusting than this book, and how it could ever have passed through Messrs Methuen's hands he failed to understand. Il was greatly to be regretted that a firm of old standing and the highest repute, whose name on the title page of a book justified anyone in taking it into their home, should have allowed their reputation to be soiled, as it undoubtedly had been. It was appalling to think of the harm that such a book might have done. Il was utter filth; nothing else would describe it. He was very glad to hear that the libraries refused to circulate it, and it seemed to him that when the defendants read the reviews referred to by Mr Muskett, as they must have done, they should have done everything in their power to recall the book. They did not do so. He made an order for the copies of the book in the possession of the police to be destroyed, and the payment of £ 10. 10 s. costs.

APPENDICE IV

LETTERS AND DOCUMENTS OF JESSIE CHAMBERS WOOD

1. *Questions submitted by E. Delavenay to Jessie Chambers*

In August 1933 the author submitted to Mrs Jessie Chambers Wood the following questions:

1) Did Lawrence spend two years at Nottingham University College ? Were they 1904 to 1906 ? Did he take a teacher's course only and not try a degree ?

2) What were his subjects ? Were they the same as Ursula Brangwen's in *The Rainbow,* namely: Education, French, English, Latin, Mathematics and Botany ? If so, can anybody tell me what his syllabus was in those subjects, in particular in French, English and Latin ?

3) What was the proportion of students taking the teacher's course only, as against students taking degree work, at the time of Lawrence's studies at Nottingham ?

4) Were his studies a disappointment to him as they are to Ursula ? Or has he made that up after his break from his Nottingham life ?

5) Do you know anybody who could and would inform me with any degree of accuracy of Lawrence's reading duing that period or at any other time ? The slightest indications would be welcome and would save me a great deal of research and conjecture.

6) Did Lawrence go straight from Nottingham to Davidson Road School at Croydon in 1906, or did he not rather go to another school in Norwood at first ? His biographies are most vague on this point.

7) Had he lost his religious beliefs at 16 as he says he had in an essay called *Hymns in a man's life,* or was he still struggling with them at 21, like Paul Morel in *Sons and Lovers ?* Did his university education play a prominent part in his liberation from religious dogma ? Am I right in surmising that his liberation was mostly due to his impatience of the moral rule of his puritanic environment ?

8) Was he ambitious to rise socially, or would he really rather have remained one of « his common people », as he suggests in various passages ?

2. *Extracts from Jessie Chambers's replies*

There followed correspondence from 1933 to the end of 1935: all letters containing anything of interest to Lawrence criticism are printed in Section 3 below. Most of the facts of any significance contained in the

replies to questions 1, 4, 5, 6 and 7, were incorporated by Jessie Chambers into her book, *D.H. Lawrence, A personal record*. A large part of her reply to question 8 follows, consisting of hitherto unpublished material.

> The answer to this question is somewhat complicated but I should like to state quite definitely that a vulgar desire to « get on » and leave his old associates behind was never part of Lawrence. Ambitious he was, of course, but rather in the direction of self-realisation than of external success. To begin with, in our youth we were almost devoid of class consciousness. We were so full of the zest of living that we were scarcely aware of such a thing as class distinction. We knew there were people better off than ourselves, but we should never have admitted for an instant that they were better-class. And Lawrence belonged absolutely to the stock from which he sprang; bone of their bone. There was no distance between him and the people amongst whom he lived; when he talked to them he spoke out of the same heritage of thought and feeling; he was like them, only greater, in a sense he contained them in himself. He had a marvellous understanding of collier folk, men and women; he hnew just how they felt about things and what their reactions were, and how their thinking was not so much of the mind as, to use his own phrase, of the blood. He was quite at home with them and they with him, whereas I always felt, and was, an outsider, a « foreigner » as they would say. But Lawrence was not a « foreigner », he was one of them in an extremely close and subtle relationship. Of course he was different with them. He said once, in comparing himself with my brother, « I have probably more nerves in my little finger than Alan has in his whole body ». His intuitive understanding of and insight into inarticulate people seemed to me one of his greatest gifts.
>
> He always said he could not foresee his future in the least; he had no idea what would happen to him — and the phrase is significant — it was indeed what would *happen to him*, and *not* what he intended to do with himself. He had no intentions with regard to his future. He would liken himself to a leaf blown in the wind, in lines of a poem of Verlaine's, I believe. When he was 17 or 18 he said to me how fine it would be if some day he could take a house, say one of the big houses in Nottingham Park, and he and all the people he liked could live together. I was dubious and suggested that his friends might not agree if they all lived together. But he brushed my objection aside; it would be all right, he was sure, and wouldn't it be fine ?
>
> Later, where in *The White Peacock* he and his mother live together in the house in the wood, I am sure Lawrence drew a picture of his inner longing. That was all the social prestige he desired, to live with his mother in congenial surroundings, and to be equally at home and equally welcome either in the farmhouse, the cottage, or the mansion of the local colliery owner. If the circumstances of his life had allowed him to realise that ambition, Lawrence might have been a happy man, for his inner problem consisted in the fact that owing to his peculiar psychic relationship with his mother, and her insistent claims on his duty as a most

dearly loved son, he was unable to make a normal adjustment to life. When he was reading aloud Schopenhauer's essay on the *Metaphysics of Love* and came to the passage « Accordingly, everyone in the first place will infinitely prefer and ardently desire those who are most beautiful », he looked up and said, « But that's just the trouble, I *don't* ardently desire. I see what is most beautiful but don't desire it ». His constant theme to me for nearly four years was that he was unable to love me, « I *cannot love you* », he used to say. « Can I plant a little love tree in my heart ? » And when I replied, « Of course not, but then why do you bother with me, why don't you leave me alone ? » he would reply with shattering sincerity, « Because you are necessary to me. All this writing, this work I have to do — it *can't* go on without you, I *can't* do it without you. » I wish I knew how to convey the anguish in his voice. Lawrence never made these statements callously or casually; they were wrung out of the agony of a bondage that neither he nor I understood at the time, so that I could only feel intensely sorry for him.

But it was his mother he loved, and on her he lavished his tenderness. When she died his world went to pieces, and that he left « his common people » was accidental and not intentional. I am quite sure that he did not intend or wish in the least to make a complete break. It was never deliberate, he somehow blundered into it. I can quite believe that from Lawrence's point of view the situation appeared the other way round and that « his common people » had rejected him. In *Kangaroo* he speaks of «the hell of repudiation ». And after the break with his Nottingham life he made more than one attempt, half-hearted perhaps, but then he received no encouragement, to re-establish some kind of relationship. But there were too many irreconcilable elements in the situation, and also there were very many things that Lawrence had to find out. He had assumed the supposed rights and privileges of the « superman »; he used to argue that as an exceptional man he met with exceptional difficulties, and should be allowed a larger latitude of conduct. He said on a certain occasion, « With *should* and *ought* I have nothing to do ». In fairness to him I must say that when he uttered those words his mother lay dead, and perhaps at the moment he was not quite responsible for what he said. But he acted in that spirit. A few months later he wrote to me « At times I have fits of perversity amounting to minor insanity . The trouble was that his acts of insanity were not annulled by the passing of the fit of perversity.

My reply then is that fundamentally he always was one with « his common people », that being cut off from them was a great impoverishment to him, but that, as things had turned out, it was inevitable, for a number of years at least. I always hoped that Lawrence might achieve such an inner synthesis as would enable him to return to « his own people », and perhaps if his life had not been cut so untimely short it might have happened so.

3. *Letters from Mrs Jessie Chambers Wood to Emile Delavenay, 1933 to 1935*

These letters were all written from Woodthorpe, Notts, mostly in reply to questions from the author of the present study, the manuscripts of which have unfortunately been destroyed. Each letter is complete except for the omission of greetings and personal messages not relevant to D.H. Lawrence.

5 September 1933 (1)

I am sorry to be rather late in sending the answers to your questions about D.H. Lawrence. We were away from home several days last week and this delayed me a little.

I regret the personal note that runs through my answers; it is there not from choice but necessity. I cannot speak about Lawrence's youth and education without referring to my own, because we grew up together.

Mrs Lawrence and my mother had become acquainted at the Congregational Chapel, and while Lawrence was still a High School boy, he and his mother came to our house to tea. But for this I should probably never have made his acquaintance, for our farm was isolated, and I met very few people.

May I ask you a favour ? If you find my notes helpful to your purpose, would you be so good as to make a copy of them on your typewriter and return the manuscript to me ? Now that I have written it, I feel that I would like to keep this record of our early days.

26 October 1933 (2)

Professor Lavrin has passed your letter of 19 October on to me, and asks me to give you what information I can. The dates of Lawrence's career as a student are as follows:

date of his taking the King's Scholarship	Dec. 1904
» » » matriculation	June 1905
» » entrance to College	Sept. 1906
» » Certificate Exam.	July 1908
» » leaving College	July 1908

I can assure you that these dates are correct. I have not read Mrs Clarke's *Early Days of D.H.L...*, but if she gives other dates than the above she is definitely wrong. Lawrence as a student was one year my senior, and sat for the King's Scholarship exam. one year before I did. My mother still has a copy of « The Teacher » dated *Mar. 25th,* 1905, in which there is a photograph of Lawrence along with other candidates who won the distinction of being placed in the lst Division of the lst Class in the King's Scholarship exam. of December 1904.

Thank you for your letter from Cornwall. I did not reply because I thought that probably you would be returning my

notes before long. There is no hurry, of course, but I shall like to have them when you have done with them.

At the time of Lawrence's death, which came as a great shock to me, because I did not even know that he was ill, I felt that my special knowledge of him ought to be available to anyone making a serious study of his life. Accordingly, I wrote a simple historical record of all I knew about him from our first acquaintance until the time when his poems first appeared in the English Review. If you feel that a perusal of this record would be helpful to you in your study of Lawrence's life, I shall be very pleased for you to read it.

I am only too glad to give you any information I can—please ask anything you wish. The reviving of the memories is not altogether painful; some of the exhilaration of those days comes back along with them. And I think it can hardly be possible to understand the later Lawrence without knowing what the early man was like.

1 November 1933 **(3)**

Thank you for the notes; I hope I didn't hurry you—I certainly didn't wish to. I am enclosing the list of questions, and shall be so glad if you will kindly send it back some time. I should like to keep your questions and my answers together.

I hope to send the promised record in the course of a week or two. At present my brother is reading it; the brother who is on the staff of the Department of Adult Education at Nottingham University. I showed your letter of Oct. 19th to him, and he is trying to get a copy of the entries relating to Lawrence from the University records.

In the writing that I propose to send you I have set down in the simplest possible manner all that I remember of Lawrence up to the end of November 1909. There remains another chapter to be written—from Dec. 1909 until March 1912. So far I have not been able to find the courage and inner strength to write that chapter. Poor Lawrence's « affaires de cœur » are much less involved than they appear. At any rate I shall be able to give you a chronological account of what actually happened in all cases up to March 1912.

Lawrence insisted on my meeting Miss Helen Corke in May 1910 when he had quite suddenly and unexpectedly set about writing *The Trespasser*. From August 1910 until August 1912 Miss Corke and I saw a good deal of one another. I have not read, and did not intend to read, her novel *Neutral Ground*, but if my doing so can serve a useful purpose, I will with pleasure. At least I know and remember quite clearly what the actual situation was with regard to Lawrence.

With regard to your concluding section my feeling is that it was not Lawrence's education, whether puritanic or otherwise, that mattered most. The essential thing was the relationship with his mother, and above all the way in which that relationship

thwarted his natural development. On the day before his mother's funeral — she died early in December 1910 — although Lawrence and I were more or less estranged at the moment, we met on that Sunday morning and went for a walk together. When the time came to part Lawrence said to me « You know, J. I've always loved mother ». « I know you have », I replied. « No, I don't mean that », he said, ! I' ve *loved* her, like a lover. That's why I could never love you ». Then he handed me the three poems he had just written, *The End, The Bride* and *The Virgin Mother*. As they stand in the Collected Poems they are very little altered from my recollection of the Ms. But I would like you to read my narrative before I say any more. I fully agree that his mother was the most vigorous symbol of the puritanic education before his eyes.

In reply to your question about the Mechanics Library at Eastwood I am sorry to be rather vague. It was neither Trade Union, nor Co-operative, nor a lending library in the ordinary sense of the word. I have a hazy idea that the Mechanics' Institution was a semi-philanthropical organization founded with the intention of providing working people with access to books. There is a large and flourishing Mechanics' Hall library in Nottingham — possibly our library at Eastwood is a branch, it still functions, I believe. I' ll try to find out more exact information.

My copy of Schopenhauer is in the Scott Library edition, probably out of print now. The translation is by Mrs Rudolf Dircks. I still have the book, with the marginal notes that Lawrence made at the time he read the essay on the « Metaphysics of Love ».

14 November 1933 (4)

Here is the promised M.S. Probably you will find much of it is not relevant to your purpose, and yet I feel that a perusal of the narrative may help to illuminate Lawrence's development, and perhaps throw some light on his personal dilemma.

Thank you for your assurance that you will take good care of the M.S. — I already felt sure you would, or I should not have offered it to you. I shall be glad if you will regard it as an independent memoir, that may some day be published as it stands. Also may I ask that if you make use of my M.S. in any way you will allow me to see the parts relating to it before your work is made public ? I feel myself under an obligation to throw as much light as possible upon the problems that Lawrence in his life and work undoubtedly presents; at the same time any kind of personal publicity is abhorrent to me. I feel sure you will appreciate my standpoint, and that I can rely upon you, while having access to my particular knowledge of your subject, to respect my desire to maintain the greatest possible degree of anonymity.

Enclosed also the particulars of Lawrence's College career.

24 November 1933 (5)

There is no hurry with regard to the M.S.; I would like you to have time to consider it carefully and shall be most interested

to see your comments. When you return it I have promised to let Professor Lavrin see it.

The question of publication is for me a vexed one. I don't know what to say. Thank you for your suggestion of publishing the M.S. as an appendix to your book. My brother had suggested precisely the same thing. But as you say, there is plenty of time yet, and I will think it over in the meantime.

When I have your comments upon the M.S. I will write out for you the chronological account I promised, covering my knowledge of Lawrence from December 1909 to March 1912, after which date I know nothing about him. I am sure you understand that I write about him only from a sense of deep obligation; — Lawrence said to me several times with a curious finality — « It will fall to you to write my epitaph » — and when I protested he smiled and shook his head — « Yes, yes, you will, you will do it. »

Perhaps it will be best to tell you now all I know about *Sons and Lovers*. The first draft was written in 1911, a year during which I scarcely saw Lawrence at all. I heard of the story from Miss Corke, who merely said that L. was writing about his early days and had included his (supposed) French ancestor. That was all I knew. Then in October (or it might have been November) 1911 Lawrence suddenly sent the entire M.S. to me, and asked me to tell him what I thought of it. He had written about two thirds of the novel and appeared to have come to a standstill. In reading the M.S. I felt oppressed by a sense of strain, as though he had had to force himself to write it. There was no spontaneity, no sparkle. It was his mother's story, told rather sentimentally; a young non-conformist minister whose sermons she composed was there as a set-off to the brutal husband. Our household of Willey Farm (I think he calls it that; I am writing absolutely from memory) was not there at all, and the character he calls Miriam was placed in a suburban atmosphere in Eastwood. In my reply to Lawrence I suggested that he should relate the story of his mother's married life as it had actually happened, and include his brother Ernest, whose story was omitted in the first draft. It seemed to me that the reality was so much more poignant and interesting than his semi-fictitious account. Not only that, I felt that if he could work out artistically and *within himself* all the issues of his mother's life and their implications, not only would he write a magnificent novel, but he would rid himself of his obsession with regard to his mother, and be a free and a whole man. My advice arose purely from intuition. I knew Lawrence and his situation so well, and I felt that this was his way out of his dilemma. He took me at my word, and entirely recast his novel. He included also the story of our household, which I had *not* suggested. He asked me to write what I could remember of our early days together, just as a help to him, because he didn't remember those days so well as I did. I promised to do this, and had scarcely made a beginning when Lawrence fell ill with pneumonia, and was in danger of his life. I was sure he would get better, however, and went on writing the notes for him. The first letter

he wrote when convalescent was a tiny pencilled note to me. After some weeks in Bournemouth, he returned to Eastwood early in 1912 and came to see me, and I gave him the notes I had written. It is this meeting to which the poem *After Many Days* refers.

The writing of *Sons and Lovers* now went on apace and Lawrence passed the M.S. on to me as he wrote it, a dozen or so pages at a time. He wrote it very rapidly. It was his treatment of our association that hurt me so much. I may be mistaken, but I felt that he had represented our friendship on a commonplace and sentimental plane, that was untrue to life and unworthy as literature. The reason, of course, was the necessity he felt to justify his mother. He had utterly failed to face the issue; and I, on my part, had completely under-estimated its terrible power over him. Now I can look back on it with understanding and sympathy, but at the time I was hurt beyond all expression; I felt that Lawrence was a philistine of the philistines, that not only had he handed me over to the hunters, but had joined in the chase himself. For the time being he had killed himself in me. He knew that his representation of Miriam was wrong because he wrote to me almost immediately from Germany (in 1912) and told me he was going over the M.S. and added, — « I'm sorry it turned out as it has; you'll have to go on forgiving me. »

I hope you also will forgive this long preamble, but I feel it all has a bearing if one wishes to interpret Lawrence aright. Now I will try to answer your questions.

The character of Clara is a clever adaptation of elements from three people, Miss Burrows, Miss Corke, and Mrs Dax. The external resemblance to Mrs Dax is the strongest. At any rate, she regarded herself as the original because I received a letter from her some years after the publication of *Sons and Lovers* in which she said — « I have read *Sons and Lovers* and I *swear* that it is not true. » There was no need for her oaths. I knew quite well that it was not true. She had given Lawrence plenty of provocation, of which he had taken no advantage. As the novel was nearly finished before Lawrence made the acquaintance of Mrs Weekley, it is a little difficult for her to claim a place there. There is one incident, however, that may refer to her — where Paul Morel goes to the theatre with Clara. From the description of her dress I guessed at once Mrs Weekley, and they actually did see « Man and Superman » here at Nottingham, together. You see how life went straight into his work.

Baxter Dawes is entirely fictitious, and so is the fight. Lawrence never fought any man. He was not that kind of fighter. I think the real explanation is to be found in his subconscious. He knew that he was evading the fundamental issues of his life. He used to say how powerful he was in dreams, how he could kick, and push — so different from life, he said. With regard to the keeper Annable (and also Mellors) I think that the hypothesis in Middleton Murry's *Son of Woman* — namely that Annable-Mellors is a projection of Lawrence's subconscious self, is true, and the most

valuable feature of that hysterical book. Annable never existed outside Lawrence's imagination. He did not appear in any shape or form in the first writing of *The White Peacock;* he was there crudely in the second draft, and much more fully worked out in the third. His first appearance shocked me, and I expostulated with Lawrence, but he insisted that Annable *must* be there, as a contrast. But by his manner I felt that Annable was a vexed and difficult problem to him.

The only actual contact with a keeper that ever happened was as follows. On a Good Friday, when L. would be 16 or 17, a party of us, including three of my brothers, L's sister Ada, and several other young people, somehow penetrated into a private bit of the Annesley woods. There we found primroses growing beside a stream (primroses are rare in our woods). We were enchanted; we seemed to have strayed into fairyland. We gathered the primroses, we chattered and laughed, and made plenty of noise, when suddenly a big burly gamekeeper appeared with a youth at his heels. It was only then that we realised we were trespassing. The keeper made Lawrence and my eldest brother go aside and he took their names and addresses. He made us throw our flowers down, and told us that these « pimroses » were private property. We departed crestfallen, and Lawrence was very white-faced. It must have made a deep impression upon him for it was our only encounter with a gamekeeper, although we used to roam our own particular wood by day and night.

I will give your thanks to my brother when I see him; he was only too pleased to be of assistance, I am sure.

It might be useful if I say here that the only use L. made of Miss Burrows in his literary work so far as I know beyond the poems is in the character of Ursula Brangwen in *The Rainbow.* There the outer circumstances of Ursula's life are almost photographic in their faithfulness, but the inner content is totally different. Will and Anna are perfect portraits of Miss B's parents, particularly the rolling of the eyes that Lawrence so emphasises in Anna. Their cottage at Cossethwaite was Louie's home at Cossall, and her father was organist at the church, and also ran a lad's woodwork class. But their *inner* life was completely different from Will and Anna's, for Louie's parents were a particularly harmonious couple. The description of the children is amazingly true; the « chirrupping » with which the day began, etc.

I must close this long account now, and hope it may be useful.

12 December 1933 (6)

I am now at the most difficult and complex part of the story, and only the inescapable conviction that it is my bounden duty to tell all I know of D.H.L. makes me go on. But I would like first to reply to one or two points in your letter.

Your estimate of D.H.L. is quite true, as far as it goes. But there was something deeper. He was, as you suggest, extremely sensitive about his nascent sensual desires. My very earliest impres-

sion was that he felt the actual marriage relation to be too coarse and gross to be entertained towards myself; and in spite of my ignorance, I knew his attitude was mistaken. Later on there was a sense of guiltiness. The incident in my record relating to his friend N. and Lawrence's attitude with regard to it, gives I think, a valuable insight into his feeling about sex relations. Perhaps that can be put down to a puritanic upbringing. But afterwards, when the puritanic notions of conduct had been sublimated into a bigger view of human life, some obstacle that lay *within himself* held him back. Does he not say he was « chained to the rock of his virginity » ? The rock to which he was indeed chained was the relationship with his mother. He explains what had happened to him in the chapter called *Parent Love* in *Fantasia of the Unconcious*, and elsewhere in that book he says the man actually *waits to be taken*. That is the ultimate truth about D.H.L. In the first draft of *Sons and Lovers* this sentence occurred. « What was it he (Paul Morel) wanted of her (Miriam) ? Did he want her to break his mother down in him ? Was that what he wanted ? ». His position was extremely complicated. His whole sympathy flowed towards me — it is impossible not to know when such a thing happens, it was betrayed in all manner of ways, too subtle and delicate to put into words. At the same time it was constantly being checked by the tie with his mother, and later on it was almost battered out of existence by her fierce and determined opposition. I have come to the conclusion of late years that his mother must have been afraid of me; there was something in me she did not understand and she feared me because of it. Lawrence always tried to hide from me the fact of his mother's opposition — to quote again from the first draft of *Sons and Lovers* (it was called *Paul Morel* at the time), L. wrote « Miriam regarded Paul as a man tied to his mother's apron strings ». So L. had to impose his *will* upon his nascent affection, and in doing so not only evaded its true nature, but distorted it. Not only that, he charged M. with his own failing, namely, inability to make a normal adjustment to life. Indeed, in the early days he tried to shift his own bondage on to me, as if by so doing he could free himself. So he did not resemble Tom Brangwen in *The Rainbow* as much as he would have liked to do; he was never so inwardly free.

I fully agree with your estimate of Lawrence as a man gifted above all with the ability to translate facts and people into words. As I saw him his supreme gift lay in his power to give significance and even beauty to seemingly trivial material, and to people who seemed at first glance commonplace. I felt this particularly in the early chapters of *Sons and Lovers*, and I thought I could see the true shape of his genius emerging, and that he would be a true poet and prophet of his own people whom he understood with marvellous insight. However, it is not permitted us to choose the cross we will carry — perhaps after all D.H.L. has done something greater.

With regard to the re-writing of *Sons and Lovers* in 1912 I shall have something to say later on. I have read the Foreword that L. sent to Edward Garnett. What seems to me perhaps the

most sinister feature is that intellectual awareness of the part his mother had played in his life was not sufficient to set him free. Some real inner injury had been done to him, and he could not heal himself.

I saw David Garnett's statement, and also his description of Lawrence's personal appearance. If the latter is to be taken as a criterion of his powers of observation, I should not be inclined to accept any evidence from him. There was not a strand of red in Lawrence's hair. The description struck me as a very bad joke — at the expense of a dead man.

Lawrence did put something of himself into every character. I was particularly struck by this in the case of Kate in *The Plumed Serpent*. Obviously the figure is that of his wife, but every word she utters might have fallen from his own lips, and a good proportion of them from his mother's. His preaching, which was nearly all directed to himself, was also a legacy from his mother; she practised the art at great length.

15 December (6)

I have now finished the chronological account I promised. Keeping it as nearly as possible to bare statements it has run to over twenty pages. I hope I have not overwhelmed you with material and made your task hopelessly complicated. When you look at the account in all its imperfections, please remember that it has been an exceedingly difficult task. If there is anything that is not clear, I'll do my best to explain it. And a last request. When you have made what use you need of this last material, will you please send it back to me. I hope eventually to make it into a detailed account, because I feel that only by this means can Lawrence become intelligible, as a man and as an author, and these rough notes I am sending to you will be a great help.

I have not read Miss Corke's *Neutral Ground*. I know that it was written in 1918. Il there is anything in it you would like me to help to elucidate, I'Il do my best.

With regard to the manuscript you returned to me last week, I must say that the consensus of opinion is that if and when it is published, it ought to appear independently. For myself, I cannot see it objectively, and so I cannot say anything about it. Whatever happens, it will always be available, if need be.

My husband and I will be very pleased to meet you. We very rarely come to London. But if ever you come to Nottingham we should like to show you our old farm where we and Lawrence had such happy days. It may be a little more dilapidated than when we lived there, but otherwise it hasn't altered.

6 January 1934 (7)

At last I have an opportunity to reply to your most interesting letter. First let me thank you for speaking so highly of my first narrative about Lawrence. I have tried to put into it what was

essential in our early relationship. All along I have understated rather than overstated; I tried most scrupulously to give the very essence of the truth, as it appeared to me. I feel it is a deep responsibility, and when you say it is a « most precious commentary » on *Sons and Lovers*, I am content. My feeling about Lawrence at the time I wrote the « record » was so acute that the idea of publication was simply insupportable, but now I am beginning to feel rather differently, and perhaps by the time your book is ready for publication, this record may appear as well.

I want to say also how much I appreciate your gratitude for the information I have been able to give you. But the gratitude is not all on your side. I am more grateful to you than I can say, first for the manner in which you receive these contributions and then for the *quality* of your interest in Lawrence, and of what I am sure your work will be. It seems to me somewhat significant that of all Lawrence's fellow countrymen who took upon themselves to write about him, *not one* of them thought it worthwhile to ask me for any information.

I am sorry that in my last letter I omitted to say that I shall be very glad to read the biographical chapters of your book when they are ready, and I promise to give them the most careful attention. You are quite right when you say I know more about D.H.L. than any one else ever did; that was one of the tragic aspects of his life.

To return to your letter. The Croydon teacher who pinned the berries in my coat was the A.H. of the second instalment, but she has no connection whatever with *Alice Hall*. This A.H. (Agnes Holt) came from Torquay. I think she was slightly older than D.H.L.; they went about together a little in the autumn of 1909; L. mentioned her once or twice to me in letters, but apparently after my visit in November 1909 he told her that he really belonged to me. She left Croydon a few months later and went to a school in Yorkshire and a year or so later was married to the proprietor of a private school. Lawrence painted a set of pictures for her for a wedding present. I never heard anything more of her. Alice Hall is quite a different figure. She belonged to an old Eastwood family and might be considered as representative of some of the best and the worst elements of the Eastwood of those days. She was a strange character, and had a strange mother who was a close friend of D.H.L's mother, and the two women were rather drawn together by the fact that each had lost a promising son rather tragically. Ernest Lawrence died from erysipelas after only three days illness (*not* pneumonia), and Mrs Hall's son from diabetes. These events had an influence on our lives. To return to Alice Hall, she was five or six years older than D.H.L.; she was short and asthmatical, and had a tongue like a rapier. Now that I come to think of it, I wonder if she possibly suffered from a sense of sex-inferiority (unconsciously, of course) because she was a firm ally of Mrs Lawrence in her determination to discourage D.H.L. from falling in love with me. One of her favourite amusements, as I heard her explain to D.H.L., if she happened to see a courting couple

walking together, if they were perfect strangers it made no difference, was to walk close behind them, to dog their foot-steps, and make them so self-conscious and uncomfortable that that walk at least was a failure. D.H.L. did not answer her, but his expression was very pained. All the same, Alice Hall was not without good nature, and could be a most amusing companion, although most of her shafts were barbed. In his books D.H.L. touched on the lighter sides of her character; she had strong prejudices, she could be utterly loyal to a friend and equally implacable to a foe. I don't think she ever really made up her mind in which category to place me. She married eventually a man considerably younger than herself, but she has been a widow for a long time now. Somebody told me that at Christmas 1912 D.H.L. wrote to her from Rome, begging her to write to him about Eastwood and its doings and said he was « hellish lonely ». After his death, when there was a good deal of correspondence about him in the local press, Alice sent several stinging letters to the *Nottingham Journal*. D.H.L. used to say that her name ought to have been « Malice ».

The bread-burning scene in *Sons and Lovers* is an interesting example of the way Lawrence would take several incidents happening at different times and even with different people and compress them into one scene of greatly heightened significance. The incident of the burned loaf made so little impression upon me that I had quite forgotten it until I met it again in such a different setting in the M.S. of *Sons and Lovers*. In reality, Alice Hall had nothing to do with it; D.H.L. and I were alone, reading Victor Hugo's *Waterloo*, which we found very stiff, and when Lawrence suddenly remembered to look in the oven, this particular little loaf was almost a cinder. He looked dismayed, and I suggested putting it in the fire, which, after some hesitation, he did. « You are an iconoclast », he said. « What is an iconoclast ? » I asked. « A breaker down of images », he replied. Alice Hall's share in the scene took place on quite another evening, and it is most cunningly combined with the atmosphere of yet a third evening when another girl, the daughter of his headmaster, was present and behaved in a somewhat similar way. No doubt poor D.H.L. got a severe wigging from his mother over the loaf, which impressed the matter on his memory; I hadn't thought of that. For me, the real significance of the scene is in the light it throws upon the atmosphere in which young love had to struggle. Not only was there a flavour of puritanic disapproval of love in general, there was also this atmosphere of definite ridicule and hostility. I suppose D.H.L's passive acceptance of this was due to the fact that it justified his affection for his mother, whose influence, of course, was the occasion of these scenes. When D.H.L. passed out of my life I saw nothing more of any of the Eastwood people; the break has been complete there as well.

Far from merely excusing your scepticism, I welcome it as the most desirable attitude. My part is to supply the facts with the greatest possible degree of accuracy; the drawing of the conclusion is yours. I am extremely interested to hear that you are laying your evidence before a trained psychologist and mental

specialist because I had always felt that there is a pathological element in Lawrence, above all in the sphere of sex (perhaps only in that one respect). This comes out most strikingly in *Lady Chatterley's Lover;* in my opinion it is a pathological production. Forgive me if I sound arrogant. I shall be most interested to know your friend's verdict.

Mr Middleton Murry did *not* communicate with me before writing *Son of Woman.* This is what happened. Lawrence's death was a great blow to me and I felt that I would like to put my special knowledge of him in the hands of some trustworthy man of letters. I had no desire to re-open my correspondence with Edward Garnett and after a good deal of reflection I decided to write to Mr Max Plowman who was then the editor of *The New Adelphi.* I was the most inclined to this because I had read an article of his in *The New Adelphi* (March-May 1930) on Blake's Four Degrees of Vision, which appealed to me very much. Mr Plowman was most sympathetic and kind; and when I sent the narrative to him he received it with that degree of understanding which the tone of his article on Blake had led me to expect. My narrative had remained in his keeping until I sent it to you. In July 1930 Mr Plowman told me that J.M. Murry was writing a sort of biography of D.H.L.; that he had finished the early part covered by my narrative and asked if I would allow him to show my writing to Murry. I gave my consent of course. I enclose Murry's letter after he had read the M.S. Considering that my M.S. comes to a close two and a half years before Lawrence made his wife's acquaintance and does not touch on her in any way, I can't help regarding Murry's letter as a remarkable production. Murry's sweeping assumption of the literal biographical truth of *Sons and Lovers* seems strange in a critic of distinction. He sent the typescript of the early part to me in the autumn of 1930. I replied that I repudiated the character of « Miriam » in its entirety, but that the idea of Annable as a projection of L's subconscious self was most interesting.

I think I can best answer your question as to how far I realised the importance of D.H.L's relationship to his mother by tracing the development of my feeling about it. From the earliest times I recognized his mother's deep attachment to him, but as I had yet to learn that love can be malevolent. I respected it, and regarded it as an added richness in his life. Later on I was aware of the many conflicting attractions and attachments around him (D.H.L. was always on friendly and in a sense « neuter » relationships with a number of girls, neighbours and so on) and the resolve took shape in me in actual words: « I shall never compete for him ». I may remark here that he is quite wrong when he represents me as « fighting his mother for the soul of Paul Morel ». I *never* fought for him, for the simple reason that Lawrence never fought for himself. Scenes such as L. depicted in the incident of the burnt loaf made me realise his mother's hostility and that she was enlisting the support of her friends and neighbours, which culminated in the definite interference at Easter 1906. It was from that date that L. began to tell

me with monotonous insistance that he could never love me. But I never realised clearly the important part his mother played until he said to me, the day before the funeral: « I've always loved mother — like a lover; that's why I could never love you. » Then I saw that, in a sense, I had been a kind of interloper, coming between him and the one he really loved. It was that tie with his mother that I tried to make clear to him as I described on page 10... (*) but D.H.L. knew it even better than I did. The part that has become clear to me only since his death is the fact that he was unable to love *any* woman — in a full sense of the word. It is evident in his work and his life.

Your words about D.H.L's trusting to his mother to make decisions for him remind me of a curious scrap of conversation that took place at the end of Whitsuntide holiday 1910. Lawrence said to me somewhat peevishly, « You would leave all the decisions to me » (i. e. in the event of our being married). I was surprised because I thought in those days it was rather the prerogative of the husband to make important decisions, and I said: « I shall decide all the things that were for me to decide », and Lawrence replied, « Of course, you'd order the groceries. » I am afraid the theory of infantile will fits him only too exactly. I never knew of these things in those days; it was only in 1921 or 1922 when I happened to read a review of a book dealing with the « mother-complex » that I came across a perfect description of his case, I said to myself « That is Bert exactly ».

When, after repeated urging on his part, I read *Sentimental Tommy* and *Tommy and Grizel*, I realised only very slightly what the full significance was, but Lawrence knew: and I think it was the frantic effort to get rid of the complex that made his life what it was. He often speaks as though his work as a writer was of secondary interest to him; I believe him; his primary aim in life was to become free. Myself, I think he chose (if he had any choice) the wrong methods; but far be it from me to judge him.

Thank you very much for verifying the verse from Baudelaire; that is the one. The poem from Verlaine began, « Ils me disent, tes mains... »; there were three of four verses, mainly about the mistress's hands. I wonder if you know it.

My husband joins in sending our kindest regards and best wishes. We shall look forward to meeting you some time in the summer.

P.S. The *Arthur* of *Sons and Lovers* is D.H.L's sister Ada treated as a brother — the character is hers entirely — not the actions of course, but the personality as she was then.

I wonder if you would be so good as to return me the account I gave you of my connection with the writing of *Sons and Lovers*. It would be a help to me to have the notes.

(*) This refers to M.S. II; this incident is also mentioned in letter n° 3 above.

Letter from J.M. Murry, to Jessie Chambers. Date : 1930

South Acre
Yateley, Hants.

Mr Plowman has handed me your record of Lawrence to read; and I have read it straight through this morning. I have finished that part of my work which deals with the relation with Miriam. When it is typed, which will not be until the whole book is finished, I will send it to you.

The truth is that you were doomed, because L. was doomed. His nature had been split by his home destiny — spiritual and animal were both driven to « excess »: the spiritual first, and the animal making a desperate effort to catch up, to restore the balance that was always threatened. This twofold « excess » *was* his genius, and in the seldom moments when the elements fused into perfect harmony they made him a thing of wonder.

But the only chance of human happiness for him was a woman such as Mrs W., and even with her his happiness was mostly to strive. But it was the best that could be: I know that. He would have died many years before had it not been for her. In her own strange and simple way she is a great woman, though it's possible you might not appreciate her greatness. (I don't say you wouldn't: merely that it's possible you wouldn't).

It's all so plain, yet it's all so subtle. There was a « test on J.M.M. » just as there was a « test on Miriam »; and I was doomed, as you were doomed, and ultimately for the same reason. All human relations with Lawrence were doomed: even that with Frieda, finally. He could never achieve his own unity, save in moments of imaginative intuition: in actual life it was always a self-mutilation, a violation, of the one or the other eternity (the eternities being the Flesh and the Spirit.)

One thing is certain. You were necessary to him.

I would have liked to know something more about « Helen ».

I haven't said what I should have said: that you have done it as it ought to have been done. Have no fear of my mentioning your name. Miriam is simply Miriam in my book.

20 January 1934 (8)

Thank you for the typed account of *Sons and Lovers*. That was the part I wanted.

I entirely agree with you about the crudeness of Murry's treatment — there is a good deal of genuine insight in *Son of Woman*, but the treatment of most of it seems to me deplorably lacking in discrimination.

I am very glad indeed to learn that your friend Dr Lagache sees only minor pathological symptoms in D.H.L. Judging from some of his latest work, I have the impression that he was emerging from the pathological phase and coming to take a saner view of himself and his problems. What, for instance, could be saner than

the essay on *Nottingham and the Mining Countryside*, though towards the end one feels again the scolding tone when he speaks of the nagging women. But no one could know so well as he how richly they deserved it. Indeed, when I think myself back into the atmosphere of those days, I feel it is hardly fair to label poor D.H.L. with « infantile will » although I am afraid it is true. But it might have needed a titanic will to overcome the unrelieved atmosphere of hostility and ridicule to love, and the foregone conclusion that the whole of D.H.L.'s duty was towards his mother. What really happened was that his capacity for deep tenderness was ruthlessly exploited. With regard to myself, I think that by the time of her death some kind of fatal association between his mother and me had grown up in D.H.L's mind, so that any relationship with me implied disloyalty to her. I had that impression very strongly at the time, and it convinced me finally of the utter hopelessness of the situation. All this is very subtle and full of contradictory elements, but I think, as you say, the whole problem has a significance for mankind and so the careful sifting of evidence and the delicate unravelling of the strands is worth while. I am indeed glad to hear that you and your friend are going to write an article on this aspect of the problem, and I shall be delighted to see it.

It seems to me that one result of D.H.L's relationship with his mother was the complete divorce in his mind and attitude between love and sex. As he said half cynically: « When one can't achieve the genuine, one has to put up with the spurious. » And in *Fantasia of the Unconscious* he suggests quite clearly the strongly marked separation of the two. Is that a result of infantile will, I wonder ?

I did not see much of the correspondence that appeared in the local press at the time of D.H.L's death, for we dont't take a local paper ourselves, but mother told me about it. Most of the letters were quite trivial. There were several from W. E. Hopkin (who, by the way, could hardly be called a *friend* of D.H.L's before he became a « literary » man) of no importance; I saw an account of an interview with George Lawrence, full of mis-statements regarding D.H.L's career, and another quite misleading with Ada. Perhaps the reporter was to blame, but the material was most untrustworthy. There was a fairly long quotation from F. M. Hueffer's *Return to Yesterday*. Personally I think Alice Hall's letters would be the most interesting because of the tang of her curious personality, but I don't think it would be worth while to hunt them up. All this appeared in the *Nottingham Journal*.

I shall be most interested to read your biographical chapters when they are ready.

19 March 1934 **(9)**

I will reply to the last part of your letter first. My husband and I look forward very much to meeting you, but alas ! we have to be at Brighton at Easter, my husband is a delegate to the N.U.T. Conference and we must leave home on Thursday noon as

soon as school closes. (I don't know whether I have told you that my husband has a school of over 400 boys). We are ever so sorry; but for the fact of his going to the Conference that Thursday and Friday would have been excellent. We wonder if you could come down for a week-end during next term (or at Whitsuntide when we shall have a week's holiday). If you can come we shall be very pleased to put you up, and we can take you to see our old farm and Eastwood, and if you would care to the *Rainbow* country all in a day (we have an old car). It would be pleasanter later in the season, Easter is so early this year. We have been hoping all along that you would pay us a visit in the spring — if you could come in May or June, it would be ideal.

I hope you will enjoy your stay at Baslow — we stayed there once when we were on a little walking tour. I like Derbyshire *very* much. About Southwell Cathedral — we like it mostly for old associations sake, but some people say that the mixture of Norman and Gothic is trying; but my architectural sense is not developed to that extent. However, if you pay us a visit in the spring, say a Friday night to Monday morning, we will take you to Southwell; it is not very far from here.

I am extremely interested to hear that you have been comparing Lawrence's poems. I always hoped somebody would undertake that task. I think that one might learn a good deal about him from such a comparison. I hope you will be able to publish the variants.

I agree with you that Lawrence might have achieved the peace he hoped for in late middle age, I always felt he would, and that was why his death came as such a shock to me. There are one or two things relating to the time of his death that I should like to tell you some time — things that are real evidence to me. For many years that peace, that « balance of self », was a marked feature and the most precious thing in our relationship, but the forces that were working for its destruction gained the upper hand. And although this sounds directly contradictory, I am convinced in my own soul that Lawrence's tie with his mother was pre-natal; she claimed him as her own in that particular sense before he was born. I think your theory of the transfer of attitude between his mother and me is correct; I was aware of it at the time and it was one of the most confusing features in a situation that was full of confusion.

Arising out of the replies I sent to your first questionnaire I have been writing a series of chapters since I last wrote to you. The chapter headings were suggested by Mr Lavrin and are as follows : (1) Family and Family Life (of the Lawrences). (2) Literary Development of D.H.L. (3) Student Days. (4) Literary Debut. (5) *Sons and Lovers*. I have nearly finished no. 4. And when the series is complete I shall be so glad if you will read the M.S. and tell me what you think of it. I feel that what I am doing is in a way supplementary to your work, and I hope to have it published; it is more from the outside than the memoir you read.

My husband joins me in thanking you for your greetings and in hoping we may meet before long.

17 April 1934 (10)

Since Whitsuntide is your only possible week-end for a visit to Nottingham, and even that is not certain to be free, I wonder if you would care to postpone the visit until the beginning of the summer vacation ? That would bring us to the end of June or the beginning of July, I think, and it would be an ideal time for visiting the Lawrence country. My husband is always free on Saturday, and I would suggest that you come here on a Friday evening which would enable us to have Saturday for, say, the Lawrence country, and Sunday for the beautiful Trent valley, including Southwell Minster. Perhaps you will tell me what you think of the suggestion.

I am interested to hear that you visited some places with Mrs Clarke. I hope she took you to Eastwood, and then we need not, unless you very specially wanted to. The country of *The White Peacock* is beautiful, and some bits of *The Rainbow* country are passable, but most of the district, alas, is naked industrialism, and depressing to the extreme. I have scarcely seen Eastwood since 1912, and have only passed through occasionally when we have been taking the most direct route into Derbyshire. *The White Peacock* country we *must* show you, but apart from that perhaps it will be best if you will tell us what you want to see, because your interest is of a special nature.

I shall be very glad if you will read the chapters I am writing on Lawrence when they are ready. This I am doing with a view to publication, for as you say there is a need for a sound biographical account on methodical lines, and when you read it I shall be most grateful if you will point out omissions or other points that you think need remedying. Since beginning this writing I have glanced through Mrs Clarke's book, and it may be of interest to you to learn that the essay printed at the end on *Art and the Individual*, Lawrence read to a little gathering of the Eastwood « intelligentsia » on an evening in, I think, Whitsuntide holiday of 1909. I am sure of the *year*, but not quite certain whether it was Whitsuntide or Easter (*). The reading took place at the house of W.E. Hopkin; Mr and Mrs Dax were there, my brother and I, and another couple who were strangers to me and whose names I can't remember, and Mr and Mrs Hopkin of course. Lawrence lay full length on the hearth rug to read to us, because he was shy no doubt; he was known then as a clever young man but not as a writer.

23 May 1934 (11)

I have been so long in replying to your letter because it found me laid up with acute phlebitis. I can't imagine why I should have this particular complaint at this particular time, but so it is. I am just getting on to my feet again, but feel rather shaky. However, I am delighted to be able to walk round the garden just now when it is in the first bloom of spring; gardening is my husband's

(*) The year was 1908: cf. *Collected Letters*, p. 12, 13 May 1908.

one great hobby, and although I don't do any myself, I fully appreciate his activities.

I was so glad that you preferred to come to see us in July, because I hope by then to be able to walk about without any restrictions. I fully understand how difficult it is to leave two small children, although we (to our sorrow) have no personal experience of the joys and troubles of a family. We shall very much enjoy showing you Haggs Farm and Felley Mill. Later on I will suggest a date — perhaps towards the middle of July.

Our stay in Brighton now seems very far away. The Conference was quite a vigorous affair, I think, but Brighton we thought an appalling place, and as deserving, though perhaps for different reasons, to be obliterated, as our own industrial regions which we deplore so much. We didn't expect to *like* Brighton but we hardly expected to find it so thoroughly banal and commonplace.

During my convalescence I am reading (more or less) Dr Trigant Burrows' *The Social Basis of Consciousness*. He obscures his meaning by a terrible technical jargon, but now and again the clouds break and a beautiful wisdom shines out. I cannot help reflecting on the tremendous importance of the poet, for it seems to me that so much of what the author is trying to say in scientific language is properly the business of the poet. I have a feeling that Blake has put it all more succinctly, although the subject is big enough to be stated in many ways.

5 July 1934 **(12)**

We are looking forward with much pleasure to seeing you next Friday, and hope the weather will be as beautiful then as it is now.

Do let us know when you are due to arrive in Nottingham and also whether by *L.M.S.* or *L.N.E.R.* If you come any time after 5 p. m. we can meet you at the station. Look out for a Humber touring car that has seen long service — the number plate is *U.E.* 619. My husband is a big man and looks more like a parson than a schoolmaster. Most likely he will be wearing a brown tweed suit. I don't think we shall have any difficulty in recognizing one another.

Phlebitis is a decidedly unpleasant trouble. The tiresome part is that I have still to be so careful lest it shall recur in a still more unpleasant form. But every week sees an improvement.

Many thanks for your invitation for us to stay with you. We hope some day to be able to avail ourselves of your kindness.

1 October 1934 **(13)**

Thank you very much for the loan of the books I am returning, particularly for the *Haystacks* story. I like it very much; it is *charming*, an adjective one cannot apply to much of Lawrence's work. He has caught the essential characteristics of my two brothers, and their attitude to one another with great sureness.

It is the only time he really put them in his work other than merely referring to them. Doesn't it seem curious that not one of our family had read it? Those two brothers have been in Canada since 1914 — they went in the March before the war. I wonder what they would say if they came across that story. But my people all fight shy of Lawrence's works — they are apt to stir up painful emotions, and many people seem to be afraid of their emotions. Of course, there is not a shred of factual foundation for the story. Lawrence and my eldest brother once slept out a night in those fields, and felt starved to death in the morning.

I have for a long time felt that David Garnett is a commonplace young man, and this appreciation of Lawrence does nothing to dispel that feeling. He only shows his appalling ignorance of his subject. I like the beautiful paper and printing, but apart from the *Haystacks* story there isn't much of value, I think.

Women in Love gave me the impression of a very long monologue, with patches of realism embroidered upon it. It seems to me entirely subjective, with the bits of realism, that intrinsically have nothing to do with the story, thrown in for the sake of relief. I keep asking myself what *is* the subject of the story, and haven't found a satisfactory answer yet. It is curious that he should have returned to the scene of *The White Peacock*, because the story could have been laid anywhere, as far as its reality goes. All that he says about the Crich family, the shooting of the younger brother, the water party, the turbulent self-willed children, he *must* have heard from us. My father's youngest sister was nursery governess to those children, and it was from her that we knew of these incidents. Lawrence's own people wouldn't know. As always, his nature descriptions almost redeem the work — the little creek on the lake where Ursula and Gudrun go on the day of the party, my father used to call Heron Bay because he sometimes saw a heron standing on one leg fishing there. Lawrence and I went to the little creek one holiday afternoon, and saw the lake and the woods from quite a new viewpoint. How sad that one must say *excellent* so far as nature goes, but so disappointing where human nature is concerned.

I have looked through my *English Reviews* and enclose the list of L's work published there. If you would like to see any of them, I'll send them with pleasure.

I find that my brother to whom I sent the *Time and Tide* Supplement containing L's unpublished story *Two Marriages* has returned the *Time and Tide* but *not* the Supplement. I must ask him about it and will let you see it when he returns it. It is *The Daughters of the Vicar* minus the theorising that comes out in the later writing. I prefer the earlier version.

I reserve my misfortunes until the end. I am just recovering from another attack of phlebitis — it came on suddenly and unexpectedly on the first Monday at home, and must be the result of long walks in Cornwall. So now I am being *CAREFUL*. Jack unites in sending cordial greetings.

My copies of *The English Review* date from the first number published in December 1908 to March 1912, when I ceased to take it. Lawrence's works in those numbers are as follows:

Poems (the first published)	November 1909
Goose Fair (a story)	February 1910
Night Songs (poems)	April 1910
Three Poems	October 1910
Odour of Chrysanthemums (a story)	June 1911
A Fragment of Stained Glass	September 1911

(This is the story that Lawrence sent as a first draft to the Christmas Supplement of the *Nottinghamshire Guardian* in December 1907. It was not published there and he re-wrote and enlarged it for publication in *The English Review.*

9 October 1934 (14)

Thank you for your letter of this morning. I did indeed read the books, and gave you my impressions of them in a disgracefully untidy note which I enclosed in the *Haystacks* volume. I wonder if perhaps you didn't find it.

I am glad you like *Women in Love,* although I can't say I do. Somehow I always feel pleased when people express admiration for Lawrence's work even when I don't like it myself. (This must be due to concealed vanity on my part). I must confess that I found the two sisters extremely unpleasant people, and think that the epithet Ursula's father applied to her when she informed him of her approaching marriage describes them both, and would prefix « vulgar » to the substantive. Isn't it somewhat surprising too that Will and Anna, after all their ardours and agonies of *The Rainbow* should develop into the most dull and commonplace bourgeois couple imaginable ? What was all the bother about — one shrewdly suspects the answer is, nothing, so far as the characters in question are concerned, but significant as regards some phase of the author's development.

Yes, D.H.L. *did* read *The Story of an African Farm* and wrote to me « It will wring your woman's heart when you come to read it », which is another way of saying that it had wrung his heart. It is one of the books I want to re-read, my recollection of it is quite vague. It would be interesting to trace the analogy between it and Ursula's development in *The Rainbow.* Part of my failure to enjoy both *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* arises from a feeling of having seen the thing from inside, the joins and patches are too obvious. He takes two sisters whom I knew (Louie and her sister Ethel) and into their outer shape pours a totally different content, and I feel a sort of falseness all the time.

Another point — no character in the book *Women in Love* has any inner core save Birkin, which accounts for his superiority. Again what do you make of his desire for a man's friendship — a theme that occurs in many books, and occurred also in L's life ? It is surely rather unusual.

14 January 1935 (15)

For myself I must say that far from being tired of your questions, I have always found them most stimulating and have enjoyed thinking out the answers.

With one thing and another the autumn passed without my finding an opportunity to borrow the *English Reviews* containing the essays you mention: I shall try to do so now, however, and feel a keen interest in the development of Lawrence's theoretical side which they show. I have always felt myself singularly unfitted to express an opinion on L's novels after I ceased to know him, up to the present at any rate. It is impossible for me to take a purely objective standpoint, and yet being unacquainted with the contemporary personal development I am almost certain to get a one-sided view. Nothing, however, can really shake my conviction that all his theorising had its origin in his own personal dilemma; he was always trying to account for himself and his own strangeness. His theoretical side does not appeal to me very much; I like him better as an artist — not that I wish to deny the importance of his theorising.

I shall be *most* interested to see your article on Lawrence and Carpenter. It is extremely interesting that his ideas were also derived partly from Blake; I hope you will be able to finish the article (in a first draft at least) quite soon.

Your query about the examinations is curious. The exam. in *December* 1908 was what used to be known as the *Acting Teachers' Certificate* examination, i. e. those teachers who had not passed through a Training College. It is now abolished. (By the way, *I* took the Certificate exam. of December 1908). Lawrence took the Certificate exam. in *July* 1908 at the close of his college career. The two exams. were similar but of course not identical. The syllabus you looked up must be the one I worked from.

I don't wonder that your glance at Dean Farrar's *Darkness and Dawn* failed to kindle a desire to read it. I have just glanced at it myself these last few days and am amazed at the hotch-potch it is. But at fifteen one passes over a nauseating style in the interest of the scene. What impressed me at the time was the extraordinary medley of the picture of antiquity, with Christianity bubbling up through the cracks, as it were. Epictetus and Britannicus and Seneca were the figures that stood out for me. In a crude way the ancient world came to life — that was the secret. I pity your toiling through *Little Women*. It is harder to go back to the childish things, I think — more wearisome at least.

When I remember L's enthusiasm for George Moore just at the period of his final re-writing of *The White Peacock* I am sure your impression is correct. In the early writings of *The White Peacock* there were *no* public-house scenes, but during the final writing of the latter part of the story L. sent *Esther Waters* to me, and told me that George Moore became a groom for a while in order to pick up the « local colour ». About the same time he sent me *Evelyn Innes* and *Sister Teresa* — and was extremely

enthusiastic over the former. He certainly admired George Moore immensely at that period.

I am awfully sorry that the story *Two Marriages* appears to be lost. No trace can be found of it either here or at my brother's. I am sorry for my own sake, because I meant to keep it. It appeared in *Time and Tide* for March 25th 1934, as a special supplement. Although the story was unfinished I preferred it in some respects to *Daughters of the Vicar*. It had, I thought, a freshness and spontaneity that is less apparent in the more finished version.

Speaking of the collected Tales, I like *The Lovely Lady* and *The Rocking-horse Winner* very much indeed. I should class them as parables, myself. As a child I was taught that a parable was an earthly story with a heavenly meaning. In a sense that definition applies to these stories.

Will it really be necessary for you to establish an equation between E. T. and « Miriam » ? If my book is published before your thesis comes out, won't it be sufficient simply to refer to E. T. ? Even at this distance of time I feel a decided disinclination to being equated with Miriam. But this can wait awhile, can't it ?

From a notice in last Thursday's *News Chronicle* I saw that Mrs Frieda Lawrence's book is being published this month. I don't like to think of my account treading on the heels of the former, and wonder if Capes would care to postpone publication until the autumn.

You speak of your debt to me. As I see it, it is the kind of mutual obligation that exists between human beings intent on seeking the truth. I am more glad than I can say to have had the privilege of telling you all I know about D.H.L., because in the last resort it is a service to him. Your serious and disinterested attitude to the subject is sufficient reward. Only one hint — don't lose him among his sources; let him stand out as a living figure.

I shall quite understand if your reply to this arrives somewhere about Easter.

Jack joins in sending our kindest greetings.

25 January 1935 (16)

Having an hour to spare this evening, I will answer your letter right away.

Thank you for what you say about my book. I *hope* it will come out in the spring, but it may be delayed by the writer of the introduction. I don't know yet whether it is decided who is to do it — E.M. Forster or Aldous Huxley — or indeed either of them.

I have now quite got over the little shock I had when I first saw that Mrs Lawrence's book was to be published this month. As I see things Frieda and myself are fundamentally symbolic figures. She stands for one way of life, I for another. I have no personal feeling towards her of any kind, and am always very glad

that I never met her. It is a strange thing that we two utter strangers are destined to stand in complete opposition to one another. As you know, life is only intelligible to me through a religious interpretation, or to put it another way, through the unifying spirit of God. Each human being who is truly alive lives both in time and in eternity. It is in eternity that Frieda and I are symbolic. I am glad to know what you tell me about her book — I couldn't read it, of course, but I can't help feeling deeply moved to see how completely she fulfils her destiny; she is a portent for her class and the age she lives in. What made me feel sick when I saw the announcement of her book was a sudden dread of any kind of competition between us. From first hearing about her early in 1912 I recognized with absolute clarity that she and I were totally different and that there was no possible meeting point.

As for my book, I shall be very glad when I am able to send you a copy. I have taken the view that the subject of the book is Lawrence himself, and accordingly I have kept myself in the background as much as possible. It contains all the material I have given you, but not in such detail. But no reader could fail to see that « E. T » is the person Lawrence took as the model for « Miriam ». The articles that were printed in the *European Quarterly* are considerably expanded, particularly the one on *Literary Formation.*

I feel I can hardly give you a definite answer to your queries about « E. T. » and « Miriam » until we have each seen the other's work. I believe my book will clear up the difficulties. Why does « E. T. » spoil one's sentences ? Wouldn't it be somewhat complicating if you were to introduce a « Muriel » as well ? I am beginning to feel that Lawrence has named me Miriam for ever, and when once my own story is clearly told, I don't think I care much. Anyhow I am *very* glad that you establish the two distinct entities of that very debatable character.

Lawrence's theorising does remind me of hypnotic suggestion. Very early in our friendship I recognized his curious trait of trying to make philosophical theories fit his own case. I told him it was so, and he laughed and said that was the way philosophy was made; the situation existed first, then one deduced the theories to explain it. What you describe as incomplete and singletracked in his theorising is due, in my opinion, to his infantile state. He was not free to compare his own deepest intuitions of life with external reality and then deduce his philosophy. His conclusion was bound to coincide more or less with what his mother demanded of him. That partly accounts for his confusion of thought.

I once glanced at *Towards Democracy,* but turned away repelled.

Lawrence sent me the *small volume* of Francis Thompson on Shelley in the early summer of 1909. I think it was just published.

The short poem *Prophet* was the 4th verse in the original of the poem *Discipline.* If you will look up *The English Review* for *November* 1909 you will find it there among the poems I sent to Hueffer. The poem *Discipline* on page 102 of Collected Poems has

only the two first verses of the original. He sent this poem to me in spring or early summer of 1909 but whether it was before or after sending me Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley, I cannot now be certain. But I should imagine your inference is correct. L. was very fond of the essay on Shelley and liked to apply some of it to himself.

Here is my shabby old Schopenhauer. Isn't pitiful that a *poet* of all men should have taken *The Metaphysics of Love* seriously! You will find a tiny passage on page 89 that Lawrence had marked — also page 87.

1 February 1935 (17)

Having an hour to spare this morning, I will reply to both your letters.

First let me say how sorry I am that you have been to so much trouble over tracing the poem about *hands*, for I find after all, I had misled you. I discovered the poem in question some months ago when casually turning the pages of my copy of *Les Fleurs du Mal*. It is *Sonnet d'Automne*, no. LXIV in *Spleen et Idéal*, and begins:

« Ils me disent, tes yeux clairs comme le cristal. »

The reference to « hands » is in the 2nd verse. Compare the last verse of *Dog-Tired*, page 11 of *Collected Poems*. Also Teresa in *the Plumed Serpent*.

I recognized it immediately as the one Lawrence copied out on the fly-leaf of *The Playboy of the Western World*, which he had had bound for me, and which he sent to me during the dreadful autumn of his mother's illness. I ought to have told you of this before, it might have saved some trouble. Thank you for the suggestions from your friend. I feel sure *Chanson d'Automne* is the one, and that last stanza is what Lawrence wrote in the copy of *The White Peacock* which he sent to me. He used to say that it was in Autumn, the season of reflection, that he specially needed me. In the Spring another part of his nature was dominant, but in the Autumn the part of him that wanted me was in ascendancy. It is interesting to see how *normal* his inner division appeared to himself.

With regard to the particular courses Lawrence took, I will ask my brother if he can get any definite information. But wouldn't the simplest thing be for you to write to the Registrar (you have his name and address, I believe, on the communication respecting L's college *dates*) and ask him to tell you exactly what courses were taken by students in 1906-08). They would be sure to keep a record of it. As far as my impressions go I think you are right in supposing that he took Scheme I in History. We gave him for his 22nd birthday Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, and he told me that his distinction in History was entirely due to that work. Wouldn't that coincide with the period of Scheme I ? It is difficult to say anything definite about English because his reading

of that period was mainly outside his college studies. Most probably it was Scheme I. I feel certain Bacon's *Essays* (which he disliked intensely) formed part of his study. I am quite sure that he *did* take English in the final exam. because he was a little piqued at *not* getting a distinction in the subject. I remember particularly because *I* did get distinction in English in the Certificate exam. and Lawrence wrote to me congratulating and said, « You have done what I couldn't, you have got distinction in English ».

I am also sure that he took the course in Botany, and that he got distinction in it. He told me so many scraps of botanical information when we were out in the wood, etc, and he used to talk about the practical work with the microscope.

In « The Principles of Teaching » I feel sure he took Course II. He did *not* take the same course that I did, for I had to study Adams' *Herbartian Psychology* and Rooper's *School and Home Life* and Lawrence was interested in both works and said they would supplement his own course. We read a little *Herbartian Psychology* together. And he took Rooper's *School and Home Life* to look at. My impression at the time was that those books were child's play to him — the college studies were very secondary. Another small testimony towards the idea that he took Course II. In his exam. paper he answered questions about various sizes of desks for children of different ages — that would agree with the practical questions on education.

The causes of L's leaving his « fecund roots » are very complex, and due fundamentally to his inner division. « That glittering » played a part undoubtedly, but I feel it is mistaken to allow it too much importance, because no one saw (even in his early days) more clearly than he, the other side of the picture. The *date* of his final running away is of first importance. Everything both in outer and inner circumstances tended to push him in that direction. He himself had a strong feeling of destiny, as I know from things he said to my sister at that very period. Again there is the strong element of romanticism, which I think he never really outgrew. Also, he did not think that he was really leaving his rooted past. He felt in a vague way that he could combine the two. Something in *The Rainbow* tells me this, in addition to my own personal knowledge — where he speaks of getting everything within the arc of the rainbow, I suspect he meant Frieda and what he thought she stood for at one end, and myself and all his old life at the other. And isn't there a verse in *Pansies* that says something like: You only find your violet by a mossy stone if she's lacking in vitality. I like *Pansies* perhaps better than any of his poems. Those little verses are extremely characteristic of him, especially the way he would suddenly put in something droll even among the bitterest and most disillusioned expressions. And they are utterly sincere and unrhetorical. He was getting down to rock-bottom... what a pity it was so near the end.

Yes, it is the fact that Frieda paints her own portrait so faithfully that I find so significant. It seems to me that Lawrence went through the whole process of the disruption of moral and spiritual values in order to reaffirm them.

It is precisely the slightly hard and matter-of-fact quality of E. T. that appeals to me. It is the very antithesis of anything sentimental or romantic. I agree that Muriel and Miriam are beautiful names.

There is no need to hurry over the Schopenhauer. Yes, *all* the markings are by Lawrence.

As you know, January is the month of Sales, and our biggest bookshop here in Nottingham is « selling off ». The other day I bought at bargain price Professor Saurat's *Literature and Occult Tradition* which I am reading with great interest. I mean to look round and see if his book on *Blake and Modern Thought* is to be had on the same terms.

5 March 1935 (18)

Thank you for your letter of Feb. 16th. My brother showed me the report on Lawrence made probably by the Method Master in College. I think it is an admirable description of Lawrence at that period, and is evidence that somebody had looked at him with fairly discerning eyes. You must not lose sight of the fact that his writing was a dead secret even among his acquaintances, in those days.

I am so glad you are going to proceed with the variants of the poems. I feel certain that a careful comparison of the first, and of the revised writing, would throw a good deal of light on his development. I wonder if you would like to see those numbers of *The English Review* that contain his early poems ? A number of them are omitted altogether from the *Collected Poems*, and others drastically altered. Shall I send those numbers of the *E.R.* for you to go through at your leisure ?

Your query as to why Lawrence « wanted to keep intact *all* the possibilities of his nature », and also the parallel question of why all things seemed to him of equal value, have puzzled me for many years. I think now, however, I have a clue to the reason. In writing to me about Mrs Lawrence's book, my friend Max Plowman, (I must have told you how much his encouragement and sympathy have helped me to an understanding of Lawrence's life) made this remark. « I'm sure it (Mrs L's book) is the record of an attempt to live the life of Eden outside the Gates... and the inevitable failure to find the Wilderness the Garden ». Lawrence wanted to live the life of « Eden » *always*. It occurs to me in passing that the mutual desire to live the life of Eden was perhaps the basis of their attraction for one another. I was aware of how deeply Lawrence resented my feeling that he was a responsible person. It is only another way of saying that he didn't want to grow up. To a child there is no scale of values, one thing is as good as another, provided it is amusing. To live in Eden implies, of course, a state of innocence, and Lawrence could not bear to admit that he was wrong. It all comes back to the infantile state. « The mountains he had to shovel away before he got down to

the rock » was nothing but egoism — a very understandable egoism, because getting down to the rock involved the admission that he was wrong, and that in turn meant the repudiation of all that he stood for, ostensibly. I think he came to rock-bottom, « What does my shabby little failure matter ? » and many other such remarks in *Pansies* tell me this unmistakably. But by then he had spent his powers...

Why should Frieda have wished to pull him away from his past ? Was it snobbishness on her part, or an instinctive realization that her hold on him was temporary and precarious ? It is strange that she should even now be angry about « that Nottingham past ». When she first became acquainted with him, she represented herself as quite a democratic person. After a very short acquaintance she told him her husband had threatened to murder her for sending money to socialists in prison in Germany !

In speaking of *Women in Love*, did I say that Gerald Crich is only a development of Leslie Tempest in *The White Peacock*, and that the character of the latter was founded in the first instance on D.H.L's school friend, G.H. Neville ? I see that a writer in this month's « Adelphi » says Sir Clifford Chatterley in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is only a reproduction of Gerald Crich at a later stage of degeneration. I want to ask you what you make of the curious Hermione in *Women in Love*. Who is she ? I think I know, but I would like to hear your view before I give you mine. I hope these somewhat irrelevant remarks are not merely confusing.

I am glad you have tried out «E. T. » in several sentences. I wish I could convert you to the use of it. My point is this: What happened between Lawrence and me was romance of a high order, so much so that now and again we succeeded in penetrating to inner reality. Well, in relating that genuine romance, I must be absolutely realistic, even matter of fact. Any romantic attitude on my part *now* would result in sentimentality, than which I would prefer complete silence. The initials have a significance for me. I told you I was obliged to objectify the experience in order to be able to go on, and so I wrote a sort of novel, quite feeble, I suppose, but it served my inner need, and to the heroine of that story I gave the name of Eunice Temple. So you see in my consciousness E.T. = Miriam.

Saurat's book disappointed me a little. I found it rather « thin ». More than a third consists of quotations from occult writings, mainly from the *Zohar*. Saurat says himself later on that they are a hotch-potch, and one gets tired of so much. I like him on Edmund Spenser. The beautiful quotations he gives make me want to read *The Faerie Queen.*

Well, here is Shrove Tuesday — which is for me always the beginning of Spring. It is just five years to-day since Lawrence was buried. Was it significant that he was buried on a Shrove Tuesday ? I like to think it means, the man who had paid the price for all his own (and other people's) errors and was shriven. But to die just as spring was coming... he seemed to me so much a part of Spring.

12 April 1935 (19)

Thank you for your letter, and the book containing the essay. I don't find the essay « thin », — one doesn't expect so much from a short essay as from a book — priced 12/6 moreover (of course, I am referring to Saurat's book). I hope it won't be too long if keep the essay about a week. Then I shall enjoy making some comments upon it and answering your questions.

P. S. I heard to-day that Haggs Farm is « to let ». The old man we saw (Mr Ward) has died.

23 April 1935 (20)

I shall be most interested to learn the result of your enquiry to Richard Aldington. I sincerely hope that it will be *you* who will make the comparisons. Judging from what little I have read of Aldington (I found his novel *Death of a Hero* unreadable) I feel that yours will be much more thorough and competently done. I know you won't think I speak in flattery — Aldington gives me the impression of being one of fortune's spoiled darlings.

It is indeed interesting that you find *The White Peacock* a mine into which D.H.L. dug all his life. It was only on re-reading it a few years ago that I realised what a complete study in self-portraiture it really is. You can imagine with what interest I shall read your pages of comment. It may even be worth while to add to the 12 pages already written, for the novel is, in many ways, an epitome of D.H.L.

Not having read Catherine Carswell's book, I was a little puzzled as to the *physical* counterpart of Hermione Roddice, but the *mental* side of her I recognized as an inverted representation of the « Miriam » train of thought, with, as you remark, certain sinister developments. It amused me to think how her creation probably arose. You know that D.H.L. said to me in a letter: « Frieda and I discuss you endlessly. » In one such discussion I can imagine him saying something like this: « I wouldn't mind so much, only it looks as though I had left Miriam in poverty and escaped from it myself. » Whereupon Frieda would assure him that aspect of the situation was entirely irrelevant; that it was a matter of Miriam's fundamental unsuitability, and her own intrinsic aptitude for the job of life-partner to D.H.L. She might easily have said: « Turn things the other way about; make me the school-teacher and Miriam the well-to-do lady, and you'll see the situation works out exactly the same, only that you leave the lady and marry the poor school-teacher. » And D.H.L. would be only too anxious to be convinced. You will understand how I cannot help finding a pronounced false note all through *Women in Love.*

I am so glad you are using the initials E. T. That attitude of detachment is the only possible one. By the way, I have corrected the proofs of the book, so I suppose it will come out before long.

I first heard of the play *A Collier's Friday Night* in the autumn of 1909 when D.H.L. was trying to persuade me to go and see him

in Croydon. I went at the end of November (on the occasion of meeting Hueffer and Violet Hunt) and he showed me this play on the Saturday night. He certainly wrote it that autumn. Garnett, I think, relies for his date on some marginal note of D.H.L's saying he was 20 when he wrote it, but he would easily say he was 20 instead of 23, without any particular significance. The mistakes made about him are amazing — it gives one a hint of how legends arise !

Goose Fair was *not* one of the three stories sent to the *Nottingham Guardian*. Those three were *A Prelude, A Fragment of Stained Glass* and *The White Stocking*, which was, of course, an early and much simpler version of the later story of that title. I can't say exactly when *Goose Fair* was written; it was published in *The English Review* of February 1910, and D.H.L. said to me in a letter — « I didn't show you *Goose Fair;* you wouldn't care for it », at the time of its publication. It is rather poor, isn't it !

I can't give you any precise information about *Second Best*, but possibly it was as you say. *A Modern Lover*, D.H.L. showed me in December 1909. That was the first and quite different version; I'm sure he never intended it to be published. The « Rose » business is rather puzzling. The first mention of it I saw in a poem which Lawrence had shown to Helen. The theme was a rose (though not soiled) and was obviously a reference to me. It contained lines about stripping the rose petal by petal to its very heart. Helen showed me this poem in August 1911. I think it must have been the origin of the whole train of thought. Was the story in *The English Review* called *The Soiled Rose ?* I am not quite clear in my recollection of it, if indeed I have read it. *The Shades of Spring* was quite new to me when I read it in the collected Stories. *The Shadow in the Rose Garden* may have been written at Bournemouth; I should be inclined to put it at a later date, but then I have really nothing to go upon. As regards *internal* evidence I feel sure there was some connection in D.H.L's mind between that story and a scene in *Jane Eyre*, where Rochester finds Jane in the rose garden. The actual garden he describes I believe is one we visited at Robin Hood's Bay on one of our annual holidays.

Odour of Chrysanthemums is earlier than you suggest. It was one of the first short stories I saw after L's going to Croydon. I should be inclined to date it 1909. *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd* belongs definitely to 1911. But the others, *Love Among the Haystacks, A Sick Collier* and *The Christening*, I think he wrote between February and April 1912; anyhow, they are, as you say, a sort of preparation for *Sons and Lovers*.

Now to speak of your essay. Forgive me for placing it last. I have no objection at all to its publication. On the contrary I think it is interesting and quite worth going on with. It is small researches like this that throw the most valuable light on L's development. D.H.L. was profoundly influenced by Schopenhauer. I refer to this several times in my account of him. I have read your essay again and have made the following notes:

1. Would you mind putting your reference to Miriam something like this: the original upon whom he founded the fictitious Miriam of *Sons and Lovers*.

2. I'm extremely sorry to appear an untrustworthy guide, but on looking closely at the pencillings in the essay *On Women*, I must confess it appears to be *my* handwriting. When you asked if *all* the marginal notes were D.H.L's I was thinking of *The Metaphysics of Love*, and had quite forgotten these. Now I recollect hearing D.H.L. heartily endorsing Schopenhauer's views of the essay *On Women* in a discussion with my brother, which made me so angry I scribbled those remarks in sarcasm. This fact doesn't make any difference to your analysis of D.H.L's reaction to the essay. In particular with regard to your remarks on p. 6, he preached a sort of polygamy long before he wrote *The Boy in the Bush*. He actually said to my sister (in 1912) that for an exceptional man such as he was, no one woman could give all he required, and that the right kind of woman « ought to be willing » to fill the rôle he wanted. This attitude was, of course, the basis of our argument for years, as will be seen from my book.

   As for the question of enmity between women, one must remember that the position was not and could not, be so clear to us as it is now. One seldom completely understands what is happening while it is taking place.

3. With reference to D.H.L's marginal note: ! ! « Is the will 'to live' the only immortal part ? » and your subsequent remarks, I feel that you are rather in danger of starting the wrong hare. Lawrence's predicament was not the conflict between his Christian upbringing (which he *never* outgrew, try as he would) and carnal love, but his genuine bewilderment at the division between *love* and *sex* that he found in himself. For him they were two distinct and ultimately irreconcilable things. This attitude comes out in nearly all his later work.

   I hope you won't omit the analysis of the essay *On Women* because it is all very much to the point. Would you care to see the book again ?

21 January 1935 (21)

It is my turn to apologise for a long silence. I have been wanting to write and thank you for the kind things you say about my book for several weeks, but there has been so little opportunity just lately. However, I do now thank you most sincerely; I like what you say almost more than I dare admit; I would hate to feel self-satisfied, but I *do* feel encouraged, and very glad. I was sure that you would like it, and I am deeply repaid that you see in it all that you do.

I am particularly glad that you point out the *social* significance of the book, because I am sure it exists, and no critic, so far as

I have seen, has been at the trouble to remark upon the really astonishing fact that so unpropitious an environment should produce Lawrence and me in such close proximity (I know you'll pardon anything that sounds like conceit; I am not speaking of myself in a personal sense). When I look back upon the early surroundings of both of us I feel both amazement and reverence at the sheer pertinacity of all the spiritual powers of life. And yet, extraordinary as it may sound, I was reared in an atmosphere of culture. My parents always had a deep regard for the highest values of life, particularly as the are embodied in literature, and this, I am convinced, was in direct line of inheritance of the true culture that did exist in England before the ravages of the industrial revolution, and the vulgarities of the capitalist era. I was aware of these values in my very earliest years, and I have no doubt that Lawrence was as well, from his mother's side at least, so that when he and I began our spiritual adventures in literature and in life, we were only continuing what seemed to us a tradition, and the only way in which we departed from that tradition was in going so much further and deeper than our parents had done. Now all this feeling about the value of life and experience, and how the highest and best of it is embodied in art and literature, is in my mind (I'm not sure how it may have been with Lawrence, although I think the roots must have been the same) deeply and inevitably associated with religious feeling. For me, that *is* religion, and we realised it quite well by the time we were twenty-one or so. There seems to me something significant in all this, the more so when one considers Lawrence's later development. Here is the true product of our English culture smashing itself against the artificialities and insincerities of the false culture that bids fair to lead us all over the abyss.

I like very much what you say about my story of our early years leading a reader straight back to the time when life was opening out in wonder. I can do no more than give a feeble reflection of that wonder, but to do that at least saves it from extinction. And I hope that there is implicit in my account the sense of the beauty of these days. I cannot look back upon them in sorrow or regret, but only in thankfulness for having been vouchsafed an authentic glance into reality. And I am more glad than I can say that you, who are treating Lawrence with such seriousness and honesty, are aware of all these roots of his, these deep creative influences.

Thank you for the information about Aldington. I am glad that he is *not* contemplating doing the poems. So now I hope the publisher will tell you to go ahead with them. The poems are a mine of information as to what went on in Lawrence's soul, and I don't think anyone could be better qualified than you to make that sifting and comparing process, because you can see them very intimately, and at the same time stand aloof and so get the correct perspective.

I have had a letter of appreciation of my book from Lady Ottoline Morrell. I'll show it to you when you are here, as we hope

you will soon pay us a visit. Do come for a week-end in July if you possibly can. We might get a run out to Lincoln.

I have also heard from a Professor Lutoslawski, of Cracow University. He sent me a most enthusiastic letter—my book is the best he has read on D.H.L., etc., and he proposes to review it in a Polish journal. He wants to know all about my later life, and much besides. I can't quite see the necessity; the book stands by itself, I think. However, he's an old man of 72, he asks me if I am aware that after 50 a new life is possible; he became an English writer at 60. So there is evidently hope for me.

16 October 1935 (22)

It is good of you to bother about the review of my book, and I shall be most interested to know more of it. Did you see the review of it by Maurois in *Le Figaro?* It appeared on July 30th. I knew nothing about it until Lavrin showed it to me about a month ago.

During July we were visited by an earnest American couple named Wells. The young man is from Harvard University and he proposes to write a thesis on Lawrence. From what I can make out his standpoint is as follows: Professor Whitehead (who, I understand, is now at Harvard) has reached certain conclusions about life by means of a strictly intellectual process, and Mr Wells proposes to show that Lawrence arrived at the same position by passionate experience. He and his wife (they are very young) have been visiting — or rather trying to walk in Lawrence's footsteps — and their pilgrimage brought them in due course to us. They appear to be trying to see everybody who ever had anything to do with Lawrence. We told them that you were writing a thesis in French, and the young man asked for your address. I wonder if they visited you.

I have had quite a little batch of letters about my book. It will be fun to show them to you some time when you are able to come and see us. I wonder if you still come to Leicester each week.

30 October 1935 (23)

We were both so pleased and interested to hear about your new work. I'm afraid you won't be able to do much work on Lawrence just yet, but I hope you will resume that study some day, because I am sure it will be of genuine value and will meet a pressing need.

I am moved to make these remarks partly because I've just read through a little study on Lawrence by a member of our University College staff, and it is surprising to find how little he knows of Lawrence as a man. The starting point of his work was provided by some remarks of E.M. Forster's in his *Aspects of the Novel*, where he places Lawrence among the writers he classes as « prophetic ». It's a difficult approach, I think, and the author confessed the other day he is only beginning to realise how much

he is in the dark. The American research student also wrote the other day, but from his account I cannot be quite sure whether it is to Frieda that the world is indebted for a tremendous new knowledge, or to Lawrence, whom he places above Sts Paul and Augustine, and in fact, the whole Christian Calendar. So you see the force of my belief that your book is needed.

Thanks for all the nice things you say about my book. I do appreciate them. I shall like so much to see the review your friend wrote for the South American paper. The other week I had one from *La Nacion* published in Buenos Aires, in Spanish, but fortunately accompanied by a typed English version. I shall be very pleased to have the book translated, and if the firm you speak of has decided to have it done, I hope that you will be the translator. My agreement with Cape states that, if an offer for translation is received, they shall « forthwith submit the same to the author for approval », but I think publishers are usually high-handed in such matters. It is most kind of you to offer to keep me informed of what takes place; I shall be most interested to hear.

15 December 1935

Thank you so much for sending me the review by your friend M. Guillain. It is a very nice appreciation of the book and shows that he has been moved by the account of Lawrence's early days. I hope it may happen as he suggests, that my book may call forth a fair and unbiased picture of the complete man, free from complexes on the part of the author. Yours would conform to that pretty well, I think, and I'm very glad that you hope to be able to continue. You really must, if only on account of the great amount of work you have already done on the subject. The book I mentioned by the N.U.C. man has not yet been published. I read only a typescript copy. By the way, the review I spoke of in *La Nacion* was by Kathleen Bellamy, and dealt with my book and *Not I, but the Wind* at the same time. It appeared in the issue of September 22nd 1935.

4. *Extracts from Jessie Chambers's original draft of* D. H. Lawrence, A Personal Record (Ms. I).

This manuscript was written in May and June 1930, soon after the death of D.H. Lawrence. It was first mentioned by Jessie Chambers in her letter no. 2 above (26 October 1933) and was sent to E. Delavenay on 14 November 1933 under cover of letter no. 4. Before returning it, E.D. made extensive notes, copying (in a single typescript, single space, paginated 1-18) the most striking passages, following each quotation by a reference to the page in the manuscript.

Jessie Chambers then used this manuscript together with her replies to the questions in Section I above, to write what ultimately developed into her book, *D.H. Lawrence, A Personal Record*. Il was subsequently destroyed, either by Jessie Chambers or by her husband after her death.

The narrative was mainly chronological, not arranged in chapters by main subjects as in the book. The style is highly spontaneous, showing no traces of any subediting. Each of the following extracts, chosen either because they differ at least in some significant detail from the published version, or because they are otherwise unpublished, is accompanied by a reference to the original manuscript pages.

(1) *Lad and girl love.* Ms. I, 24-25. Cf. E.T.: 58-59.

J.C. describes a walk home with L. when he was 20. They had been talking about books:

> Towards one another we were utterly un-self-conscious, too content with the present to look into the future, and too deeply interested in the great question of literature to think of personal relations. Even then I had the feeling that our walks and talks through the damp autumn night were important, and would be memorable. I felt that I was in the presence of greatness, and the facts of poverty and obscurity were irrelevant.
>
> Another day he said thoughtfully: Every great man. — every man who achieves anything, I mean — has his foundation in some woman. Why shouldn't *you* be the woman I am founded in?
>
> We did not speak of love, but we knew it lay ahead, something that would have to be resolved. But the time was not ripe, and the world that created itself around us when we were together was of such a nature that we wished to prolong it while we could. In this, of course, we acted unconsciously, only there was a feeling, of something between us that was precious and fragile.

(2) *Moonlight Scene at Flamborough Head:* Ms. I, 40-41. Cf. E.T.: 127-128. There are significant differences of detail between Ms. I and the book version.

> We set off happily enough, but gradually it seemed as if some dark power descended on him, and when the final beauty of the moonlight broke upon us, it seemed as if this power exploded within him. I cannot remember now what he said, but his words were wild, and he seemed to be in great distress of mind, and possibly also of body. In some way I seemed to be to blame; he upbraided me bitterly. I was very miserable and distressed, because I did not know what I had done wrong. Then he blamed himself, and spent himself upon me in a torrent of passionate words.
>
> The scene was re-enacted, with increasing intensity, on two successive years when I spent my holidays with the Lawrences and their party. The second occasion was at Robin Hood's Bay, when the combined beauty of moonlight and sea, together with whatever effect my presence had upon him, seemed to drive him mad. He talked and behaved so wildly, that it is very difficult to recall what he did actually say or do. I only remember that he stalked some distance away, like a strange, wild thing, and kept up a stream of upbraiding, or so it seemed. When we were climbing the steep street I had to stop for breath, and with a swift change of mood he fell to bitter imprecation of himself, declaring that he

was hurting me, and it was all his fault. I could feel a surging tenderness, deep and wild, but he kept an iron hand upon it, and did not let it escape. The forces that drew us together, and that kept us apart seemed to be equally balanced, and to produce an unbreakable tension.

On the third occasion, at Flamborough Head, the tension was much worse. He skipped from boulder to white boulder in the vast amphitheatre of the bay until I could have doubted whether he were indeed a human being. I was really frightened — not physically but deep in my soul. The atmosphere he created was one not of death, which after all is part of mortality, but of an utter negation of life, something non-human, blank and unfeeling as the crags around us. And always, somehow or other, it was my fault, or partly my fault. They were terrible experiences, and I never spoke about them, for I did not know how to describe them, but they were unforgettable.

(3) *The freezing of spontaneous affection.* Ms. I, 45-46. Cf. E.T.: 132-133.

He said once, wistfully, « You'd be much easier to understand, you know, if you would sometimes be a bit naughty ».

I knew what he meant, and I felt guilty, but of something much deeper than any naughtiness. The springs of spontaneity were becoming frozen in me, and produced a sense of negation that I felt to be a sin against life. But I could not escape. His need to « understand » me intellectually was paralysing; and his avowal that he did not love me was like sentence of death. I used to waken with a start just before dawn, when the air was loud with the unearthly twitterings of the birds, and before I could open my eyes the horror of the situation would rush upon me, and I felt that I was stranded on some inhuman shore, where life never was and never had been.

Lawrence looked very unhappy; his eyes had a look of deep pain; at times I could feel how he had to fight with himself, though I did not understand why. Yet I could not help but feel that if only we could approach one another with love, if I dare only have spoken to him as my whole nature prompted me to do, this conflict would vanish in a moment. But I knew well that to attempt would be disastrous: if I had so much as laid a finger on his sleeve, I should have been spurned as the incarnation of temptation; although I did not know to what. Once a word of endearment escaped him, but he drew himself up and repudiated it with vehemence.

Ms. I. 48: Reading aloud to J.C. from the Gospel of St John, Ch. 16, Lawrence omits verse 21: « A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow... »

It grieved me that he should omit so beautiful and tender a description of an elemental fact of human life. I could not believe in the reality of a love from which that aspect of life was excluded.

N.B. J.C. places this second scene after their reading of Schopenhauer's *Essays,* in L's second year in college. Cf. E.T.: 111.

(4) « *Beyond the very verge of human existence* ». Ms. I, 60-61. Cf. E.T.: 147.

> It is very difficult to express the significance that Lawrence had for me. There seemed to be about him a richness that had the power of making life complete. When he came into the house he diffused a quality that I do not know how to define; something flowed from him like light and warmth flow from the sun, and I think that was the secret of the great attraction he had for many people. This quality was not always active, of course, but it seemed to be always latent, and only required the right atmosphere to bring it forth. He told me that I idealised him, but I do not think that was true. It seems to me that he became identified in my imagination with the unique qualities he undoubtedly possessed, and these came to stand for the whole man. There were moments in our desperate search for a way of life when he seemed to touch another sphere of existence, and once it flashed upon me that never in this life, but somewhere beyond, lay completion for us. He must have felt something similar at times, because he once startled me by exclaiming: « You push me beyond the very verge of human existence. »

(5) *A London week-end in May 1909.* Ms. I, 70.

At Easter L. asked J.C. to go to Croydon for a week-end, staying with the Jones family with whom he lodged. They decided she would go to London in May.

> The day before I went mother told me with great seriousness that she and father did not approve of my going, but that they trusted Lawrence implicitly. I answered ironically that there was no ground for fear; I was very safe with Lawrence. Later, Lawrence told me that mother had written to him and warned him that they placed absolute trust in him with regard to me. He was vexed about it, but what seemed to annoy him most was that mother had addressed the letter to « Mr Lawrence ».

Ms. I, 72: On the Saturday they visited The Tower of London, St Paul's, the Tate Gallery, etc. In Hyde Park, at an evening concert, L. was interested in the soldiers' uniforms. J. C. had to leave at 4 p.m. on the Sunday. After a long walk as far as Shirley (Surrey), L. saw her off to King's Cross:

> We walked by the side of Hyde Park, and Lawrence, looking across at the mansions with sun blinds drawn, said bitterly: « Do they have to leave by the four o'clock train, and go by way of horrid Pentonville ? »
>
> When I stood in the railway carriage looking down at him on the platform, he suddenly reached up and kissed me.
>
> « Have I given you one completely happy day ? » he said. My tears fell instantly. « You have given me many », I replied.

The passage in E. T.: 152-153, beginning « Only twice in all our long association did Lawrence speak to me directly of sex... » followed immediately in Ms. I.

(6) *Another London week-end, November 1909.* Ms. I, 83-87. Cf. E.T.: 164-168.

The narrative and dialogue about Agnes Holt, etc., in the original Ms. are closely matched by the published text, but the following lines are omitted from it:

> When I was in my room I was surprised to heard what seemed like a knock on the door, and listened, but heard no more, so I was sure I had been mistaken.

5. *Extracts from Jessie Chambers's manuscript* (Ms. II) *accompanying letter no. 6 to E. Delavenay, of 12 and 15 December 1933.*

Ms. II was partly written in letter form.

These « rough notes » constitute the fullest available record of Lawrence's relations with Jessie Chambers during 1910. They were partly used in the last chapter of the *Personal Record* signed E.T. Ms. II was returned to J.C. and subsequently destroyed. The following extracts are reproduced as they appear in the notes made by E. Delavenay in a single typescript, single-spaced, paginated 19 to 27. Pages references refer to the original Ms. II.

(1) *From Christmas 1909 to L's engagement to Louie Burrows:* Ms. II, 1-10.

This long extract from E. Delavenay's notes, as typed out in a running summary of the manuscript, covers more fully the same period as in E.T.: 179-185.

> The second part of my narrative begins in December 1909 with Lawrence's complete change of attitude towards our relationship. To this day I don't know what occasioned the change. He came up to our house on Christmas Eve and from his first glance I was aware of a difference. When I went with him over the fields he told me he had found out — he had really loved me all along and not realised it. He had told Agnes Holt that he belonged to me, everything was over between them. (As a matter of fact she left Croydon shortly afterwards.) He said that all our long association was in reality a preparation for this « une intimité d'amour ». It came as a shock to me, very disturbing, yet at the same time inevitable...

Ils discutent la question: L. ne peut suggérer ouvertement le mariage, qui reste sous-entendu; il n'ose même pas suggérer des fiançailles. Le mariage « for the moment is inexpedient »; pourquoi attendre ? Ils ne respectent pas la loi; ils se feront une loi à eux. Il considère que le mariage est essentiel s'il vient des enfants.

> The feature that presented most difficulty was the necessity to be clandestine, and the holiday actually ended on a note of disagreement because I said it seemed « not honourable » to take advantage of Mrs Jones's hospitality.

Cette discussion se reflète, déformée, dans le conte *A Modern Lover*, publié dans *Life and Letters*. Le personnage de Tom Vickers, inventé, ne figurait pas dans la première version. (Semble avoir été récrit en 1911, « a very arid year for D.H.L. »).

1910

J.C. va enseigner dans une école des faubourgs de Nottingham. En février L. est malade: pas la poitrine, dit-il, mais « the strain of looking for something through the letter box everyday, and meeting people in the evenings... ».

Au début de mars, J. va passer un week-end avec lui à Croydon (samedi et dimanche). En allant à King's Cross le dimanche soir, il lui dit d'un air sombre qu'il doit écrire à sa mère, comme tous les dimanches soirs. Pendant la semaine, il écrit à J.:

> You have done me great good, my dear. Only I want you here with me. It is as if I cannot rest without you near me, you goodly thing, good to be near, to touch and to hold... ». He talked of finding a little country school somewhere, and another time he said « if only we could have a little house... it would be the most wonderful castle in Spain come true ».

Pâques: il donne beaucoup de son temps à sa mère; ils n'ont que des promenades et des conversations. Beau temps; ils sont heureux.

> He said, « I think God intended you to make a *good* wife, and not much more. Do you mind? » I replied that I was very content. And again « I used to think you would write, but now I begin to ha'e ma doots. You have a *wonderful* sympathy... perhaps that's all. »

Mrs Dax va voir L. à Londres entre Pâques et Pentecôte. Elle refuse d'aller chez les Jones à Croydon, mais va à l'hôtel. Ils voient ensemble *Electre* à Covent Garden: L. affolé par la musique.

> I had a letter from him a few days later, and even the handwriting showed how terribly upset he was. He told me about Mrs Dax's visit and the theatre, then he said « I was very nearly unfaithful to you. I can never promise you to be faithful. In the morning she came into my room, you know my morning sadness. I told her I was engaged to you. But it is all finished now with her — there is no more stitting on the doorstep. » Later on Mrs Dax gave me her account of what happened, which tallied with Lawrence's.
>
> This episode disturbed Lawrence very deeply. It sounds incredible, but he never seemed to recover from the disturbance. When I saw him at Whitsuntide he had not regained his poise. He now began to beg me earnestly not to attempt to hold him...

Il lui raconte l'histoire d'Hercule et de la tunique de Nessus:

> I must always return to you, but you must never try to keep me.
>
> Whitsuntide saw the zenith of our new relationship. It is to that week that the poems *Lilies in the Fire* and *Scent of Irises*

belong. For myself I can only say that the tension was greater than I could bear. There were too many contradictory elements. I could not conceal from myself a forced note in L's attitude, as if he was pushed forwards in his sensual desires — and a lack of spontaneity. The times of our actual coming together, under conditions both difficult and irksome, and with Lawrence's earnest injunction to me not to try to hold him, would not exhaust the fingers of one hand, yet it is upon this flimsy foundation that Lawrence builds the relation with Miriam; and on this slight and inadequate experience he judged and condemned me, without stopping to inquire whether his own attitude was beyond reproach.

Presque immédiatement après, il écrit *The Trespasser*. Il a raconté à J. C., en mars, l'histoire d'Helen (Nellie) Corke. Elle avait alors 28 ans; c'est en août 1909 qu'elle va à l'Ile de Wight avec le musicien M. L. a appris les faits d'une Miss Mason, amie d'H. C., qui est lasse de cette amitié avec une femme plus âgée.

L. déclare que, pour le moment, « he must have » Hélène.

It is only for the writing of the book, I shall always return to you.

J. rencontre H. C. à Croydon en mai. L. écrit *The Trespasser* rapidement, sans être l'amant d'H. C., et leur association n'a jamais eu un caractère permanent. Une fois le livre fini, en juillet 1910, J. C. suggère la rupture; L. avait dit, peu de temps avant: « Between you and Hélène I am torn like a garment. » J. C. doit avoir employé l'expression « tout ou rien »: L. lui reproche de « force an issue just now... » et dit que, dans ces conditions, ce sera « rien ». J. C. donne pour raisons de ses exigences la fatigue de son enseignement et la tension nerveuse due à cette situation équivoque.

Midsummer Holiday: L. doit venir passer quelques jours chez les Ch. dans leur nouvelle ferme plus près de Nottingham. Il prend le thé avec J. à Nottingham en venant de Croydon, et ils se donnent rendez-vous pour une longue promenade le lundi du *Bank Holiday* d'août. L. « stiff and distant », n'a pas pardonné sa lettre à J. Pendant la promenade, L. rompt définitivement avec J. Ils ne s'écriront même plus. Le coup est cruel pour J. qui se sent presque devenir folle. Cependant, une lettre vient pour L. à l'adresse des Ch.: il avait donc l'intention de passer quelques jours chez eux. Un peu plus tard, il envoie à J. une lettre la pressant de lire le *Sentimental Tommy* de Barrie: « I'm exactly in the same situation. »

J. C. écrit à H. C., qui, selon L., aurait été fâchée par la lettre de J., pour lui dire que L. et elle (J.) sont libres. H. C. invite J. à venir la voir; elle accepte.

She certainly helped me over the most difficult bit of my life, and I must always be grateful to her for it. She herself said she had fallen in love with me... At any rate, she helped me to gather together some fragments of my shattered self-confidence, so that at least I was able to face my work again.

Une lettre pittoyable de L. lui annonce que Mrs L. est gravement malade:

> And so began this terrible autumn of 1910.

L. vient voir sa mère tous les quinze jours. En octobre, J. passe deux jours de congé avec H.C. L. demande à J. le coupon de retour de son billet d'excursion. Le dimanche, H. C. veut absolument aller à Nottingham avec J. pour « tenir compagnie à David » au retour. L. vient chercher son billet de retour et J. lui dit que H. C. est arrivée: de « tender and wistful » qu'il était, il devient soudain « hard and flippant ». Il rentre avec H. C.: cf. le poème *Excursion train.*

Peu de temps après, il envoie à J. un petit Wordsworth dans lequel il a copié un poème de Verlaine; il lui a aussi envoyé à la même époque un livre avec une strophe de Baudelaire « which said that all our suffering here was a preparation for the pure joys of heaven. » (*Bénédiction*).

Peu après, H. C. devient sa maîtresse. Cependant, les incidents auxquels fait allusion le poème *Reminder* sont de cette époque.

Vers la fin de novembre, J. reçoit une lettre de L. qui lui annonce ses fiançailles avec Louie:

> I was coming from Leicester in the train with Louie on Saturday, and suddenly asked her to marry me. I never meant to. She has accepted me and I shall stick to it. I have written to her father... I shiver at the thought of your father and mother.

Mort de Mrs L. environ une semaine après. La veille de ses funérailles, J. a avec L. la conversation à laquelle elle a fait allusion dans notre correspondance (Lettre n° 3). J. lui dit qu'il ne devrait pas mêler Louie, ignorante de tout ce qui s'est passé, à leurs affaires. L. répond:

> With *should* and *ought* I have nothing to do.
>
> His engagement to Louie put an end to his relation with Miss Corke. The bond with Louie was entirely formal and conventional, as the terrible poem *The Hands of the Betrothed* bears ample witness.

L. trouvait toujours des arguments pour se justifier: à Pentecôte, il disait:

> This (our relationship as lovers) is what holds us together; this is the bond between us. Others have a ring and an outside token, but we have this — this inner bond. Now he said to me « You are the irremediable thing. You *have* to be. You are what cannot be helped. The great thing now is that you should not become bitter ». His word seemed to me so grotesque that I laughed and said ironically, « No, I don't think I shall become bitter. » But poor Lawrence was desperately in earnest. And another time, when I said « Why need we ever have been so much to one another if this is the end ? », he paused a moment, and then said « Ah, but then there was the great experiment of sex to be made. »

(2) *A short story by Jessie Chambers.* Ms II, 10. Cf. E. T.: 186

I was determined that he should know beyond any possibility of mistake the part his mother had played in our lives and so I made the unforgettable incidents of Easter 1906 into a short story and sent it to Lawrence asking him to tell me what he thought of it. His reply began: « I have read your story but I don't think you'll find a publisher with alacrity, it's too subtle... » Then his pose of detachment broke down and he said: « It was the slaughter of the foetus in the womb... They tore me from you, the love of my life... » And at the end of the letter, he said « I've got a grinning skull-and-crossbones headache. The amount of energy required to live is — how many volts a day ? »

(3) *Lawrence's summer holiday at Prestatyn.* Ms. II. Cf. *Collected Letters,* 79.

Août 1911: vacances at Prestatyn, North Wales, avec Louie et Ada et d'autres amis.

I heard later that Lawrence was never still for a minute, that he ran up and down the crags like a man possessed; that he absolutely refused to be left alone with Louie and insisted on Ada accompanying them wherever they went.

(4) *Meeting in February* 1912. Cf. E. T.: 195-197.

After line 14, p. 196 of the book, J. C. continued in Ms. II (page number not recorded, E.D's notes p. 23).

He agreed. « One works at home, but I don't want to stop at home, I can't settle, yet. I must move about. » He said he wanted to go to Germany (some relatives of an uncle by marriage were German), he would travel for a year; in the meantime we would each of us be free. If at the end of a year neither of us had found anyone we preferred, then we would marry... He concluded rather dismally as though it were the only alternative. My heart went cold, because the idea of marriage « faute de mieux », even with Lawrence, or perhaps with Lawrence above all, was a terrible prospect. He drew his chair to the fire, and sat, elbow on knee and head in hand, the other hand hanging loose, palm upward. I saw again his intense loneliness, his separation, as it seemed, from the rest of life, and slipped my hand into his empty one. His arms closed round me in a moment, he drew me to him, begging me to « come to him ».

(5) *Mrs Weekley.* Ms. II, page number not recorded, E.D's notes, p. 23

I had given him the notes I had made for *Sons and Lovers* and he began to send me the Ms in instalments. On a certain Sunday in late February or early March, we talked of having a long walk and returning to our house for tea; Lawrence told me that Professor Weekley had written asking him to lunch. He said:

« I shan't go; I don't want to. I've written and told him so. » I met him by chance in Nottingham a few days later and he said: « I shall have to go to the Weekley's after all. Mrs Weekley has written asking me, and I can't refuse the lady. But I'll meet you after lunch. »

So we met in the afternoon. Lawrence told me it would do me good to know Mrs Weekley. I am afraid I replied that I was not very anxious to be done good to by Mrs Weekley. I loathed patronage above all things. I asked if she was French, and he said « No, German, modern German », and looked slightly puzzled. Her name was not mentioned again.

After tea we gathered round the piano as in old days, with my younger sister playing and my two brothers singing. We sang Folk songs and Hymns, and my sister turned the page and began « We are but little children weak ». I looked at Lawrence and laughed. « It's true », he said emphatically, and joined in the singing with gusto.

Later on, when he and I were alone in the parlour, he said to me with painful sincerity, « When I am not with you... since we have been apart... I don't feel the same, think the same, I'm not the same man. I can't write poetry. »

And yet his accents were the accents of despair. We were together again indeed, or at least trying to be, but the bond with his mother was actually stronger than when she was alive. He never spoke of her, but I became aware that everything he had to do with me was a disloyalty to his mother. I wondered indeed if he had given her a promise to keep apart from me — perhaps not a verbal promise, but something understood and stronger than any spoken bond. (You will find a confirmation of this in parts of the *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, where he says so confidently that the dead exercise an influence over the living.)

(6) *Last Encounter*. Ms. II, 16. Cf. E. T.: 214-215.

J. le revoit encore une fois, un dimanche; elle va chez sa sœur, ne sachant pas qu'il y passe le week-end.

He was deeply startled to see me; my coming at that moment had a special significance for him. His look of despair was gone; it was clear to me that he was trying to approximate to an every day level of existence. He had told my sister « I'm a common man with an intellect », and he was trying hard to live up (or down) to it. I could see how he was seeking within himself for a clue, he said little, being withdrawn into himself. For some minutes he sat on the low garden wall, leaning forward, his head in his hands, the outlines of his braces showing distinctly under his coat. He told me he was going abroad, to Germany, in about a week... He drove some of the way home with us... round by Greasley Church and up Watnall Hill, and at Watnall he left us to return by the field path to my sister's cottage. We shook hands and said goodbye like casual acquaintances, and when I turned round he was still standing in the road looking after us. I waved my hand and he raised his cap in just his old way. I never saw him again.

(7) « *Don't tell anyone. Nobody knows, only Ada* ».
Ms. II, 17-18. Cf. E. T.: 216-217.

Il écrit à J. des bords du Rhin; il revoit *Sons and Lovers*, et dit à ce propos:

> I'm sorry it turned out as it has; you'll have to go on forgiving me.

Puis une carte postale; en juin (?) une lettre pour la famille avec une enveloppe « pour vous seule », annonçant qu'il est parti avec Mrs Weekley.

> « I daren't think of Weekley... I only know I love Frieda... I can think of nothing but of Anna Karenina. Don't tell May, nor Nell Corke, don't tell anyone. Nobody knows, only Ada. »
>
> I was shocked, but not surprised. I could not fail to detect the same forced note in his almost hysterical message. I could picture his face quite well. There was the same passionate desire to be in love, an intense *will* to love, but it carried small conviction to me. One thing I was aware of and that was a release from the terrible sense of responsibility I had felt for Lawrence...
>
> I kept his secret, feeling it was the last request he would ever make of me. I knew quite definitely that he had passed out of my life, for many years, at least. Moreover, his condition was so desperate that if there was a possibility of his achieving a genuinely harmonious relation in this last attempt, I did not want to put the slight obstacle in his path. I had never met Mrs Weekley — when I once made a tentative suggestion Lawrence had replied « It's no use you meeting her; she'd go over you like a steam-roller. » I thought perhaps it was the best thing for him. And I knew that our own relationship had been ruined beyond repair.

N. B. In fact, Lawrence had also told Sallie Hopkin and Alice Dax. Cf. CL. 138, and Frieda Lawrence: M & C 246-247.

(8) *Epilogue*. Ms. II, 18-22.

J. écrit un conte ce printemps-là et l'envoie à H. C. qui se mêle de l' « améliorer » et le communique à Garnett. G. dit:

> I have heard from Mr Lawrence the great debt he owes Miss Chambers for inspiration and incentive.

Elle lui envoie un autre conte et il lui donne une introduction pour Austin Harrison et *The English Review*, lui conseillant de ne pas laisser Miss Corke ni qui que ce soit refaire ses œuvres. Il lui conseille d'écrire quelque chose sur elle-même.

Août 1912: voyage sur le Rhin avec H. C. qui propose tout à coup d'aller voir L. J. lui dit la situation. H. C. furieuse. J. C. lui dit son intention de laisser mourir leur amitié.

> During the winter of 1912-1913 I wrote the story about myself, as Edward Garnett had suggested. The real driving force was the terrible necessity to understand what had happened with regard

to Lawrence and me. It was by no means so clear then as it is now. In addition it was essential, if I was to keep my reason, to get the experience somehow outside myself. I was too near to it all to write a simple record; I had to give it some kind of disguise; so I made it into a very simple novel, without changing anything essential. I endeavoured above all to arrive at the truth of our relationship. I finished my story about March and sent it to Edward Garnett. He replied: « I have read every page of your manuscript with interest, and must congratulate you upon having written a most charming and sincere story. » Then he put his finger on the spot where the actual story ended, and after some further remarks said that my story had many points in common with Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. Perhaps it would be better to wait until I had seen the latter before presenting my story to a publisher. I replied that unfortunately I was only too well acquainted with Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* and I gave him the same account in connection with *Sons and Lovers* as I have given you. Garnett then said that Lawrence ought to see my novel. I replied that I was quite willing for him to do so, but I did not know his address (he had never replied to my letter). Garnett undertook to pass the novel on to Lawrence and I lost sight of the Ms for about six months, but I never heard whether Lawrence read it or not, although I am sure he did, from some bits in *The Rainbow*.

L'éditeur de L. envoie à J. un exemplaire de *Love Poems and Others*. J. lui écrit pour le remercier. Il répond en lui envoyant les épreuves de *Sons and Lovers*, pour qu'elle les lise et les passe à Ada.

« ...I've had my ups and my downs out here with Frieda, but as soon as the divorce is through we shall marry and live somewhere quite quietly, in Berkshire, perhaps. Frieda and I discuss you endlessly. We should like you to come and see us if you would care to. We are leaving this place in about a week, it's getting too hot for us, the weather I mean, not the place. I must go now, — they're waiting for me at tennis. »

That is as much as I can remember of his letter. There seemed to me a certain priggish note about it. He seemed, too, to have forgotten that I had helped him to write *Sons and Lovers*. I looked through the proofs thinking that he had had nearly a year of what should have been uninterrupted happiness, and that surely the tension should have relaxed and in a mellower mood he might at least have softened some of the most cruel passages, but I could find no change. I cannot believe that Lawrence ever re-wrote *Sons and Lovers* for I found the proof-sheets tallied word for word with the Ms I had read. I didn't dare attempt to read the whole thing. I only looked for changes in the parts where I most wanted to find them. But there were no changes.

La sœur de J. lui conseille de renvoyer sa lettre à L.

Such an idea would never have occurred to me, I was so used to blows and shocks from Lawrence. But there seemed a core of sound common sense in the idea. The letter was somehow insul-

ing — not intentionally — it only showed Lawrence at his most obtuse. I sent off the proofs to Ada, reversing the wrapper so that she could see where they had come from. I felt the time had come to make a clean break, so I sent Lawrence's letter back to him. Nothing more ever passed between us.

Garnett, très bienveillant envers J. Hueffer, Violet Hunt, C.G.F. Masterman et sa femme, Frederick Chapman, lurent son roman. Il ne fut pas publié; il avait joué son rôle: objectiver son expérience. Elle détruisit le Ms peu après ou pendant la guerre.

I had to make a new start in life, and it was very difficult because Lawrence had been nearly the whole of life to me; I had lived and moved in the orbit of his being. So I found it was necessary to break every link that had bound us together, and I destroyed as far as I possibly could every line of his writing. I burned all the letters that I had kept, and even tore the fly leaf out of several books where he had copied poems for me. For years I never opened a book of his; I never mentioned his name, but I never could leave off trying to understand what had happened, and why should « what began best, end worst ». But life did not stand still. At the end of 1913 I met my husband. We were married in June 1915 and by the end of July he was out in France and spent nearly four years on the Somme. He was spared to come home, and the joy in life that I had almost given up hoping for came to me, of its own accord.

BIBLIOGRAPHIE

NOTE BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE

Les buts de cette note sont limités: faciliter la tâche du lecteur de cette étude qui souhaiterait soit remonter aux sources, soit approfondir sa connaissance de l'œuvre de Lawrence.

Il n'est en effet pas question de répéter ni de tenter de refaire l'excellente et indispensable *Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence* de Warren Roberts, qui avec la bibliographie de chacun des volumes de la *Composite Biography* de Nehls, permet l'accès à toutes les sources principales. Les excellents index de ces deux ouvrages, utilisés conjointement avec le nôtre, mettront le lecteur sur la voie de toute la documentation biographique et critique essentielle, jusqu'en 1959 et 1963 respectivement. La bibliographie de Lawrence a été mise à jour ici pour la période postérieure à 1963.

Warren Roberts lui-même n'a pas inclus dans sa bibliographie les articles de revue sur D.H. Lawrence, pour lesquels il faudrait dépouiller les revues anglaises et américaines depuis 1911 et celles du monde entier depuis au moins 1928. Nous nous sommes borné, de façon très sélective, à répertorier ceux qui sont mentionnés, cités, ou directement en rapport avec notre étude. Une bonne bibliographie d'articles sur Lawrence se trouve dans l'ouvrage de K. Sagar. Celle de Beebe et Tommasi est plus riche.

Le numéro d'ordre de chaque titre figurant dans la bibliographie de Warren Roberts est donné entre crochets en fin de rubrique.

I. OUVRAGES BIBLIOGRAPHIQUES SUR D.H. LAWRENCE

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II. ŒUVRES DE D.H. LAWRENCE

Afin de faciliter la tâche du lecteur de cette étude et de le guider dans la connaissance de Lawrence, nous donnons la liste des œuvres telles qu'elles sont accessibles aujourd'hui dans l'édition anglaise la plus complète, c'est-à-dire celle de William Heinemann, en indiquant entre parenthèses la première édition en volume, ou à défaut dans un périodique, et, pour les recueils importants, la table des matières. Utilisée conjointement avec l'Index de ce volume, cette liste permettra de retrouver toutes les œuvres de Lawrence.

Poésie

The Complete Poems, Heinemann, London, 1964. 2 vol. pp. VII-1062. Cette édition contient:

Collected Poems (Martin Secker, London, 1928), lequel regroupait lui-même des poèmes parus dans les précédents recueils:

Love Poems and Others, Duckworth, London, 1913. [A. 3]

Amores, Duckworth, London, 1916. [A. 9]

Look! We have come through, Chatto & Windus, London, 1917. [A. 10]

New Poems, Martin Secker, London, 1918. [A. 11]

Bay, Beaumont Press, London, 1919. [A. 12]

Birds, Beasts and Flowers, Martin Secker, London, 1923. [A. 27]

Pansies, Martin Secker, London, 1919 (édition expurgée). [A. 47]

Nettles, Faber & Faber, London, 1930. [A. 52]

Last Poems (including *More Pansies*), G. Orioli, Florence, 1932. [A. 62] (Paru sous le titre *The Ship of Death*, Martin Secker, London, 1933). [A. 66]

Uncollected Poems (Poems from *The Plumed Serpent*, Additional *Pansies*, Juvenilia, Variants, and early drafts, etc.)

Romans

Dans la collection *The Phœnix Edition of D.H. Lawrence*, Heinemann, London,

Novels:

The White Peacock (Heinemann, London, 1911). [A. 1]

The Trespasser (Duckworth, London, 1912). [A. 2]

Sons and Lovers (Duckworth, London, 1913). [A. 4]
Cf. *Letters*, 95-102 (Foreword to Sons and Lovers).

The Rainbow (Methuen, London, 1915). [A. 7]

Women in Love (New York, 1920, Martin Secker, London, 1921). [A. 15] (Prologue to *Women in Love*, Foreword to *Women in Love*, cf. Phœnix II). [E. 441c, A. 74]

The Lost Girl (Martin Secker, London, 1920). [A. 16]

Aaron's Rod (Seltzer, New York, 1922, Martin Secker, London, 1922). [A. 21]

Kangaroo (Martin Secker, London, 1923). [A. 26]

The Plumed Serpent (Martin Secker, London, 1926). [A. 33]

Lady Chatterley's Lover (privately printed 1928, expurgated edition, Martin Secker, London, 1932, unexpurgated, Penguin Books, 1960). [A. 42]

Short novels, deux volumes contenant:

Vol. I *Love among the Haystacks* (*Love among the Haystacks and Other Pieces*, Nonesuch Press, London, 1930. [A. 56]

The Ladybird
The Fox
The Captain's Doll } (Martin Secker, London, 1923). [A. 24]

Vol. II *St. Mawr* (Martin Secker, London, 1925). [A. 31]

The Virgin and The Gipsy (G. Orioli, Florence, 1930; Martin Secker, London, 1930). [A. 54]

The Man Who Died (*The Escaped Cock*, Black Sun Press, Paris, 1929; Martin Secker, London, 1931). [A. 50]

Hors collection:

The Boy in the Bush by D.H. Lawrence and M.L. Skinner, Martin Secker, London, 1924). [A. 29]

Contes et Nouvelles

1. *The Complete Short Stories of D.H. Lawrence*, Heinemann, 1935. (Collection *The Phœnix Edition of D.H. Lawrence*).

Vol. I

A Modern Lover
The Old Adam
Her Turn (*)
Strike Pay (*)
The Witch à la Mode
New Eve and Old Adam

(*A Modern Lover*, Martin Secker London, 1934). [A. 71]

N. B. — Le recueil de 1934 contenait également une longue nouvelle inédite intitulée *Mr Noon*, incluse dans *Phœnix II*, 1968, q.v.

The Prussian Officer (*)
The Thorn in the Flesh (*)
Daughters of the Vicar (*) (1)
A Fragment of Stained Glass
The Shades of Spring (*)
Second Best
The Shadow in the Rose Garden
Goose Fair
The White Stocking
A Sick Collier
The Christening

The Prussian Officer and Other Stories, Duckworth, London, 1914. [A. 6]

Le recueil de 1914 contenait également *Odour of Chrysanthemums* (cf. ci-après, Vol. II.)

1) Première version: *Two Marriages*, supplément spécial de *Time and Tide*, 24 March 1934. [C. 214]

*) Titres primitifs, dans l'ordre:
Strike-Pay I, *Her Turn; Strike-Pay* II, *Ephraim's Half-Sovereign* [C. 33-34]; *Honour and Arms* [C. 34]; *Vin Ordinaire* [C. 33]; *Two Marriages* [C. 214]; *The Soiled Rose* [C. 18].

Vol. II

Odour of Chrysanthemums (cf. Vol. I ci-dessus).

England, My England
Tickets, Please
The Blind Man
Monkey Nuts
Wintry Peacock
You Touched Me
Samson and Delilah
The Primrose Path
The Horse Dealer's Daughter
Fanny and Annie

(*England, My England and Other Stories*. Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1922; Martin Secker, London, 1924). [A. 23]

The Princess (Martin Secker, London, 1925, cf. St. Mawr). [A. 31]

Two Blue Birds
Sun
The Woman Who Rode Away
Smile

(*The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*, Martin Secker, London, 1928). [A. 41]

Vol. III

The Border Line
Jimmy and the Desperate Woman
The Last Laugh
In Love
Glad Ghosts
None of That

(*The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*, Martin Secker, London, 1928). [A. 41]

The Man Who Loved Islands

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(*The Lovely Lady*, Martin Secker, London, 1933). [A. 63]

The Overtone
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Rawdon's Roof
The Rocking Horse Winner
Mother and Daughter
The Blue Mocassins
Things

(*The Lovely Lady*, Martin Secker, London, 1933). [A. 63]

2. *Contes et nouvelles divers*

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The Fly in the Ointment (*New Statesman*, 13. VIII. 1913) [B. 34] [C. 22]

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A Chapel among the Mountains
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(*Love among the Haystacks and Other Pieces*, Nonesuch Press, London, 1930). [A. 56]

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Mr. Noon (*A Modern Lover*, Martin Secker, 1934). [A. 71]

Phœnix (q.v.) contient des récits d'enfance — portraits d'animaux:

Adolf (7-13) (*Dial*, September 1920). [C. 73]

Rex (14-21) (*Dial*, February 1921). [C. 77]

Théâtre

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The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd (Mitchell Kennerley, New York, 1914; Duckworth, London, 1914). [A. 5]

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The Married Man (*Virginia Quarterly Review* (16: 523-547) Autumn 1940). [C. 226]

The Daughter-in-Law (inédit). [E. 84]

The Fight for Barbara (Argosy (14: 68-90) December 1933: *Keeping Barbara*). [C. 213]

Touch and Go (C.W. Daniel Ltd, London, 1920). [A. 14]
Préface datée 1919 dans cette édition, dans *The Plays of D.H. Lawrence*, Martin Secker, London, 1933, et dans *Phœnix II* (1968).

The Merry-Go-Round (*Virginia Quarterly Review*, Winter 1941). [C. 227]

A Collier's Friday Night (Martin Secker, London, 1934). [A. 69]

Altitude (*Laughing Horse*, 20: 12-35, Summer, 1938). [C. 222]

Noah's Flood (*Phoenix, Posthumous Papers*, Viking Press, New York 1936; Heinemann, London, 1936). [A. 76]

Voyages

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Twilight in Italy (Duckworth, London, 1916). [A. 8]

Sea and Sardinia (Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1921; Martin Secker, London, 1923). [A. 20]

Mornings in Mexico and Etruscan Places

Mornings in Mexico (Martin Secker, London, 1927). [A. 37]

Etruscan Places (Martin Secker, London, 1932). [A. 60]

Essais, Critique, Préfaces, etc.

Deux volumes de la *Phœnix Edition* contiennent les trois œuvres ci-après :

I. *Fantasia of the Unconscious and Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*

Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious (Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1921 ; Martin Secker, London, 1923). [A. 18]

Fantasia of the Unconscious (Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1922 ; Martin Secker, London, 1923). [A. 22]

II. *Studies in Classic American Literature* (Thomas Seltzer, New York, 1923 ; Martin Secker, London, 1924). [A. 25]

The Symbolic Meaning (Centaur Press, Arundel, 1962) réunit, édités par Armin Arnold, les versions primitives de *Studies in Classic American Literature.*

Deux volumes posthumes de la *Phœnix Edition, Phœnix I* (1936) et *Phœnix II* (1968) réunissent la presque totalité des écrits critiques, préfaces, etc., soit inédits, soit non précédemment recueillis en volumes, soit déjà réunis dans des éditions rares ou épuisées. La table des matières de chacun de ces recueils est donnée ci-après, avec l'indication des œuvres les plus importantes, et le cas échéant de leurs premières éditions.

Phœnix: The Posthumous Papers of D.H. Lawrence, Edward D. McDonald, Ed. (Heinemann, 1936). [A. 76]

I. Nature and Poetical Pieces (pp. 3-68) (cf. Contes et Nouvelles).

II. Peoples, Countries, Races (pp. 71-147).

III. Love, Sex, Men and Women (pp. 151-211).

Love (pp. 151-156) (*English Review*, January 1918). [C. 52]

Pornography and Obscenity (pp. 170-187) (Faber & Faber, London, 1930). [A. 49]

IV. Literature and Art (pp. 215-584).

Prefaces and Introductions to Books (quatorze préfaces, dont une première version inédite de la Préface de *Collected Poems*).

Reviews of Books (dix-neuf comptes rendus écrits de 1913 à 1930).

Study of Thomas Hardy (pp. 398-516). [C. 207]
Etc.

V. Education : *Education of the People* (pp. 587-665). [E. 112]

VI. Ethics, Psychology, Philosophy (pp. 669-771)

The Reality of Peace (pp. 669-694) (*English Review*, May - June - July 1917). [C. 45, 46, 48]

Life (pp. 695-698) (*English Review*, February 1918). [C. 53]

Democracy (pp. 699-718). [E. 91]
Etc.

VII. Personalia and Fragments (pp. 775-836).

Phœnix II, Uncollected, Unpublished and Other Prose Works by D.H. Lawrence, Warren Roberts and Harry T. Moore, Ed. (Heinemann, London, 1968).

I. Stories and Sketches (c. *supra* Contes et Nouvelles) (pp. 3-181).
Prologue to *Women in Love* (pp. 92-108). [E. 441 (c)]

II. Translation
The Gentleman from San Francisco by Ivan Bunin (Hogarth Press, London, 1922) (pp. 193-213). [B. 9]

III. Essays (pp. 215-266):
Rachel Annand Taylor (cf. *Young Lorenzo*).
Art and the Individual (cf. *Young Lorenzo*).
The Two Principles (cf. *The Symbolic Meaning*).
Certain Americans and an Englishman.
Germans and English.
On Coming Home.
Return to Bestwood.

IV. Reviews and Introductions (pp. 267-296) (huit comptes rendus ou introductions s'échelonnant de 1912 à 1928, y compris la préface de *Touch and Go* (q.v.) et le *Foreword to Women in Love* (q.v.).

V. Miscellaneous pieces (pp. 297-361):
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Autobiographical Sketch (pp. 300-302) (Nehls III, pp. 232-234). [B. 60]
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VII. *A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover* (pp. 487-518) (extended from *My Skirmish with Jolly Roger*) (Random House, New York, 1929; Mandrake Press, London, 1930). [A. 48 (c)]

VIII. *Assorted Articles* (pp. 517-629) (Martin Secker, London, 1930) (vingt-trois articles écrits et publiés de 1924 à 1929). [A. 53]

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Movements in European History, by Lawrence H. Davison, Oxford University Press, London, 1921. [A. 17]

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The Collected Letters of D.H. Lawrence, Edited with an Introduction by Harry T. Moore, 2 vol. Viking Press, New York; Heinemann, London, 1962. [A. 102]

Des lettres de Lawrence ont paru en outre dans cinq plaquettes ou petits recueils et vingt-six ouvrages différents, pour la plupart cités ci-après dans la bibliographie des livres sur Lawrence; dans vingt-quatre articles de revues (cf. Warren Roberts, *Bibliography*, Index, etc.). Des lettres importantes sont citées par Nehls (q.v.) et S. Foster Damon, *Amy Lowell, A Chronicle*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston and New York, 1935. [B. 42]

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ABREVIATIONS UTILISEES DANS LES NOTES ET EDITIONS AUXQUELLES RENVOIENT CES NOTES

Les notes renvoient, sauf indication contraire entre parenthèses face à chaque titre, aux éditions suivantes des œuvres de Lawrence:

Romans et contes: *Thin paper edition* de Martin Secker (1).

Poèmes: Edition originale de chaque recueil cité. Dans la mesure du possible, les références aux *Collected Poems* de 1928 ont été remplacées par des renvois aux *Complete Poems* de 1928.

Apoc.	Apocalypse (Secker, 1932).
A. R.	Aaron's Rod.
Ass. Art.	Assorted Articles (Secker, 1930).
B. T. W.	Between Two Worlds, J. M. Murry (Cape, 1935).
C. L.	Collected Letters (Heinemann, 1962).
Col. P.	Collected Poems (Secker, 1928).
C. P.	Complete Poems (Heinemann, 1964).
C. S. St.	Complete Short Stories (Heinemann, 1955).
E. L.	Young Lorenzo, The Early Life of D.H. Lawrence, by Ada Lawrence and Stuart Gelder (Orioli, 1932).
E. T.	D.H. Lawrence, A Personal Record, by E.T. (Cape, 1935).
E. T. (I)	« The Literary Formation of D.H. Lawrence, *European Quarterly, May* 1934.
Fantasia...	Fantasia of the Unconscious (Secker, New Adelphi Library, 1930).
Int. H.	The Intelligent Heart, H. T. Moore (Penguin, 1960).
L.	The Letters of D.H. Lawrence (édition Aldous Huxley, Heinemann, 1932).
L. A. H.	Love Among the Haystacks, and other Pieces (Nonesuch, 1930).
L. in T.	Lorenzo in Taos, Mabel Luhan (Knopf, 1932).
M. E. H.	Movements in European History, by Lawrence H. Davison (Humphrey Milford, 1921).
(A) Mod. Lov.	A Modern Lover (Secker, 1934).
M & C.	Memoirs and Correspondence, Frieda Lawrence (Heinemann, 1965).
M S I M S II	Manuscrits inédits de Jessie Chambers. Voir Appendice IV.

(1) Cette édition n'est plus courante ; William Heinemann publie les romans, contes et nouvelles ainsi que les autres œuvres de Lawrence.

Nehls	D.H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, Edward Nehls (Univ. of Wisconsin, 1957, 1958, 1959). (Toutes références au volume I, sauf indication contraire.)
N. G.	Neutral Ground, Helen Corke (A. Barker, 1933).
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Prus. Of.	The Prussian Officer and Other Stories (Secker, Thin Paper).
Ps. U.	Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious (Secker, New Adelphi Library, 1931).
R. & B. G.	Remember and Be Glad, Cynthia Asquith (Barrie, 1952).
R.D.P.	Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine (Centaur, Philadelpia, 1925).
Rw.	The Rainbow (Secker).
S. & L.	Sons and Lovers (Secker).
S. C. A. L.	Studies in Classical American Literature (Secker, 1924).
S. M.	The Symbolic Meaning (Centaur, Arundel, 1962).
S. P.	The Savage Pilgrimage, Catherine Carswell (Chatto & Windus, 1932).
T. H.	Study of Thomas Hardy (Phœnix, Heinemann, 1936).
T. I.	Twilight in Italy (Cape, Traveller's Library, 1926).
W. L.	Women in Love (Secker).
Wh. P.	The White Peacock (Secker).

TEXTES ORIGINAUX
DES CITATIONS TRADUITES

Les textes originaux des citations traduites dans le corps de cette étude figurent ci-après, précédés chacun, pour chaque chapitre, du numéro de l'appel de note correspondant.

Afin de faciliter la consultation des originaux, le titre courant de chaque page impaire indique les pages du texte principal auxquelles se réfèrent les originaux contenus dans cette page et la page paire précédente.

Chaque citation est suivie de sa référence au texte de l'auteur dans l'édition utilisée, indiquée pour les œuvres de Lawrence dans la liste des abréviations, pour les autres auteurs, dans la bibliographie.

LIVRE I, CHAPITRE I (pages 23 à 38)

13. « ...proud of his fair skin and blue eyes, but more proud still of his integrity. » *S. & L.* 7.

14. « And George Coppard, proud in his bearing, handsome, and rather bitter; who preferred theology in reading, and who drew near in sympathy to one man, the Apostle Paul; who was harsh in government, and in familiarity ironic; who ignored all sensual pleasure; — he was very different from the miner. » *S. & L. 10.*

15. « ...her temper, proud and unyielding, she had from the Coppards. » *S. & L.* 7.

27. « Often Paul would wake up, after he had been asleep a long time, aware of thuds downstairs. Instantly he was wide awake. Then he heard the booming shouts of his father, come home nearly drunk, then the sharp replies of his mother, then the bang, bang of his father's fist on the table, and the nasty snarling shout as the man's voice got higher. And then the whole was drowned in a piercing medley of shrieks and cries from the great, windswept ash-tree. The children lay silent in suspense, waiting for a lull in the wind to hear what their father was doing. He might hit their mother again. There was a feeling of horror, a kind of bristling in the darkness, and a sense of blood. They lay with their hearts in the grip of an intense anguish. The wind came through the tree fiercer and fiercer. All the cords of the great harp hummed, whistled, and shrieked. And then came the horror of the sudden silence, silence everywhere, outside and downstairs. What was it ? Was it a silence of blood ? What had he done ? » *S. & L. 60-61.*

29. « She had dreaded this baby like a catastrophe, because of her feeling for her husband... She no longer loved her husband; she had not wanted this child to come... » *S. & L. 37.*

32. « But she noticed the peculiar knitting of the baby's brows, and the peculiar heaviness of its eyes, as if it were trying to understand something that was pain. She felt, when she looked at the child's dark, brooding pupils, as if a burden were on her heart... With all her force, with all her soul she would make up to it for having brought it into the world unloved. She would love it all the more now it was here; carry it in her love. » *S. & L. 37.*

35. « As a rule he seemed old for his years. He was so conscious of what other people felt, particularly his mother. When she fretted he understood, and could have no peace. His soul seemed always attentive to her. » *S. & L. 58.*

43. « I think it was good to be brought up a Protestant: and among Protestants, a Nonconformist, and among Nonconformists a Congregationalist. Which sounds Pharisaic. But I should have missed bitterly a direct knowledge of the Bible, and a direct relation to Galilee and Kanaan, Moab and Kedron, those places that never existed on earth... So, altogether, I am grateful to my « Congregational » upbringing. The Congregationalists are the oldest Nonconformists, descendants of the Oliver Cromwell Independents. But they avoided the personal emotionalism which one found among the Methodists when I was a boy. » *Hymns in a Man's Life. Ass. Art. 160-161.*

44. « Cheek, that was the outstanding quality of chapel men. But a special kind of cheek, authorised from above, as it were. *Apocalypse, 15.*

45. « You tell me I am wrong.
Who are you, who is anybody to tell me I am wrong ?
I am not wrong. »
(*Pomegranate. C.P. 278.*)

47. « Here is the clue to the ordinary Englishman — in the Nonconformist hymns. » *Hymns in a Man's Life. Ass. Art. 163.*

48. « They live and glisten in the depths of the man's consciousness in undimmed wonder, because they have not been subjected to any criticism or analysis. » *Hymns in a Man's Life. Ass. Art. 159.*

49. « Each gentle dove and sighing bough
That makes the eve so fair to me
Has something far diviner now
To draw me back to Galilee.
O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be,
O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Come sing thy songs again to me!

To me the word Galilee has a wonderful sound. The Lake of Galilee! I don't want to know where it is. I never want to go to Palestine. Galilee is one of those lovely, glamorous worlds, not places that exist in the golden haze of a child's half-formed imagination. And in my man's imagination it is just the same... » *Hymns in a Man's Life, Ass. Art. 156.*

52. NOTTINGHAM HIGH SCHOOL

XMAS TERM., 1898.

Form Work	Number of boys.	Shell Form. Place 2 Very satisfactory.
English	17	2. Good.
French	17	1. Very Good.
German	17	1. Good.
Scripture	17	11. Fair.
Writing	47	4. Very Good.
Drawing	33	12. Quite satisfactory.
Science	78	54. Moderate.
Mathematics	43	Arith. 1. He works very intel- Alg. 3. ligently.
Diligence : very good.		
Conduct : very good.		
Times late : — —		
Times detained : — —		
Times absent : — —		
Excuses brought : — —		

E. L. 60.

55. « I shall never forget the anguish with which I wept, the first day. I was captured. I was roped in. The other boys felt the same. They hated school because they felt captives there. They hated the masters because they felt them as jailers. They hated even learning to read and write. The endless refrain was: « When I go down pit you'll see what — sums I'll do. » *Ass. Art. 123.*

56. « When he was seven, the starting school had been a nightmare and a torture to him. But afterwards he liked it. » *S. & L. 89.*

LIVRE I, CHAPITRE II (pages 39 à 64)

7. «... and he seemed to feel the business world, with its regulated system of values, and its impersonality, and he dreaded it. » *S. & L. 93.*

9. « At last, on December 23, with his five shillings Christmas box in his pocket, Paul wandered blindly home. His mother looked at him, and her heart stood still.

« What's the matter ? » she asked.

« I'm badly, mother. » he replied. « Mr Jordan gave me five shillings for a Christmas box! »

He handed it to her with trembling hands. She put it on the table.

« You arent't glad! » he reproached her; but he trembled violently.

« Where hurts you ? » she said, unbuttoning his overcoat. It was the old question.

« I feel badly, mother. »

She undressed him and put him to bed. He had pneumonia dangerously, the doctor said. » *S. & L. 140-141.*

10. « Paul was very ill. His mother lay in bed at nights with him; they could not afford a nurse. He grew worse, and the crisis approached. One night he tossed into consciousness in the ghastly, sickly feeling of dissolution, when all the cells in the body seem in intense irritability to be breaking down, and consciousness makes a last flare of struggle, like madness.

« I s'll die, mother! » he cried, heaving for breath on the pillow.

She lifted him up, crying in a small voice:

« Oh, my son, — my son! »

That brought him to. He realized her. His whole will rose up and arrested him. He put his head on her breast, and took ease of her for love. » *S. & L. 141.*

17. « When he returned to the factory the conditions of work were better. He had Wednesday afternoon off to go to the Art School — Miss Jordan's provision — returning in the evening. Then the factory closed at six instead of at eight on Thursday and Friday evenings. » *S. & L. 159.*

25. « ... a small, frail woman, rosy, with great dark brown eyes. » *S. & L. 125.*

26. « The mother exalted everything — even a bit of housework — to the plane of a religious trust. » *S. & L. 147.*

36. « He loved the family so much, he loved the farm so much; it was the dearest place on earth to him. His home was not so lovable. It was his mother. But then he would have been just as happy with his mother anywhere. Whereas Willey Farm he loved passionately. He loved the little pokey kitchen, where men's boots tramped, and the dog slept with one eye open for fear of being trodden on; where the lamp hung over the table at night, and everything was so silent. He loved Miriam's long, low parlour, with its atmosphere of romance, its flowers, its books, its high rosewood piano. He loved the gardens and the low buildings that stood with their scarlet roofs on the naked edges of the fields, crept towards the wood as if for cosiness, the wild country scooping down a valley and up the uncultured hills on the other side. Only to be there was an exhilaration and a joy to him. He loved Mrs Leivers, with her unworldliness and her quaint cynicism; he loved Mr Leivers, so warm and young and lovable; he loved Edgar, who lit up when he came, and the boys and the children and Bill — even the sow Circe and the Indian game-cock called Tippoo... » *S. & L. 226-227.*

41. « She was about fourteen years old, had a rosy dark face, a bunch of short black curls, very fine and free, and dark eyes; shy, questioning, a little resentful of the strangers, she disappeared. » *S. & L. 125.*

42. « She was nearly sixteen, very beautiful, with her warm colouring, her gravity, her eyes dilating suddenly like an ecstasy. » *S. & L. 145-146.*

44. « ...Suddenly, her dark eyes alight like water that shakes with a stream of gold in the dark... » *S. & L. 153.*

« All the life of Miriam's body was in her eyes, which were usually dark as a dark church, but could flame with light like a conflagration. » *Ib. 154.*

46. « Her body was not flexible and living. She walked with a swing, rather heavily, her head bowed forward, pondering. She was not clumsy, and yet none of her movements seemed quite *the* movement. Often, when wiping the dishes, she would stand in bewilderment and chagrin because she had pulled in two halves a cup or a tumbler. It was as if, in her fear and mistrust, she put too much strength into the effort. There was no looseness or abandon about her. » *S. & L. 154-155.*

50. « ...she held not her father in too high esteem because he did not carry any mystical ideals cherished in his heart, but only wanted to have as easy a time as he could, and his meals, when he was ready for them. » *S. & L. 144.*

51. « She could not be princess by wealth or standing. So she was mad to have learning whereon to pride herself. For she was different from other folk, and must not be scooped up among the common fry. Learning was the only distinction to which she thought to aspire. » *S. & L. 144.*

54. « Then he was so ill, and she felt he would be weak. Then she would be stronger than he. Then she could love him. If she could be mistress of him in his weakness, take care of him, if he could depend on her, if she could, as it were, have him in her arms, how she would love him! » *S. & L. 144.*

56. « Anthropomorphic as she was, she stimulated him into appreciating things thus, and then they lived for her. She seemed to need things kindling in her imagination or in her soul before she felt she had them. And she was cut off from ordinary life by her religious intensity which made the world for her either a nunnery garden or a paradise, where sin and knowledge were not, or else an ugly, cruel thing. So it was in this atmosphere of subtle intimacy, this meeting in their common feeling for something in nature, that their love started. » *S. & L. 149.*

57. « Look how it heaps together, like something alive almost — a big creature that you don't know. » *S. & L. 124.*

60. « She never reproached him or was angry with him. He was often cruelly ashamed. But still again his anger burst like a bubble surcharged; and still, when he saw her eager, silent, as it were, blind face, he felt he wanted to throw the pencil in it; and still, when he saw her hand trembling and her mouth parted with suffering, his heart was scalded with pain for her. And because of the intensity to which she roused him, he sought her. » *S. & L. 158.*

61. « I was possessed by two great thirsts, for knowledge and for beauty, and without some prospect of satisfying both, life had no value for me. » *Ms. I. 19-20.*

66. « Lawrence and I would go together to choose the books for our respective families and then set off for my home literally burdened with books. During the walk we discussed what we had read last, but our discussion was not exactly criticism, indeed, not criticism at all, but a vivid re-creation of the substance of our reading... Scott's novels in particular we talked over in this way and the scenes and events of his stories

were far more real to us than our actual surroundings... It was the entering into possession of a new world, a widening and enlargement of life. » *E. T. 37.*

69. « On one of these walks I had a sudden flash of insight which made me see Lawrence in a totally new light. We were returning from one of our tramps, walking along anyhow, singly, or in twos and threes. I happened to find myself walking alone beside the hedge, admiring the bronze tips of the maple. Suddenly I turned and looked back and saw Lawrence bending over an umbrella. Something in his attitude held me transfixed; there was a look of intense suffering, and the image of Christ on the cross flashed into my mind. For a second I was overwhelmed, as if by a vision, and seemed to see him as a man destined to suffer. I walked up to him, and asked him what was the matter.

« It was Ernest's umbrella, and mother will be so wild if I take it home broken », he said.

We walked along together, but I did not tell him what I had seen. I think that this was the beginning of a conscious sympathy between us. Probably I was seventeen at this time. » *Ms. I. 16-17.*

71. « In the fonts hundreds of white narcissi seemed to be growing. The air was dim and coloured from the windows, and thrilled with a subtle scent of lilies and narcissi. In that atmosphere Miriam's soul came into a glow. Paul was afraid of the things he mustn't do; and he was sensitive to the feel of the place. Miriam turned to him. He answered. They were together. He would not go beyond the Communion-rail. She loved him for that. Her soul expanded into prayer beside him. He felt the strange fascination of shadowy religious places. All his latent mysticism quivered into life. She was drawn to him. He was a prayer along with her. » *S. & L. 168.*

74. « Lawrence carried the little red volume in his pocket and read to me on every opportunity, usually out in the fields. He must have read almost every poem to me at one time or another... » *E. T. 99.*

75. « Keats' *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* seemed to have the tang of our own dank meadows. » *E. T. 99.*

76. Shakespeare's sonnets filled us with wonder at their perfection and their intimacy — our favourite ones, at least. » *E. T. I, 40.*

77. « Towards one another we were utterly un-selfconscious, too content with the present to look into the future, and too deeply interested in the great question of literature to think of personal relations. Even then I had the feeling that our walks and talks through the damp autumn night were important, and would be memorable. I felt that I was in the presence of greatness, and the facts of poverty and obscurity were irrelevant. » *Ms. I. 24.*

80. « I took fire at that. « Well », I said, « isn't that the very greatest thing ? » « Ah, *you* say that », he replied. But what will the others say ? That I'm a fool. A collier's son a poet! » « I can't see that that has anything to do with it, » I replied, sincerely. « What does it matter what your father is ? »... He shook his head... » *E.T. 57.*

« Every great man — every man who achieves anything, I mean — is founded in some woman. Why shouldn't *you* be the woman I am founded in ? » *E. T. 59.*

81. « We did not speak of love, but we knew it lay ahead, something that would have to be resolved. But the time was not ripe, and the world that created itself around us when we were together was of such a nature that we wished to prolong it while we could. In this, of course, we acted unconsciously, only there was a feeling of something between us that was precious and fragile. » *Ms. I. 24-25.*

84. « ...She was a firm ally of Mrs Lawrence in her determination to discourage D.H.L. from falling in love with me. One of her favourite amusements, as I heard her explain to D.H.L., if she happened to see a courting couple walking together, if they were perfect strangers it made no difference, was to walk close behind them to dog their footsteps, and make them so self-conscious and uncomfortable, that that walk at least was a failure... All the same, Alice Hall was not without good nature... » *Jessie Chambers, letter n° 7.*

87. « This — this friendship between us — is it keeping even ? Is it getting out of balance ? »

« I don't know what you mean ? I think it's even — I think it's balanced. »

The trouble is — I'm afraid — you may be getting too fond of me. »

« I don't know. I haven't thought about it », I replied, with truth. « But why are you saying this ? » I asked in deep dismay.

« Well — they were talking last night — mother and E. They want to know if we are courting. They say we must either be engaged or not go about together. It's the penalty of being nineteen and twenty instead of fifteen and sixteen. »

I began to understand.

« Ah — I always thought your mother didn't like me », I said.

« It isn't that. You mustn't think that », he urged. « It's for your sake. She says it's not fair to you — I might keep you from liking someone else. She says I ought to know how I feel. » He spoke with difficulty. « I've looked into myself and I cannot find that I love you as a husband should love his wife. Perhaps I shall — some day. If I do, I'll tell you. What about you ? If you think that you love me, we'll be engaged. Do you ? »...

... I told him I didn't know whether I loved him or not; I hadn't thought about it, and anyhow I couldn't be engaged under such circumstances. I am not sure whether he was glad or sorry. Things became blank, and I had to make a great effort to attend to what he was saying in a dull voice. »

88. « Mother said we needn't give everything up, only we must know what footing we're on, that's all. » *Ms. I. 33, E. T. 67.*

95. « Paul was going to distinguish himself. She had a great belief in him, the more because he was unaware of his own powers. There was so much to come out of him. Life for her was rich with promise. She

was to see herself fulfilled. Not for nothing had been her struggle. » *S. & L. 185.*

106. « I have come to the conclusion of late years that his mother must have been afraid of me; there was something in me she did not understand and she feared me because of it. » *Jessie Chambers, letter n° 6.*

LIVRE I, CHAPITRE III (pages 65 à 86)

1. « It had meant mere disillusion, instead of the living contact of men. » *Autobiographical Sketch. Ass. Art. 148.*

17. « He was the first to see the baby rabbit or cock-pheasant, the first primrose, or the fascinating male and female flowers of the larch. » *E. L. 48.*

18. « Suddenly she threw over French. She would take honours in botany. This was the one study that lived for her. She had entered into the lives of the plants. She was fascinated by the strange laws of the vegetable world. She had there a glimpse of something working entirely apart from the purpose of the human world. » *Rw, 411.*

22. « If people in England don't like what I write, and I think it's probable they won't, I shall go and settle in France and write for the French. » He liked, too, to imagine that he had a French ancestor. *E. T. I. 40-41, E. T. 106.*

30. « She wanted all the students to have a high pure spirit, she wanted them to say only the real, genuine things, she wanted their faces to be still and luminous as the nuns' and the monks' faces.

Alas, the girls chattered and giggled and were nervous, they were dressed up and frizzed, the men looked mean and clownish. » *Rw 406.*

31. « She would not consider the professors as men, ordinary men who ate bacon, and pulled on their boots before coming to college. They were the black-gowned priests of knowledge, serving for ever in a remote, hushed temple. They were the initiated, and the beginning and the end of the mystery was in their keeping. » *Rw 407.*

32. « The professors were not priests initiated into the deep mysteries of life and knowledge. After all, they were only middle-men handling wares they had become so accustomed to that they were oblivious of them... The life went out of her studies, why, she did not know. But the whole thing seemed sham, spurious; spurious Gothic arches, spurious peace, spurious Latinity, spurious dignity of France, spurious naïveté of Chaucer. It was a second-hand dealer's shop, and one bought an equipment for an examination. This was only a side-show to the factories of the town... It was a little apprentice-shop where one was further equipped for making money. The college itself was a little slovenly laboratory for the factory. » *Rw 410.*

35. « As I worked with my friend through the still mornings we talked endlessly. I would give him the gist of what I knew of chemistry,

and botany, and psychology. Day after day I told him what the professors had told me; of life, of sex and its origins; of Schopenhauer and William James... » *Wh. P. I. 6. p. 90.*

39. « Nothing is so hateful as the self one has left » *Mod. Lov. 19.*

41. « But, Lord, if it is Thy will that I should love him, make me love him — as Christ would, who died for the souls of men, Make me love him splendidly, because he is Thy son. » *S. & L. 172.*

42. « Sometimes, as they were walking together, she slipped her arm timidly into his. But he always resented it, and she knew it. It caused a violent conflict in him. With Miriam he was always on the high plane of abstraction, when his natural fire of love was transmuted *(a)* into the fine stream of thought. She would have it so. If he were jolly and, as she put, flippant, she waited till he came back to her, till the change had taken place in him again, and he was wrestling with his own soul, frowning, passionate in his desire for understanding. And in this passion for understanding her soul lay close to his; she had him all to herself. But he must be made abstract first.

Then, if she put her arm in his, it caused him almost torture. His consciousness seemed to split. The place where she was touching him ran hot with friction. He was one internecine battle, and he became cruel to her because of it. »

43. « If I had so much as laid a finger on his sleeve, I should have been spurned as the incarnation of temptation; although I did not know to what. Once a word of endearment escaped him, but he drew himself up and repudiated it with vehemence. » *Ms. I. 46.*

45. « Suddenly he started. The whole of his blood seemed to burst into flame, and he could scarcely breathe. » *S. & L. 178.*

46. « He turned and looked at her. She stood beside him, for ever in shadow. Her face, covered with the darkness of her hat, was watching him unseen. But she was brooding. She was slightly afraid — deeply moved and religious. That was her best state. He was impotent against it. His blood was concentrated like a flame in his chest. But he could not get across to her. There were flashes in his blood. But somehow she ignored them. She was expecting some religious state in him. Still yearning, she was half aware of his passion, and gazed at him, troubled.

« What is it ? » she murmured again.

« It's the moon », he answered, frowning.

« Yes », she assented. « Isn't it wonderful ? » She was curious about him. The crisis was past.

He did not know himself what was the matter. He was naturally so young, and their intimacy was so abstract, he did not know he wanted to crush her on to his breast to ease the ache there. He was afraid of her. The fact that he might want her as a man wants a woman had in him been suppressed into a shame. When she shrank in her convulsed,

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(a) « Transmitted » is the word used in the Secker and Penguin editions. It is probably a misprint for « transmuted ».

coiled torture from the thought of such a thing, he had winced to the depths of his soul. And now this « purity » prevented even their first love-kiss. It was as if she could scarcely stand the shock of physical love, even a passionate kiss, and then he was too shrinking and sensitive to give it.

As they walked along the dark fen-meadow he watched the moon and did not speak. She plodded beside him. He hated her, for she seemed in some way to make him despise himself... » *S. & L. 179.*

59. « He made her copy Baudelaire's *Le Balcon.* Then he read it for her. His voice was soft and caressing, but growing almost brutal. He had a way of lifting his lips and showing his teeth, passionately and bitterly, when he was much moved. This he did now... she could not understand why he got into such a tumult and fury. It made her wretched. She did not like Baudelaire, on the whole — nor Verlaine.

« Behold her singing in the field
Yon solitary highland lass. »

That nourished her heart. So did « Fair Ines ». And

« It was a beauteous evening, calm and pure,
And breathing holy quiet like a nun. »

These were like herself. And there was he, saying in his throat bitterly,

« Tu te rappeleras *(sic)* la beaûté *(sic)* des caresses. »

S. & L. 209-210.

66. « I came upon reproductions of Aubrey Beardsley's « Atalanta », and of the tail-piece to « Salome », and others. I sat and looked and my soul leaped out upon the new thing. I was bewildered, wondering, grudging, fascinated. I looked a long time, but my mind, or my soul, would come to no state of coherence. I was fascinated and overcome, but yet full of stubbornness and resistance. » *Wh. P. 243.*

67. And the more I look at these naked lines, the more I want her. It's a sort of fine sharp feeling, like these curved lines... Has she seen these pictures ?... If she did, perhaps she'd want me — I mean she'd feel it clear and sharp coming through her. » *Wh. P. 245.*

70. « In all his reading he seemed to be groping for something that he could lay hold of as a guiding principle in his own life. There was never the least touch of the academic or the scholastic in his approach. What he read was to be applied here and now; he seemed to consider all his philosophical reading from the angle of his own personal need. » *E. T. 112-113.*

71. « At this time he was beginning to question the orthodox creed. He was twenty-one, and she was twenty. She was beginning to dread the spring: he became so wild, and hurt her so much. All the way he went cruelly smashing her beliefs. Edgar enjoyed it. He was by nature critical and rather dispassionate. But Miriam suffered exquisite pain, as, with an intellect like a knife, the man she loved examined her religion in which she lived and moved and had her being. But he did not spare her. He was cruel. And when they went alone he was even more fierce,

as if he would kill her soul. He bled her beliefs till she almost lost consciousness. » *S. & L. 193.*

75. « A woman, when she is in travail, hath sorrow because her hour is come. » *S. & L. 228.*

80. « What I see is the deep spirit of you, and that I love and can go on loving all my life. You are a nun — look, I give you what I would give a holy nun. So you must let me marry a woman whom I can love and embrace and make the mother of my children. » *Ms. I. 51.*

82. « When one can't attain to genuine love, one has to make shift with the spurious. » *Ms. I. 53.*

83. « Hopkin once inadvertently heard a married woman tell Mrs Hopkin: « Sallie, I gave Bert sex. I had to. He was over at our house, struggling with a poem he couldn't finish, so I took him upstairs and gave him sex. He came downstairs and finished the poem. » *H. T. Moore, Int. H., 131.*

85. « Alice Dax and my mother were *years* ahead of their time (which may have been one of her attractions for D.H.L.), and both were widely read, « advanced » in dress, thought and house decoration. Alice was almost completely unhinhibited in an age when you just weren't... » *Enid C. Hilton in Nehls, 135.*

LIVRE I, CHAPITRE IV (pages 87 à 120)

5. « I'm so sorry for this, he said in a toneless voice, but it can't be helped. » *Ms. I. 66-7; E. T. 150.*

6. « Something black and ugly, like some loathsome bird. » *E. T. 151.*

8. « It will keep him pure. » *E. T. 152.*

15. « So, shall I take
My last dear fuel of life to heap on my soul
And kindle my will to a flame that shall consume
Their dross of indifference: and take the toll
Of their insults in punishment ? — I will not! —
I will not waste my soul and my strength for this. »
Last Lesson in the Afternoon. C. P. 74.

17. « Desolate I am as a church whose lights are put out
And doubt enters in drearness...
Like a flower that the frost has hugged and let go, my head
Is heavy, and my heart beats slowly, laboriously,
My spirit is dead. »
C. P. 94. The Punisher.

20. « ...At this time the two great poetic lights in his firmament were Verlaine and Baudelaire. » *E. T. 121.*

29. « Only one girl, who is in love with me, and whom I do not love, cares deeply for my writing; but she is valueless because she approves too much. » *C. L. 9.*

30. « I would give a great deal to fall in love. *C.L. 16.*
« The great thing is to love — therein lies the excitement, the fundamental vibration of the life force. As to being loved, it is not so essential. » *C. L. 19.*

31. « I am not sure... whether one could possibly marry and hold as a wife a woman before whom one's soul sounded its deepest notes. I half inclined to think that a man must marry on the strength of sex sympathy, with as much accompanying beauty of harmony as possible... » *C. L. 22, 23.*

32. « I have kissed dozens of girls — on the cheek — never on the mouth — I could not. Such a touch is the connection between the vigorous flow of two lives. Like a positive electricity... » *C. L. 40.*

33. « It is largely the effect of your 'Idyll' that has made me kiss a certain girl till she hid her head in my shoulder; but what a beautiful soft throat, and a round smooth chin, she has; and what bright eyes, looking up! *Mon Dieu,* I am really half in love! But not with the splendid uninterrupted passion of the 'Idyll'. I am too conscious, and vaguely troubled. I think it is a good thing I must go back to Croydon. Where there is no 'abandon' in a love, it is dangerous, I conclude; mother declares the reverse. By the way, in love, or at least in love-making, do you think the woman is always passive, like the girl in the 'Idyll' — enjoying the man's demonstration, a wee bit frit — not active? I prefer a little devil — a Carmen — I like nothing passive. The girls I have known are mostly so; men always declare them so, and like them so; I do not. » *C. L. 44-45.*

34. « When you see Mrs Dax give her my — my — regards. » *C. L. 45.*

39. « The wild, strange tyrannt of my body. » *Amores, 11. Virgin Youth.*

40. « ... my beautiful, lonely body
Tired and unsatisfied... » *Amores, 11. Id.*

43. « And be out in the bewildering darkness, which is always
fecund, which might
Mate my hungry soul with a germ of its womb. »
Amores, 52. Restlessness.

44. « ... and if... she answered me
With a laugh and a merry wildness that it was she
Who was seeking me, and had found me at last to free
Me now from the stunting bonds of my chastity,
Amores, 53-54. Id.

45. « There is something I want to feel in my running blood,
Something I want to touch; I must hold my face to the rain,
I must hold my face to the wind, and let it explain
Me its life as it hurries in secret. »
Amores, 55. Id.

49. « I could not help feeling that sex exercised upon him the fascination of horror. I felt also that in denying the possibility of a sex relation between ourselves he felt that he paid me a deep and subtle compliment. » *Ms. I. 72-73.*

50. « ... He believed in simple friendship. And he considered that he was perfectly honourable with regard to her. It was only a friendship between man and woman, such as any civilised persons might have.

He was like so many young men of his own age. Sex had become so complicated in him that he would have denied that he ever could want Clara or Miriam or any woman whom he *knew*. Sex desire was a sort of detached thing, that did not belong to a woman. » *S. & L. 276.*

59. « Not », he continued, with slow, brutal candour. — « Not that I know any more than I did then—what love is—as you know it—but—I think you're beautiful—and we know each other so well—as we know nobody else, don't we ? And so we... » *A Modern Lover, p. 25.*

60. « I come from the South to you — because well, with you I can be just as I feel, conceited or idiotic, without being afraid to be myself. » *Mod. Lov. 41.*

64. « Perhaps it was her very submission which trammelled him, throwing the responsibility of her wholly on him, making him shrink from the burden of her. » *Mod. Lov., 15-16.*

65. « What do you want ? » — « Yes », she replied a little breathlessly. « What do I ? » She looked at him with a rash challenge that pricked him. — « Nay, he said, evading her, « do you even ask me that ? » *Mod. Lov., 23.*

67. « He said that possession was a great moment in life. All strong emotions concentrated there... There was something divine in it... » *S & L. 285.*

68. « ...his innate desire to find in a woman the embodiment of all his inarticulate, powerful religious impulses... » *Rw 13.*

69. « I am grown up — I am tremendously grown up — well, I don't care if you won't believe it, it's truth. » *C. L. 55.*

70. « I have been sick of her some little time. At Christmas an old fire burned up afresh... It is the old girl, who has been attached to me for so long... She is coming to me for a week-end soon; we shall not stay here in Croydon, but in London. The world is for us, and we are for each other—even if only for one spring—so what does it matter! What would my people and hers say ? — but what do I care—not a dam! —they will not know. » *C. L. 60.*

73 « Taken like a sacrifice, in the night invisible... » *C.P. 90, Scent of Irises.*

74. « The open darkness which then drew us in,
The dark which then drank up our brimming cup... »
Amores, 39. Scent of Irises, first version.

75. « I am ashamed, you wanted me not to-night.
And it is always so, you sigh against me.
Your brightness dims when I draw too near, and my free
Fire enters you like frost, like a cruel blight. »

C. P. 87, Lilies in the Fire.

87. « ...Oh you, who are Night's bacchante
How can you from my bowl of kisses shrink ? »

C. P. 86. The Appeal.

88. « As a man hates the dreaming woman he loves, but who will not reply. » *Love Poems, 30.*

89. « This woman who likes to love me... »
« The Flowers of all my mud swim into sight... »

C. P. 113, Lotus and Frost.

91. « I suffocate in this intimacy
In which I half love you. »

C. P. 116. Excursion Train.

92. « Though surely my soul's best dream is still
That a new night pouring down shall swill
Us away in an utter sleep, until
We are one, smooth-rounded!...
So, Helen, when another night
Comes on us, lift your fingers white
And strip me naked, touch me light
Light, light all over.
For I ache most earnestly for your touch,
Yet I cannot move, however much
I would be your lover. »

C. P. 117. Excursion Train.

94. « ...Earth of my atmosphere, stone
Of my steel, lovely white flint of desire,
You have no name. »

C. P. 118. Release.

96. « And she pressed him to her breast, rocked him, soothed him like a child. So he put the trouble aside for her sake, to take it up again immediately he was alone. All the time, as he went about, he cried mechanically. His mind and hands were busy. He cried, he did not know why. It was his blood weeping. He was just as much alone whether he was with Clara or with the men in the White Horse. Just himself and this pressure inside him, that was all that existed. He read sometimes. He had to keep his mind occupied. And Clara was a way of occupying his mind. » *S. & L. 378.*

98. « I have met a girl who has always been warm for me... and I've gone and asked her to marry me: in the train, quite unpremeditated... Muriel is the girl I have broken with. She loves me to madness, and demands the soul of me. I have been cruel to her, and wronged her, but I did not know. Nobody can have the soul of me. My mother has had it, and nobody can have it again... Louie... loves me, but it is a

fine, warm, healthy, natural love—not like Jane Eyre, who is Muriel, but like say Rhoda Fleming or a commoner Anna Karenina. She will never plunge her hands through my blood and feel for my soul, and make me set my teeth and shiver and fight away. Ugh—I have done well—and cruelly—tonight. » *C.L. 70.*

99. « I was coming from Leicester in the train with Louie on Saturday, and suddenly asked her to marry me. I never meant to. She has accepted me and I shall stick to it. I have written to her father... I shiver at the thought of your father and mother. » *Ms. II, 9.*

103. « Her tawny eyes are onyx of thoughtlessness,
Hardened they are like gems in time-long prudery;
Yea, and her mouth's prudent and crude caress
Means even less than her many words to me...
.. .. for to me she's the same
Betrothed young lady who loves me, and takes good care
Of her maidenly virtue and my good name. »

C. P. 127-129. The Hands of the Betroted.

104. « My girl is here. She's big, and swarthy, and passionate as a gipsy—but good, awfully good, churchy. She rubs her cheek against me, just like a cat, and says: « Are you happy ? » It makes me laugh. But I am not particularly happy, being only half here, yet awhile. She never understands that—so I have to pitch all my wits against her. It's very weird. » *L. 17. To Edward Garnett, 30 Dec. 1911.*

105. « I never want Lou to understand how relentlessly tragic life is — not that. But I want her not to jar on me by gawkishness, and that she must learn... I am glad you like Louie. When she is a bit older she'll be more understanding. » *(26 April 1911) E. L., 88; 89-90.*

106. « What thing better are you, what worse ?
What have you to do with the mysteries
Of this ancient place, of my ancient curse ?
What place have you in my histories ? »

C. P. 131. Under the Oak.

110. « Lawrence was never still for a minute... he ran up and down the crags like a man possessed... » *Ms. II. 11.*

114. « The publishing of the book has brought me very little but bitterness. A good many folk have been hostile—practically all America. » *C. L. 82.*

117. « English that was exquisitely accurate, pronounced with the southern accent, very different from the heavily-sounded speech of the home-folk... He kept up all the time a brilliant tea-talk that they failed to appreciate in that atmosphere. It was evident to him: without forming the idea, he felt how irrevocably he was removing them from him, though he had loved them, » *Mod. Lov. 17-18.*

118. « He was classifying his rival among the men of handsome, healthy animalism, and good intelligence, who are children in simplicity, who can add two and two, but never xy and yx. » *Mod. Lov. 30.*

124. « Last night I dined with celebrities and to-night I am dining with two R.A.s, but I'd give it all up for one of our old evenings in the Hagg's parlour. » *E. T. 163-164.*

132. « Don't be jealous of her. She hasn't any space in *your* part of me. You and I—there are some things which we shall share we alone, all our lives... you are by own *real* relative in the world—only you. I am yours: is it not so ? » *E. L. 90-91.*

133. « Sometimes I have a fit of horror which is very hard to put up with... we pay very heavily for this boon of living... At present I find the only antidote is work... It gets the days over, at any rate... I am tired of life being so ugly and cruel. How I long for it to turn pleasant. It makes my soul heave with distaste to see it so harsh and brutal... » *E. L. 81, 82, 89.*

134. « They are tragedies, but all great works are. Tragedy is beautiful also. This is my creed. But sometimes also it leaves me full of misery. » *E. L. 89.*

136. « I shan't want to come home at Easter — folk will stare at me... I hate Eastwood abominably, and I should be glad if it were puffed off the face of the earth... Folks aren't company for me: I am as much alone with the friends here as if I were solitary. But how used one gets to a lonely life. I'm sure I've now no intimate friends here, and don't want any. I am sufficient unto myself, and prefer to be left alone... In the things that matter one has to be alone in this life, or nearly alone. I never say anything to anybody but sometimes I can hardly swallow the meals. And there is no refuge from one's own thoughts day after day... Bear a thing as if it weren't there — that's the only way. Folk hate you to be miserable, and to make them a bit miserable... The tragic is the most vital thing in life... the lesson is to learn to live alone... » *E. L. 79. 80, 82-3, 84, 88.*

149. « For I am tired, my dear, and if I could lift my feet
My tenacious feet, from off the dome of the earth
To fall like a breath within the breathing wind
Where you are lost, what rest, my love, what rest! »
C. P. 134, Call into Death.

153. « So the weeks went on. Always alone, his soul oscillated, first on the side of death, then on the side of life, doggedly. The real agony was that he had nowhere to go, nothing to do, nothing to say, and *was* nothing himself. Sometimes he ran down the streets as if he were mad; sometimes he was mad; things weren't there, things were there. It made him pant. Sometimes he stood before the bar of the public-house where he had called for a drink. Everything suddenly stood back away from him. He saw the face of the barmaid, the gabbling drinkers, his own glass on the slopped, mahogany board, in the distance. There was some thing between him and them. He could not get into touch. He did not want them; he did not want his drink. Turning abruptly, he went out. On the threshold he stood and looked at the lighted street. But he was not of it or in it. Something separated him... » *S. & L. 415.*

154. « He dared not meet his own eyes in the mirror; he never looked at himself. He wanted to get away from himself, but there was nothing to get hold of. In despair he thought of Miriam. Perhaps — perhaps —? » *S. & L. 415.*

155. « The acrid scents of autumn,
Reminiscent of slinking beasts, make me fear
Everything, tear-trembling stars of autumn
And the snore of the night in my ear... »
C. P. 107. Dolour of Autumn.

156. « Blood shed in the silent fight
Of life with love and love with life,
The battling for a little food
Of kisses, long seeking for a wife
Long ago, long ago wooed... »
C. P. 105, Drunk.

171. « It was the slaughter of the foetus in the womb... They tore me from you, the love of my life... » *E. T. 186* et *Ms. 11. 10.*

176. « Oh Lord, what a mess to be in — and this *after eight weeks of acquaintance!* »

180. « At any rate she regarded herself as the original because I received a letter from her some years after the publication of *Sons and Lovers* in which she said « I have read *Sons and Lovers* and I *swear* that it is not true. » There was no need for her oaths — I knew quite well that it was not true. »

181. « I had always been glad that he met you, even from the day after the event, when he told me about you, and I knew that he would leave me. I was never *meet* for him and what he liked was not the *me* I was, but the *me* I might-have-been — the potential me which would never have struggled to life but for his help and influence... I fear that he never even enjoyed morphia with me — always it carried an irritant — we were never, except for one short memorable hour, whole: it was from that hour that I began to see the light of life. » *F. L., M. & C.: 246.*

LIVRE I, CHAPITRE V (pages 121 à 168)

25. « Marriage is more of a duel than a duet. » *Wh. P. 460.*

28. « A woman is so ready to disclaim the body of a man's love; she yields him her own soft beauty with so much gentle patience and regret, she clings to his neck, to his head and his cheeks, fondling them for the soul's meaning that is there, and shrinking from his passionate limbs and his body. » *Wh. P. 423.*

33. « Be a good animal, says I, whether it's man or woman. You, Sir, a good natural male animal; the lady there, — a female un — that's proper — as long as you enjoys it. » *Wh. P. 202.*

38. « A woman to the end, I tell you, all vanity and screech and defilement. » *Wh. P.* 227.

41. « Look at the snowdrops... look at them — closed up, retreating, powerless. They belong to some knowledge we have lost, that I have lost and that I need... Do you think, Cyril, we can lose things off the earth — like mastodons, and those old monstrosities — but things that matter — wisdom ? » — « It is against my creed », said I. *Wh. P. 198.*

49. « I took a fork and scattered the manure along the hollows, and thus we worked, with a wide field between us, yet very near in the sense of intimacy. I watched him through the wheeling peewits, as the low clouds went stealthily overhead. Beneath us, the spires of the poplars in the spinney were warm gold, as if the blood shone through. Further gleamed the grey water, and below, it the red roofs. Nethermere was half hidden, and far away. There was nothing in this grey, lonely world but the peewits swinging and crying, and George swinging silently at his work. The movement of active life held all my attention, and when I looked up, it was to see the motion of his limbs and his head, the rise and fall of his rythmic body, and the rise and fall of the slow waving peewits. » *Wh. P. 334-335.*

50. « Emily had at last found her place, and had escaped from the torture of stange, complex modern life. » *Wh. P. 187.*

56. « We find a safer shore. Three children are here, searching for treasures. Domine gives them an electric bulb, which he has found, unbroken, in a little sea-weedy pool. » *N. G. 229.*

57. « The tide was creeping back. Siegmund stooped, and from among the water's combings, picked up an electric-light bulb. It lay in some weed at the base of a rock. He held it in his hand to Helena. Her face lighted with a curious pleasure. She took the thing delicately from his hand, fingered it with her exquisite softness.

« Isn't it remarkable! » she exclaimed joyously. « The sea must be very, very gentle — and very kind. »

« Sometimes », smiled Siegmund.

« But I did not think it could be so fine-fingered », she said.

She breathed on the glass bulb till it looked like a dim magnolia bud; she inhaled its fine savour.

« It would not have treated *you* so well », he said. She looked at him with heavy eyes. Then she returned to her bulb. Her fingers were very small and very pink. She had the most delicate touch in the world, like a faint feel of silk. As he watched her lifting her fingers from off the glass, then gently stroking it, his blood ran hot; he watched her, waited upon her words and movements attentively.

« It is a graceful action on the sea's part », she said. « Wotan is so clumsy — he knocks over the bowl, and flap-flap-flap go the gaping fishes, *pizzicato!* — But the sea... »

« Helena's speech was often difficult to render into plain terms. She was not lucid... » *Tresp. 64.*

64. « She gave herself to her fancies only. » *Tresp. 158.*

65. « I *think* we should be able to keep together if — if only I could have you a little longer. I have never had you. » *Tresp. 162. Cf. 158*: « For some time she had confused Siegmund with her god. Yesterday she had cried to her ideal lover, and found only Siegmund. »

66. « Helena was something like the sea, self-sufficient and careless of the rest. » *Tresp., 52.* « I seem to make strangers of all the people I meet. » *Tresp., 54.*

71. « ... Yet I have a second consciousness somewhere actively alive. I write « Siegmund » — I keep on writing, almost mechanically, very slowly and mechanically. » *(1910) CL 61.*

74. « Helena had rejected him. In his heart he felt that in this love affair also he had been a failure. No matter how he contradicted himself, and said it was absurd to imagine he was a failure as Helena's lover, yet he felt a physical sensation of defeat, a kind of knot in his breast which reason, nor dialectics, nor circumstances, not even Helena, could untie. He had failed as lover to Helena. » *Tresp. 160.*

102. « He began to count his losses. In spite of himself, he was unutterably miserable, though not regretful. He would not alter what he had done. Yet he was drearily, hopelessly wretched. After a while he had got it clear.

« She always knew the best of me, and believed in the best I might be. While she kept her ideal « me » living, I was sort of responsible to her: I must live somewhere up to standard. Now I have destroyed myself in her, and I am alone, my star is gone out. I have destroyed the beautiful « me » who was always ahead of her, nearer the realities. And I have struck the topmost flower from off her faith. And yet it was the only thing to do, considering all the other folk... »

He lay quite still, feeling a kind of death. » *The Soiled Rose, Forum.*

112. « He seemed to be dreaming back, half awake. Life with its smoky burning gone from him, had left a purity and a candour like an adolescent's moulded upon his reverie. His intrinsic beauty was evident now... It was grief unutterable to think that now all was over between them... » *Engl. Rev. June 1911. Odour of Chrysanthemums.*

116. « He'd have come up with the others, if he hadn't felt — felt me murdering him. » *Plays, 75.*

141. « Since the quarrel neither brother had spoken to the other. But their silence was entirely amicable, almost affectionate. They had both been deeply moved, so much so that their ordinary intercourse was interrupted: but underneath, each felt a strong regard for the other. » *L. A. H., 17.*

142. « ... Geoffrey was still sullenly hostile to the most part of the world. He felt isolated... He was a man who could not bear to stand alone, he was too much afraid of the vast confusion of life surrounding him, in which he was helpless. Geoffrey mistrusted himself with everybody. » *L. A. H., 27.*

147. « He warmed her feet as best he could, putting them close against him. Now and again convulsive tremors ran over her. She felt his warm breath on the ball of her toes, that were bunched up in his hands. Leaning forward, she touched his hair delicately with her fingers. He thrilled. She fell to gently stroking his hair, with timid, pleading finger-tips. » *L. A. H., 47.*

148. « His wandering hand met her face. He touched it curiously. It was wet. He put his big fingers cautiously on her eyes, into two little pools of tears. » *L. A. H., 47.*

158. « ... I thought what had really happened was much more poignant and interesting than the situations he had invented. In particular I was surprised that he had omitted the story of Ernest, which seemed to me vital enough to be worth telling as it actually happened. » *E. T. 192.*

186. « As soon as the young men come into contact with women, there's a split. William gives his sex to a fribble, and his mother holds his soul. But the split kills him, because he doesn't know where he is. The next son gets a woman who fights for his soul — fights his mother. The son loves the mother — all the sons hate and are jealous of the father. The battle goes on between the mother and the girl, with the son as object. The mother gradually proves stronger, because of the tie of blood. The son decides to leave his soul in his mother's hands, and, like his elder brother, go for passion. He gets passion. Then the split begins to tell again. But almost unconsciously, the mother realises what is the matter and begins to die. The son casts off his mistress, attends to his mother dying. He is left in the end naked of everything, with the drift towards death. » *C. L. 160-161.*

196. « It's the tragedy of thousands of young men in England. » *C. L. 161.*

LIVRE I, CHAPITRE VI (pages 169 à 182)

13. « If you have acquired a liking for intensity in life, you can't do without it. I mean vivid soul experience. It takes the place, with us, of the old adventure, and physical excitement... A craving for intense life is nearly as deadly as any other craving. You become a « concentré »; you feed your normal flame with oxygen, and it devours your tissue. » *Trespasser, 106, 107.*

18. « This transacting of literary business makes me sick. I have no faith in myself at he end, and I simply loathe writing. You do not know how repugnant to me was the sight of that *Nethermere* MS. » *L. 2, to H(elen) C(orke), 1910.*

19. « I can open the blue heaven by looking and push back the doors of day a little, and see — God knows what! One of these days I shall slip through. Oh, I am perfectly sane; I only strive beyond myself! » — « Don't you think it's wrong to get like it ? » asked Siegmund. « Well, I do, and so does everybody. But the crowd profits by us in the end.

When they understand my music, it will be an education to them; and the whole aim of mankind is to render life intelligible. » *Trespasser, 108.*

23. « I wish, from the bottom of my heart, the fates had not stigmatised me « writer ». It is a sickening business... The literary world seems a particularly hateful yet powerful one. The literary element, like a disagreeable substratum under a fair country, spreads under every inch of life, sticking to the roots of growing things. Ugh, that is hateful! I wish I might be delivered... » *C. L. 62 (1910).*

27. « The best sort of women — the most interesting — are the worst for us. By instinct they aim at suppressing the gross and animal in us. They are supersensitive — refined a bit beyond humanity. We, who are as little gross as need be, become their instruments. Life is grounded in them, like electricity in the earth; and we take from them their unrealized life, turn it into light or warmth or power for them. The ordinary woman is, alone, a great potential force, an accumulator, if you like, charged from the source of life. In us her force becomes evident. She can't live without us, but she destroys us. These deep, interesting women don't want *us*; they want the flowers of the spirit they can gather of us; we, as natural men, are more or less degrading to them and to their love of us; therefore they destroy the natural man in us — that is, us altogether. » *Trespasser, 107-108.*

36. « I *must* run away from my battles. I fight a bit, and run away, and then fight again. *You* are strong, and can fight to the end, but I *must* run away. » *Ms. II. 10.*

37. « My dreams make conclusions for me. They decide things finally. I dream a decision. Sleep seems to hammer out for me the logical conclusions of my vague days, and offer me them as dreams. It is a horrid feeling, not to be able to escape from one's own — what ? — self-daemon — fate, or something. I hate to have my own judgments clinched inside me involuntarily. But it is so. » *C. L. 97.*

44. « The stars aren't the same with (Pilbeam)... You could make them flash and quiver... You could make things wonderful. » *Mod. Lov. 32.*

50. « You should make things happen. » *Wh. P. 100.*

« You've no dispassionate intellect to control you and economize. » *Tresp. 107.*

54. « Struggles of this kind often took place between her and her son, where she seemed to fight for his very life against his own will to die... At this rate she knew he would not live. He had that poignant carelessness about himself, his own suffering, his own life, which is a form of slow suicide. » *S. & L. 258.*

57. « There still remains a God, but not a personal God: a vast, shimmering impulse which waves onwards towards some end, I don't know what — taking no regard of the little individual, but taking regard for humanity. When we die, like rain-drops falling back again into the sea, we fall back into the big, shimmering sea of unorganised life which we call God. We are lost as individuals, yet we count in the whole. » *E. L. 86: Letter, 9 April 1911.*

59. « I think there's more in the warm touch of a soft body than in a prayer. I'll pray with kisses. » *Wh. P. 131.*

61. « Surely, surely somebody could give him enough of the philtre of life to stop the craving which tormented him hither and thither, enough to satisfy for a while, to intoxicate him till he could laugh the crystalline laughter of the star, and bathe in the retreating flood of twilight like a naked boy in the surf, clasping the waves and beating them and answering their wild clawings with laughter sometimes, and sometimes gasps of pain. » *Mod. Lov. 259.*

LIVRE II, CHAPITRE I (pages 183 à 226)

3. « She is ripping — she's the finest woman I've ever met — ...She's splendid... Oh, but she is the woman of a lifetime. » *C. L. 107-108.*

5. « My husband was away and I said: « Stay the night with me. » « No, I will not stay in your husband's home while he is away, but you must tell him the truth and we will go away together, because I love you. » *Not I... 4, 5.*

15. « I was frightened. I knew how terrible such a thing would be for my husband, he had always trusted me... » *Not I... 5.*

25. « No more dishonour, no more lies. Let them do their — silliest but no more subterfuge, lying, dirt, fear. I feel as if it would strangle me. What is it all but procrastination ? No, I can't bear it, because it's bad. I love you. Let us face anything, do anything, put up with anything. But this crawling under the mud I cannot bear... I will stop in Metz till you get E...'s answer to the truth. But no, I won't utter or act or willingly let you utter or act, another single lie in the business... You are clean, but you dirty your feet... If I didn't love you I wouldn't mind when you lied. » *Not I... 13.*

27. « I know I only love you. The rest is nothing at all. And the promise of life with you is all richness. Now I know. » *Not I... 20; 18.*

33. « In our marriage, let us be business-like. The love is there — then let the common sense match it. » *Not I... 24.*

36. « If you want H— or anybody, have him. But I don't want anybody, till I see you. But all natures aren't alike. But I don't believe even you are your best, when you are using H— as a dose of morphia— he's not much else to you. » *Not I... 25.*

39. « ... We can wait even a bit religiously for one another... When I have come, things shall not put us apart again... Henceforth, dignity in our movements and our arrangements, no shufflings and underhandedness... » « It's a marriage, not a meeting. » *Not I... 24, 26.*

49. « One day we went into the mountains, and sat, putting Frieda's rings on our toes, holding our feet under the pale green water of a lake, to see hown they looked. » *C. L. 130.*

50. « I love Frieda so much, I don't like to talk about it. I never knew what love was before... The world is wonderful and beautiful and good beyond one's wildest imagination. Never, never, never could one conceive what love is, beforehand, never. Life *can* be great — quite god-like. » *C. L. 130.*

55. « I think the real tragedy is in the inner war which is waged between people who love each other, a war out of which comes knowledge and —. » *C. L. 132.*

56. « The night was a failure
but why not — ?
In the darkness
with the pale dawn seething at the window
through the black frame
I could not be free,
not free myself from the past, those others —
and our love was a confusion,
there was a horror,
you recoiled away from me. »

C. P. 204. « First Morning ».

68. « I have to watch (money) because Frieda doesn't care. » *C. L. 215.*

69. « I generally get up about 8. 0 and make breakfast, but F. stops in bed, and I have to sit and talk to her till dinner time. I am a working man by instinct, and I feel as if the Almighty would punish me for slacking. » *C. L. 153.*

72. « Sometimes she thought he was a big fountain-pen which was always sucking at her blood for ink. » *New Eve and Old Adam. Mod. Lov. 145.*

72 *(a).* « ... I have nearly killed myself in the battle to get you in connection with myself and other people, early I proved to myself that I can love, but never you. Now I will leave you for some days and I will see if being alone will help you to see me as I am, I will heal again by myself, you cannot help me, you are a sad thing. I know your secret and your despair, I have seen you ashamed — I love you better, that is my reward. *F. L.: M. & C. 184; Moore and Roberts, D.H.L. and his World, 35.*

80. « I must have rest... from you... who use a woman's soul up, with your rotten life. I suppose it is partly your health, and you can't help it... But I simply can't stick it, — I simply can't, and that is all. » *New Eve, Mod. Lov., 139-140.*

83. « There was no core to the woman. She was full of generosity and bigness and kindness, but there was no heart in her, no security, no place for one single man. He began to understand now sirens and sphinxes and the other Greek fabulous female things. They had not been created by fancy, but out of bitter necessity of the man's human heart to express itself. » *New Eve, Mod. Lov., 155-156.*

86. « She would never belong to him, as a wife. She would take him and reject him, like a mistress. » *New Eve, Mod. Lov., 169.*

87. « He seemed, often, just to have served her, or to have obeyed some impersonal instinct for which she was the only outlet, in his loving her. » *New Eve, Mod. Lov., 144-145.*

88. « Did he only want the attributes which went along with her, the peace of heart which a man has in living to one woman, even if the love between them be not complete; the singleness and unity in his life that made it easy; the fixed establishment of himself as a married man with a home; the feeling that he belonged somewhere, that one woman existed — not was paid but *existed* — really to take care of him; was it these things he wanted, and not her? Yet he wanted her for these purposes — her, and nobody else. But was that not enough for her? Perhaps he wronged her — it was possible... She said he did not love her. But he knew that, in his way, he did... Was there something wrong, something missing in his nature, that he could not love? — He struggled madly as if he were in a mesh and could not get out. He did not want to believe that he was deficient in his nature. Wherein was he deficient? It was nothing physical. She said he could not come out of himself, that he was no good to her, because he could not get outside himself. What did she mean? » *New Eve, Mod. Lov., 158-160.*

90. « There were two things for him, the idea of women, with which he sometimes debauched himself, and real women, before whom he felt a deep uneasiness, and a need to draw away. He shrank and defended himself from the approach of any woman. And then he felt ashamed. In his innermost soul he felt he was not a man, he was less than the normal man. » *Daughters of the Vicar, Prus. Of., 105.*

91. « He felt as if he were, not physically, but spiritually impotent: not actually impotent, but intrinsically so. » *Ib. 106.*

92. « Since she had begun to hate him, he had gradually lost that physical pride and pleasure in his own physique which the first months of married life had given him. His body had gone meaningless to him again, almost as if it were not there. It had wakened up, there had been the physical glow and satisfaction about his movements of a creature which rejoices in itself; a glow which comes on a man who loves and is loved passionately and successfully. Now this was going again. All the life was accumulating in his mental consciousness, and his body felt like a piece of waste. » *New Eve, etc. Mod. Lov. 147.*

94. « I want to be able to look ahead and see some rest and security somewhere. By the time I am thirty I shall have had my bellyful of living, I think, and shall have either to slacken off or go to the devil. » *C. L. 169-170.*

95. « Ah yes, I know you well, a sojourner
At the hearth,
I know right well the marriage ring you wear,
And what it's worth.

The angels came to Abraham, and they stayed
In his house awhile;
So you to mine, I imagine; yes, happily
Condescend to be vile...

Listen, I have no use
For so rare a visit;
Mine's a common devil's
Requisite...

Put ashes on your head, put sackcloth on
And learn to serve.
You have fed me with your sweetness, now I am sick,
As I deserve...

And serve now, woman, as a woman should,
Implicitly.
Since I must serve and struggle with the imminent
Mystery. » *Lady Wife, C. P. 234-235.*

96. « The space of the world is immense, before me and around me;
If I turn quickly, I am terrified, feeling space surround me;
Like a man in a boat on very clear, deep water, space frightens
[and confounds me. »
Song of a man who is not loved, C. P. 222.

97. « Between her breasts is my house, between her breasts.
Three sides set on me space and fear, but the fourth side rests,
Warm in a city of strength, between her breasts...
And I hope to spend eternity
With my face down, curled between her breasts
And my still heart full of security
And my still hand full of her breasts. »
Song of a man who is loved, 1st version, in Not I... p. 42.

98. « They clasped each other closer, body to body. And the intensity of his feeling was so fierce, he felt himself going dim, fusing into something soft and plastic between her hands. And this connection with her was bigger than life or death. And at the bottom of his heart was a sob. » *New Eve, Mod. Lov. 162.*

100. « She turned her face away, with a shaky laugh. The blood came up in him, strong, overmastering. He resisted it. But it drove him down, and he was carried away... « Yes », she replied, in a dead voice. But there was a thrill of pleasure in this death. » *Prus Of. 183.*

101. « Then clumsily he put his arms round her, and took her, cruelly, blindly, straining her till she nearly lost consciousness, till he himself had almost fallen.

Then, gradually, as he held her gripped, and his brain reeled round, and he felt himself falling, falling from himself, and whilst she, yielded up, swooned to a kind of death of herself, a moment of utter darkness came over him, and they began to wake up again as if from a long sleep. He was himself. » *Daughters of the Vicar, Prus. Of. 129.*

109. « At last, as you stood, your white gown falling from your breasts,
You looked into my eyes, and said: « But this is joy! »
I acquiesced again.
But the shadow of lying was in your eyes,
The mother in you, fierce as a murderess, glaring to England,

Yearning towards England, towards your young children,
Insisting upon your motherhood, devastating. »

She looks back, C. P. 207.

111. « We whispered: « No one knows us.
Let it be as the snake disposes
Here in this simmering marsh. »

C. P. 217. River Roses.

113. « She was playing with passion, afraid of it, and really wretched because it left her, the person, out of count. » *The Primrose Path. England, my England, 196.*

115. « A kind of blind helplessness drove them to one another, even when, after he had taken her, they only felt more apart than ever. It had seemed to her that he had been mechanical and barren with her. She felt a horrible feeling of aversion from him, inside her, even while physically she still desired him. » *New Eve, etc. Mod. Lov. 144.*

116. « What ? — Your throat is bruised, bruised with my kisses ?
Ah, but if I am cruel what then are you ?
I am bruised right through. »

C. P. 230. « A Bad Beginning ».

117. « Now the hate is gone,
There is nothing left;
I am pure like bone,
Of all feeling bereft. »

C. P. 230. Winter Dawn.

123. « The conflict of love and hate goes on between the man and the woman, and between these two and the world around them, till it reaches some sort of conclusion. » *C. P. 191. Argument.*

148. « We've had a hard time, Frieda and I. It is not so easy for a woman to leave a man and children like that. And it's not so easy for a man and woman to live alone together in a foreign country for six months, and dig out a love deeper and deeper. » *C. L. 170.*

152. « It is queer, but nobody seems to want or to love, *two* people together. Heaps of folks love me alone — if I were alone — and of course all the world adores Frieda — when I'm not there. But together we seem to be a pest. I suppose married people ought to be sufficient to themselves. It's poverty which is so out of place. » *C. L. 220.*

155. « There seems to be a big change in England, even in a year: such a dissolving down of old barriers and prejudices. » *L. 130.*

156. « By the way, what a frightfully *decent* paper the *Morning Post* is. The more I read it, the more I think it is worth while to be a gentleman and to have to do with gentlemen. Their reviews of books, their leaders, and all, have such a decent, honourable tone, such a relief after the majority of newspaper filth. » *C. L. 265.*

157. « If there is a divorce, we shall stay out here till it is consummated, then come to England married. Frieda says she's not keen on marrying me — but I want some peace. » *C. L. 169.*

160. « I am sick to death of the bother. It's the rotten outsiders who plant nettles in paradise. » *C. L. 137.*

161. « I hope you will stand by me a bit; I haven't a man in the world, not a woman either, besides Frieda who will. Not that anybody else has, I suppose, who goes his own way. But I haven't yet got used to being cut off from folks — inside: a bit childish. » *C. L. 210.*

162. « As for the divorce, it is curious how at first it upsets me and then goes off, and matters no more. I have found that one has such a living social self. I am sure every man feels first that he is a servant — he is a martyr or what — of society. And if he feels that he has trespassed against society, and it is adverse to him, he suffers. Then the individual self comes up and says, « you fool! ». *C. L. 234.*

165. « It broke my heart to leave Italy... One must love Italy, if one has lived there. It is so non-moral. It leaves the soul so free. Over these countries, Germany and England, like the grey skies, lies the gloom of the dark moral judgement and condemnation and reservation of the people. Italy does not judge. I shall want to go back there. » *C. L. 203.* « I like Italy, which takes no thought for the morrow neither fear nor pride. » *L. 124.* « That is why I like to live in Italy. The people are so unconscious. They only feel and want: they don't know. We know too much. » *C. L. 180.*

168. « Let every man find, keep on trying till he finds, the woman who can take him and whose love he can take, then who will grumble about men or about women. But the thing must be two-sided. At any rate, and whatever happens, I do love, and I am loved. I have given and I have taken — and that is eternal. Oh, if only people could marry properly. I believe in marriage. » *C. L. 139: 19 April 1912.*

169. « My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge. All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what-not... And instead of chasing the mystery in the fugitive, half-lighted things outside us, we ought to look at ourselves, and say « My God, I am myself »... « To be or not to be » — it is the question with us now, by Jove. And nearly every Englishman says « Not to be. » So he goes in for Humanitarianism and suchlike forms of not-being. The real way of living is to answer to one's wants... « For the living of my full flame — I want that liberty, I want that woman, I want that pound of peaches, I want to go to sleep, I want to go to the pub and have a good time, I want to look a beastly swell to-day, I want to kiss that girl, I want to insult that man. » *C. L. 180.*

170. « I'm like Carlyle, who, they say, wrote 50 volumes on the value of silence. » *C. L. 172.*

171. « I think, do you know, I have inside me a sort of answer to the *want* of to-day: to the real, deep want of the English people, not to just what they fancy they want. And gradually, I shall get my hold on them. » *C. L. 183. (1 February 1913).*

172. « The Father was Flesh — and the Son, who in Himself was finite and had form, became Word. For form is the uttered Word, and the Son is the Flesh as it utters the Word, but the unutterable Flesh is the Father. » *Letters, 96.*

173. « *We* are the Word, we are not the Flesh... We are the Word, we know the Word, and the Word alone is ours. When we say « I », we mean « The Word I am. » This flesh I am is beyond me. » *L. 96.*

174. « For the Word hath neither passion nor pain, but lives and moves in equity. It has charity, which we call love. But only the Flesh has love, for that is the Father, and in love he begets us all, of love are we begotten. » *L. 98.*

175. « So that if we love our neighbour, we love that Word, our neighbour, and we hate that Lie, our neighbour, which is a deformity. » *L. 96.*

176. « Cruelty is a form of perverted sex. » *C. L. 156.*

177. « For who shall say: « No child shall be born of me and my wife. I, the Word, have said it. » *L. 97.*

178. « And who shall say, « That woman shall be Flesh of my Flesh. I, the Word, have said it » ? For either the woman is Flesh of my Flesh, or she is not, and the Word altereth nothing, but can only submit or deny. » *L. 97.*

179. « The Father is the Flesh, the eternal and unquestionable, the law-giver but not the law... And each law is a fabric that must crumble away, and the Word is a graven image that is worn down, and forsaken, like the Sphinx in the desert. » *L. 96.*

181. « But if in my passion I slay my neighbour, it is no sin of mine, but it is his sin, for he should not have permitted me. » *L. 98.*

182. « And yet, if a man hath denied his Flesh, saying, « I, the Word, have dominion over the flesh of my neighbour », then shall the Flesh, his neighbour, slay him in self-defence. » *L. 98.*

185. « ... the Woman lay in travail, and gave birth to Man, who in his hour uttered his Word. » *L. 99.*

187.« And God the Father, the Inscrutable, the Unknowable, we know in the Flesh, in Woman. She is the door for our ingoing and our outcoming. In her we go back to the Father: but like the witnesses of the Transfiguration, blind and unconscious. » *L. 100.*

192. « I am here myself; as though this heave of effort
At starting other life, fulfilled my own:
Rose-leaves that whirl in colour round a core
Of seed-specks kindled lately and softly blown
By all the blood of the rose-bush into being —...

The seed is purpose, blossom accident...
Or are we kindled, you and I, to be

One rose of wonderment upon the tree
Of perfect life, and is our possible seed
But the residuum of the ecstasy ?...

Blossom, my darling, blossom, be a rose
Of roses unchidden and purposeless; a rose
For rosiness only, without an ulterior motive;
For me it is more than enough if the flower unclose. »

Rose of all the World, C. P. 218-219.

195. « To him now, life seemed a shadow, day a white shadow; night, and death, and stillness and inaction, this seemed like *being*. To be alive, to be urgent and insistent — that was *not-to-be*. The highest of all was to melt out into the darkness and sway there, identified with the great Being... « To be rid of our individuality, which is our will, which is our effort — to live effortless, a kind of conscious sleep — that is very beautiful, I think; that is our after-life, — our immortality. » *S. & L. 288.*

213. « I can only write what I feel pretty strongly about: and that, at present, is the relation between men and women. After all, it *is* the problem of to-day, the establishment of a new relation, or the re-adjustment of the old one, between men and women. » *C. L. 200.*

214. « In the *Sisters* was the germ of this novel: woman becoming individual, self-responsible, taking her own initiative. » *C. L. 273.*

215. « I think the only re-sourcing of art, revivifying it, is to make it more the joint work of man and woman. I think the *one* thing to do is for men to have courage to draw nearer to women, expose themselves to them, and be altered by them: and for women to accept and admit men. That is the start — by bringing themselves together, men and women — revealing themselves each to the other, gaining great blind knowledge and suffering and joy, which it will take a big further lapse of civilisation to exploit and work out. Because the source of all life and knowledge is in man and woman, and the source of all living is in the interchange and the meeting and mingling of these two; man-life and woman-life, man-knowledge and woman-knowledge, man-being and woman-being. » *C. L. 280.*

218. « Oh, I think to myself, if only we could have a few real friends, who will understand a bit along with one. They are all against one. I feel Marsh against me with the whole of his being: and Campbell would like to be, for he is a perverse devil. » *C. L. 269.*

219. « Four days and I shall have finished my novel, pray God. Don't get sick and leave me in the lurch over it. Can you understand how cruelly I feel the want of friends who will believe in me a bit ? People think I am a sort of queer fish that can write; that is all, and how I loathe it. There isn't a soul cares a damn for me, except Frieda — and it's rough to have all the burden put on her. » *C. L. 275.*

LIVRE II, CHAPITRE II (pages 227 à 260)

6. « A Frenchman has the same soul, whether he is eating his dinner or kissing his baby. A German has no soul when he is eating his dinner and is beautiful when he kisses the baby. So I prefer the Frenchman who hasn't the tiresome split between his animal nature and his spiritual, in whom the two are fused. » *Phœnix, 71.*

10. « And so they try to get used to the idea of death and suffering, to rid themselves of some of the fear thereof. And all tragic art is part of the same attempt. » *Phœnix, 84.*

11. « And I suppose we have carved no Christs, afraid lest they should be too like man, too like ourselves. » *Phœnix, 86.*

13. « Deepest of all things, among the mountain darkness, was the ever-felt fear. First of all gods was the unknown god who crushed life at any moment, and threatened it always. His shadow was over the valleys. And a tacit ackowledgement and propitiation of Him were the ex-voto pictures, painted out of fear and offered to Him unnamed. » *L. A. H. 69.*

14. The woman was going up the steep path in a mechanical, lifeless way. The brilliant snow glistened up above, in peaks. The hollow green cup that formed the farm was utterly still. And the woman seemed infected with all this immobility and silence. It was as if she were gradually going dead, because she had no place there. And I saw the man at the cow-shed door. He was thin, with sandy moustaches; and there was about him the same look of distance, as if silence, loneliness, and the mountains deadened him, too. » *L. A. H. 80-81.*

19. « Looking forward to the white moonlight of eternity... Looking backward to that frail, white body on the Cross, that was murdered. » *English Review, XV, 209.*

20. « They were not here, they were there: there away back with the murdered body, there away in front with the free white spirit, either in the past or the future, in the death of the tortured body, in the death of the glorified soul, but never here. They were like a bridge that is built from either side of the stream, that leaps out but does not meet: ends in a gap in mid-air. » *Ib. 209.*

21. « I hoped they would have a pleasant meal. » *Ib. 209.*

25. « The man seems not to be able to believe in himself till he has a child. His whole pride is based in this fact — that he can beget a son. It is his children who justify him. Unless he be an artist, he feels that his only real claim to being a man is that he has children, that he is himself is nothing. For his soul is nothing to him. » *Eng. Rev. XV, 215.*

26. « But the Italian feels, no matter what he believes, that he is made in the image of God, and in this image of flesh is his godliness, and with its defacement and crumbling, crumbles himself. Which is why he often gives one the feeling that he has nothing inside him. » *Ib. 215.*

27. « I suppose a passionate people is of necessity unhappy: because passion is an instrument, a means; and to mistake the means for the end is to leave oneself at last empty. And the northern races are the really passionate people, because theirs is the passion that persists and achieves, achieves everything, including that intimacy between a man and a woman which is the fruit of passion, and which is rarely seen here: the love, the knowledge, the simplicity, and the absence of shame, that one sometimes sees in English eyes; and which is the flower of civilisation. » *Ib. 212.*

28. « I tried to imagine any Italian in the part: he would not have been a Hamlet. Because every Italian I have seen lives by the human ties which connect him with his neighbours. But Hamlet had no neighbour, and no bond held him to anybody. He could not love, he could only judge... He had no feelings. He never had any. And the whole of « Hamlet » seems to me like a gleam of decay. » *Ib. 229.*

29. « Ibsen is the mind, recognising that itself is of no avail against the flesh. Hence his despair. But what was the root of his despair holds the root of our hope. For of the flesh all things are possible. It holds all things within itself, both the discovered and that which will be discovered... I believe everybody hates Ibsen. He denied the universality of the blood, of which we are all cups. He owned the universality of the mind, to which we all subscribe, as to the wearing of clothes. Then he showed how the mind is overthrown at any moment by the body. But why shouldn't it be ? And if the son of Ghosts must die, still I live, who am the flesh and the blood, the same as he... We are tired of going rigid with grief or insane, over a little spilt life. The sun will lick it up. » *Ib. 224.*

36. « Lord, take away from us the conceit that our children are ours. Lord, Thou art Father of this child as is fatherless here. O God, Thou bring him up. For I have stood between Thee and my children; I've cut 'em off from Thee because they were mine. And they've grown twisted, because of me. Who is their father, Lord, but Thee ? But I put myself in the way, they've been plants under a stone, because of me. Lord, if it hadn't been for me, they might ha' been trees in the sunshine... It would ha' been better if they'd never known no father... For I've been like a stone upon them, and they rise up and curse me in their wickedness. » *Prus. Off. 277-278.*

38. « His feeling for her was deep and unexpressed. He noticed when she was tired, or when she had a new cap. And he bought little things for her occasionally. She was not wise enough to see how much he lived by her. » *Prus. Off. 104.*

48. « With him, everything felt so inevitable. » *L.A.H. 94.*

53. « She was a beautiful woman of about thirty, fair, luxuriant, with proud shoulders and a face borne up by a fierce, native vitality. Her green eyes had a curiously puzzled contraction just now. » *Mod. Lov. 132.*

54. « She was smiling into his face, her green eyes, looking into his, were bright and wide. But somewhere in them, as he looked back, was a little twist that could not come loose to him, a little cast, that was like an aversion from him, a strain of hate for him. » *Mod. Lov. 138.*

55. « Through all her warmth and kindliness, lay, he said, at the bottom, an almost feline selfishness, a coldness. » *Mod. Lov. 154.*

63. « Her husband watched her. She was pale and silenced. And he had nothing to do with her. He lifted himself, trying to ease himself, and sighed,

« We can't stop here then », he said. » *Smart Set, ad finem.*

66. « He stood and looked at her. At last he had learned the width of the breach between them. She still squatted on the bed. He could not go near her. It would be a violation to each of them to be brought into contact with the other. The thing must work itself out. They were both shocked so much, they were impersonal, and no longer hated each other. After some minutes he left her and went out. » *Prus. Of. 207.*

71. « Everything seemed vague, and there was a delicious conflagration in her blood. » *Smart Set, 102.*

76. « And soldiers, being herded together, men without women, never being *satisfied* by a woman, as a man never is from a street affair, get their surplus sex and their frustration and dissatisfaction into the blood, and *love* cruelty. » *C. L. 156.*

84. « Translated in the peace of satisfaction. » *Prus. Of. 54.*

85. « They loved each other, and all was whole. She loved him, he had taken her, she was given to him. It was right. He was given to her, and they were one, complete. » *Ib. 54.*

86. « She was in a new world of her own, that she had never imagined, and which was the land of promise for all that. In this she moved and had her being. » *Prus. Of. 57.*

87. « He had won to his own being, in himself and Emilie, he had drawn the stigma from his shame, he was beginning to be himself. » *Ib. 58.*

90. « Not for an instant would she let him forget. Back again he had to torture himself into a sense of his responsibility and hers. Never any relaxing, never any leaving himself to the great hunger and impersonality of passion; he must be brought back to a deliberate, reflective creature. As if from the swoon of passion she called him back to the littleness, the personal relationship. » *S. & L. 285.*

92. « What has happened exactly ? » asked Miriam.

« It's so hard to say, but the something big and intense that changes you when you really come together with somebody else. It almost seems to fertilize your soul and make it that you can go on and mature. »
S. & L. 318.

93. « Don't ask me anything about the future... I don't know anything. Be with me now, will you, no matter what it is ? » *S. & L. 354.*

95. « And after such an evening they both were very still, having known the immensity of passion. They felt small, half-afraid, childish, and wondering, like Adam and Eve when they lost their innocence and

realized the magnificence of the power which drove them out of Paradise and across the great night and the great day of humanity. It was for each of them an initiation and a satisfaction. To know their own nothingness, to know the tremendous living flood which carried them always, gave them rest within themselves. If so great a magnificent power could overwhelm them, identify them altogether with itself, so that they knew they were only grains in the tremendous heave that lifted every grass blade its little height, and every tree, and living thing, then why fret about themselves ? They could let themselves be carried by life, and they felt a sort of peace each in the other. There was a verification which they had had together. Nothing could nullify it, nothing could take it away; it was almost their belief in life. » *S. & L. 355.*

LIVRE II, CHAPITRE III (pages 261 à 316)

3. « And there was very little time, because we were lunching with Lady Saint-Helier. » *C. L. 284.*

6. « I am very sorry to worry you again about money. Do you think Methuen will pay up the £150 to you ? I can last out here only another month — then I don't know where to raise a penny, for nobody will pay me. It makes me quite savage. Extort me my dues out of Methuen if you can, will you ? » *C. L. 290.*

7. « Kennerley owes me exactly £10.7.6 — by his own computation. It isn't much but it would be worth having. » *Ib. 306.*

8. « Do be getting me some money, will you ? I heard the wolf scratch the door today ? » *Ib. 322.*

11. « The Literary Fund gave me £50. I have got about £ 70 in the world now. Of this I owe £45 to the divorce lawyers, for costs claimed against me. This I am never going to pay. I also owe about £20 otherwisse. So I've got some £50. If you think the other fund would give me any more — benissimo, I'll take it like a shot. Have I not earned my whack — at least enough to live on — from this nation ? » *C. L. 293.*

12. « A very unclean creature came and gave me a paper... » *Ib. 336.*

13. « I am afraid, if I hand in the Ms., the Goldbergs... will serve a summons on me and on Methuen, ordering Methuen to pay them the £50 due to me. They can't serve the summons — or at least it is null if they do, — until the debt is due. So I would like some arrangement to be made by Robert Garnett, before I hand in the Ms. Because the debt to me does not fall due till I hand in the Ms. to you... You see I can't pay this £144, or I shall starve for ever. This money for *The Rainbow* is all I have to look forward to at all — and Mrs Lawrence can't get any money from Germany now. » *Ib. 345-6.*

14. « The teaching Mary keeps me. » *L. 236.* « They didn't make me a bankrupt — it is still in the air. But I was examined. I hated it. » *Nehls, 307, Letter to Dollie Radford.*

22. « Do send me some money then, for I have only six pounds in the world... Thank you very much for keeping me going. » *C. L. 461-2 : 12.7.16.*

24. « Like you, we have got £60 — which solves the money difficulty for the time being. Thank you very much for offering to lend us. But it is a principle with me, to borrow from the rich as long as I can, not the poor. » *Ib. 489.*

26. « Indeed, nobody will print me nowadays, the public taste is averse from me... The books I have don't sell... I feel useless, it is quite useless my trying to live and write here. I shall only starve in ignominy... I shall have just enough money to take us to New York if we can go on the first of March with our friends. And I *can't* go on living here on a miserable pittance which Pinker,... will allow me: it is too insulting... » *C. L. 496-7.*

28. « My relations with that little parvenu snob of a procureur of books were always strained, best have them broken. » *C. L. 516.*

31. « I am sorry to tell you that I am coming to the last end of all my resources, as far as money goes. Do you think that Arnold Bennett or somebody like that, who is quite rich out of literature, would give me something to get along with... Do try and tempt a little money out of some rich good-natured author for me, will you — or I don't know what I shall do. And really, you know, one can't begin taking one's hat off to money, at this late hour of the day. I'd rather play a tin whistle in the street. » *C. L. 538.*

34. « I am very willing to have £100 from any fund whastsoever — as for obligation, I shall certainly go on writing and I am not married to the censor... Tell my well-wisher to get me £100, which will be a great boon to me, as being a mere necessity, and not to mind about any obligation, which is surely *infra dig* on the part of gentlemen. Why has the world become so ambidextrous that the left hand must always be implicated in what the right hand does! Pah — people — pfui! » *C. L. 548.*

35. « One rather hates taking money from one's hard-worked people. But this is a peculiar and crucial time, and one must get through it somehow — it doesn't seem to matter much now. » *C. L. 531.*

36. « For months and months and months, now, we have lived from shilling to shilling — and a £10 from Shearman — and so on. I am very tired of it, and *irritated* by it — terribly irritated. And it is not the slightest use my trying to write selling stuff, in this state of affairs. » *C. L. 557.*

51. « I am *very glad* you lent it to us. It has a special atmosphere, and I feel as if I had been born afresh there, got a new, sure, separate soul: as a monk in a monastery, or St John in the wilderness. » *C. L. 357.*

52. « He didn't like the Vale of Health and he didn't like the little flat and he didn't like me or anybody else. » *Not I...* 77.

62. « I was seedy and I have grown a beard. I think I look hideous, but it is so warm and complete, and such a clothing to one's nakedness that I like it and shall keep it. » *C. L. 293.*

64. « I've got a long, slow, pernicious cold. » *C. L. 306.*

65. « I've got a bad cold and must sing slow for five minutes. » *Ib. 321.*

67. « My heart feels like a swelling root that quite hurts. » *C. L. 316.*

68. « The whole universe of darkness and dark passions... — the subterranean black universe of the things which have not yet had being — has conquered for me now, and I can't escape. » *Ib. 330.*

70. « I feel as if I had less than no history — as if I had spent those five months in the tomb. And now, I feel very sick and corpse-cold, too newly risen to share yet with anybody, having the smell of the grave in my nostrils, and a feel of grave clothes about me. The War finished me: it was the spear through the side of all sorrows and hopes. » *Ib. 309.*

71. « I am not sure. I've got again into one of those horrible sleeps from which I can't wake. I can't brush it aside to wake up. You know those horrible sleeps when one is struggling to wake up, and can't. I was like it all autumn — now I am again like it. Everything has a touch of delirium, the black bird on the wall is a delirium, even the apple-blossom. And when I see a snake winding rapidly in the marshy places, I think I am mad. It is not a question of me, it is the world of men. The world of men is dreaming, it has gone mad in its sleep, and a snake is strangling it, but it can't wake up. » *Ib. 339.*

74. « ... he is, I am afraid, rather far gone with consumption. » *Cecil Gray, Peter Warlock, 106.*

76. « I am laid up in bed with a violent cold. » *C. L. 399.*

77. « Two days ago a bad cold came on, which makes me feel queer as if I couldn't see any further, as if all things had come to an end, and one must only wait for the new to begin. But it is rather terrible this being confronted with the end, only with the end. » *Ib. 411.*

78. « Still inclined to tremble, and to have pains in my limbs, and a raw chest. But it will pass. » *Letter to D. Radford in Nehls, 355.*

79. « ... I have really felt so seedy and écœuré. Now I am getting better. But it is by fits and starts. Now I've got a neuritis in my arm, and my left hand feels paralyzed — but it is all part of the game... It was very good of Maitland to come down: I was so grateful to him. He says my nerves are the root of the trouble, and I think it is true. I must lie and rest — always lie and rest, at present, I know. I begin to feel ill when I sit up. » *Id. Ib. 356.*

80. « Maitland Radford says... there is no organic illness at all, except the mucous in the bronchi etc. are weak. » *C. L. 416.*

81. « He says the stress on the nerves sets up a deferred inflammation in all the internal linings, and that I must keep very quiet and still and warm and peaceful. There was a sort of numbness all down the left side, very funny — I could hardly hold anything in my hand... Now I can walk to the sea again and all that fever and inflammation and

madness has nearly gone. But I feel very queer after it — sort of hardly know myself. » *C. L. 422 (7.2.16).*

82. « He might just die because everything is too much for him. But he simply musn't die. It's not as if it concerned me alone. » *M. & C.*

83. « I feel quite anti-social, against this social whole as it exists. I wisk one could be a pirate or highway man on these days. » *C. L. 428.* « If only one could be a pirate or a brigand nowadays, an outlaw, to rob the angels and hang them on a tree. But long-distance guns has stopped all that jolly game. » *C. L. 430.*

86. « Tell Maitland he must come and see L. — they ought to know each other — I thought of Maitland and his health reform... » *Letter to D. Radford in Nehls, 403-4.*

88. « Perhaps soon I shall come to London to consult a good doctor — if there is such a thing — and learn how to make the best of this bad job of health. » *C. L. 483.*

89. « This is a kind of interval in my life, like a sleep... I feel as if I also were hibernating, like the snakes and the dormice. » *C. L. 486.*

90. « I got my complete exemption because I was able, spiritually, to manage the doctors. Usually, in a crisis like that, one has a certain authority. I said the doctors said I had bad consumption — I didn't produce any certificate. I didn't think it fair to (Ernest) Jones. » *C. L. 458.*

92. « The sense of something, someone magnificent approaching, is so strong, it is a wonder one does not see visions in the heavens... Yesterday I began to type out the *Peace* articles... But suddenly I felt as if I was going dotty, straight out of my mind, so I left off. One can only wait and let the crisis come and go... I wonder if I *am* a bit dotty. » *L. 408.*

96. « I suspect myself of having flu, though it may be only temper. » *C. L. 567.*

99. « My sister goes with us to Middleton. I am not going to be left to Frieda's tender mercies until I am well again. She really is a devil — and I feel as it I would part from her for ever — let her go alone to Germany, while I take another road. For it is true, I have been bullied by her long enough. I really could leave her now, without a pang I believe. The time comes, to make an end, one way or another. If this illness has not been a lesson to her, it has to me. » *C. L. 581.*

100. « I should suspect Lawrence was the type of individual who had very chronic, very indolent, so-called « fibroid » tuberculosis, which, with or without treatments underwent little or no change for better or worse, with the exception of periods when he might have been discouraged and depressed, at which time, he probably demonstrated some worsening of disease. He sounds like the type of fellow we see frequently in our research patients who seldom die of tuberculosis, but who likewise seldom get well and who have a high level of adrenal activity. » *Dr Ed. Clarke, Jr, in a letter to H.T. Moore.*

« It is possible that Lawrence's frequent spells of irrascibility... were unconscious attempts to protect himself. » *H. T. Moore, Int. H., 470-472.*

101. « 20 September 1918. My fits of temper are really terrifying. I had one this... morning and tore up a page of the book I was reading — and absolutely lost my head. Very significant. When it was over J. came in and stared. « What is the matter ? What have you done ? » « Why ? » « You look *all dark*. » He drew back the curtains and called it an effect of light, but when I came into my studio to dress I saw it was not that. I was a deep earthy colour, *with pinched eyes*. I was *green*. Strangely enough these fits are Lawrence and Frieda over again. I am more like L. than anybody. We are *unthinkably* alike, in fact. » *K. Mansfield, Journal, 146.*

104. « But anyone who thinks those two weren't in love with each other is crazy. How else could they have endured one another ? »

106. « He had had enough, he said; she must go, she was draining the life out of him. She must go, she must go now. She knew what money he had; he could give her her share — more than her share. He went upstairs, and came down again, and counted out on the table to me sixteen sovereigns. Frieda was standing by the door, crying, with her hat and colt on, ready to go — but where ? » *J.M. Murry, B.T.W., 305.*

112. « I believe my deepest feeling for L. was a profound compassion. He wanted so much that he could never have with his intensity. I felt so terribly sorry for him or I could never have stood it all. Sometimes he went over the edge of sanity. I was many times frightened but never the last bit of me. Once, I remember he had worked himself up and his hands were on my throat and he was pressing me against the wall and ground out: « I am the master, I am the master. » I said: « Is that all[e]? You can be master as much as you like, I don't care. » His hands dropped away, he looked at me in astonishment and was all right. » *M. & C. 341.*

113. « No man could have done such a thing when the quarrel was over, and from behind too! But as you *are* a woman... you were right to do as you felt. It was only lucky you didn't kill me. You might have. These plates are hard and heavy. » *Carswell, S. P. 71.*

116. « You mustn't judge her lightly. There is another quality in woman that you do not know, so you can't estimate it. You don't know that a woman is not a man with different sex. She is a different world. You do not understand that enough. Your world is all of one hemisphere. » *C. L. 295.*

131. « The war is just hell for me. I don't see why I should be so disturbed, but I am. I can't get away from it for a minute: I live in a sort of coma, like one of those nightmares when you can't move. I hate it — everything. » *Letter in Nehls, 242.*

134. « But I do mind those who, being sensitive, will receive such a blow from the ghastliness and mechanical, obsolete, hideous stupidity of war, that they will be crippled beings further burdening our sick society... The war doesn't alter my beliefs or visions. » *C. L. 290.*

140. « The war finished me: it was the spear through the side of all sorrows and hopes... And since then... things have not existed for me.

I have spoken to no one, I have touched no one, I have seen no one. All the while, I swear, my soul lay in the tomb — not dead, but with a flat stone over it, a corpse, become corpse-cold. And nobody existed, because I did not exist myself. Yet I was not dead — only passed over — trespassed — and all the time I know I should have to rise again. » *C. L. 309-310.*

141. « Soon we in England shall go fully mad, with hate. I too hate the Germans so much, I could kill every one of them. Why should they goad us into this frenzy of hatred, why should we be tortured to bloody madness, when we are only grieved in our souls, and heavy ?... I am mad with rage myself. I would like to kill a million Germans — two millions. » *C. L. 340.*

151. « ... and also a very young Guardsman who showed pained surprise when Frieda, looking every inch a Richthofen, told him how very much smarter she thought the Prussian Guards than the Household Brigade. » *C. Asquith, R. & BG, 142.*

154. « But we shall smash the frame. The land, the industries, the means of communication and the public amusements shall all be nationalised. » *C. L. 320.*

155. « We must form a revolutionary party. I have talked about it with various people — also Bertrand Russell... And if the money spirit is killed, and eating and sleeping is free, then most of the barriers will collapse. » *(24. 2. 15). C. L. 323.*

156. « They will murder their officers one day. » *C. L. 338.*

157. « I cannot tell you how much this reinforces in me my utter hatred of the whole establishment — the whole constitution of England as it now stands. I wish I were a criminal instead of a bankrupt. But softly — softly. I will do my best to lay a mine under their foundations... For I am hostile, hostile, hostile to all that is, in our public and national life. I want to destroy it. » *C. L. 336.*

160. « You want to have room to live in: and somebody has to make room... » « ... But we aren't the nation. There are heaps of other people who are the nation. » — They might say *they* weren't either. » — « Well, if everybody said it, there wouldn't be a nation. But I should still be myself », she asserted brilliantly. — « You wouldn't be yourself if there were no nation... » « ... I hate soldiers, they are stiff and wooden... » *Rw, 292.*

161. « Is your « best boy » wearing khaki ?... If your young man neglects his duty to his King and Country, the time may come when he will NEGLECT YOU! » *H. T. Moore, Int. H., 259.*

162. « He could not see, it was not born in him to see, that the highest good of the community as it stands is no longer the highest good of even the average individual... the « common good » becomes a general nuisance, representing the vulgar, conservative materialism at a low level. » *Rw, 309*

163. « She knew, vaguely, in the first minute, that they were enemies come together in a truce. » *Rw, 418-419.*

167. « The passages and paragraphs marked I cannot alter... and I can't cut them out, because they are living parts of an organic whole. Those who object, will object to the book altogether. These bits won't affect them particularly. Tell Methuen, he need not be afraid. If the novel doesn't pay him back this year, it will before very long. Does he expect me to be popular? I shan't be that. But I am a safe speculation for a publisher. » *C. L. 356.*

168. « I want on the fly-leaf, in German characters, the inscription « Zu Else »... We shall have peace by the time this book is published. » *C. L. 346.*

170. « It seems to me largely a monotonous wilderness of phallicism... Powers are here — psychological and aesthetic powers — ... but these powers are wasted... because the author has so little curiosity about life except in disproportionately seen patches... Ordinary readers would do well to leave the book alone. They would be sure to dislike it intensely, especially those pages which are reminiscent of Diderot's « La Religieuse ». *Daily News & Leader, 5. 10. 15, « Literature ». Robert Lynd.*

174. « I had heard yesterday about the magistrates and *The Rainbow.* » *C. L. 376.*

175.« No, I received no notice at all about the suppression of *The Rainbow* — the first intimation was from W. L. George who had phoned up Methuen to ask why the advertisement was stopped. Then I had your letter. » *C. L. 385.*

177. « You jeered rather at *The Rainbow,* but notwithstanding, it is a big book, and one of the important novels in the language. I tell you, who know. » *C. L. 377.*

178. « You know quite well that the book is not indecent, though I heard of you saying to a man that it was like the second story in *The Prussian Officer,* only *much worse.* Still, one easily says those things. » *C. L. 378.*

180. « What is the good of being the Prime Minister's son and you can't be different than other people... It does *not* matter whether hundreds of dull young men die early instead of going into a dull old age, but the few that matter ought to be preserved... I know there is all the old stuff of « duty » and so on, duty is a deeper and more individual thing. » *M. & C. 208.*

187. « That was a ridiculous affair instigated by the National Purity League, Dr Horton and Co, nonconformity. » *C. L. 398.*

193. « I imagine it will be possible, if the author thinks he has been wrongly treated, for another copy to be seized by arrangement, in order that he might, defend the book. » *The Parliamentary Debates, House of Commons, 5th Series, LXXVI, Quoted in Nehls, 335.*

194. « I think we might make a good row. » *C. L. 385.*

195. « Must I stay for the proceedings about *The Rainbow ?* Must I appear ? — of course I want to do what I can for the book. Also I want to go away. I will stay if it is really any good. » *C. L. 385.*

197. « But my spirit will not rise to it. I can't come so near to them as to fight them. I have done with them. I am not going to pay any more out of my soul, even for the sake of beating them. » *C. L. 392.*

198. « They can say what they like about « obscenity », but you and I know in our bones that the real reason for the attack was that he denounced war. » *Introduction to Apocalypse. VII.*

199. « The statement was made by Lawrence himself and I heard it discussed in 1915 « as a fact » by such sympathizers as May Sinclair. » *Aldington in H. T. Moore, Int. H., 258.*

200. « A confusion of mind, aggravated perhaps by the hysteria due to war conditions. » *New York Herald, 1920, quoted by H. T. Moore, loc. cit. 258.*

201. « If Lawrence had been related to persons of wealth and public influence, these actions (i. e. proposed libel actions against the journalists) might have succeeded, but then, had he been such a person, neither journalists nor magistrate would have dared to act as they did. They knew all along that he was a poor man with nothing but « genius ». *Aldington, PGB, 173.*

204. « If I go, I will go to America... But I hope not to go. » *C. L. 373.*

206. « ... Suddenly I broke out of the queue, in face of the table where one's name had to be written, and went across the hall away from all the underworld of this spectral submission... I had triumphed, like Satan flying over the world and knowing he had won at last, though he had not come into even a fragment of his own. » *C. L. 397.*

207. « Sometimes I think I simply *must* do something, go to Germany and see what peace terms they would give. I suppose nothing can be done or is being done ? » *M. & C. 209.*

209. « I shall give: 1. Ill-health. 2. Failure to make any money at all over here. 3. Necessity to place short stories, and literary articles, and poems, and to arrange with a publisher the publication of *The Rainbow*... and of the novel *Women in Love.* » « ... I feel I can't breathe here. » *C. L. 499.*

210. « I don't want to write or talk about the war at all — only stories and literary stuff: because I think the war will end this year, and even if it doesn't I can't help it any more. I feel there is disaster impending for England... I know one ought not to ask for anything from you. But I believe it is quite legal for us to go to America. I am medically exempt, we are not spies, and I will neither write or talk about the war to the Americans — they have nothing to do with it, it is our affair, alas! So just confer a little with Eddie about it, will you ? » *C. L. 496, 8. 1. 17.*

211. « Do you think I don't know what it is to be an Englishman ?... There is one thing, America won't come in to the war. If she does, that

will be a most fearful blow, which I don't know I shall recover from. » *C. L. 501, 12. 2. 17.*

212. « So they are making a coalition government. I cannot tell you how icy cold is my heart with fear. It is as if we were all going to die... Why does even the coalition of the government fill me with terror ? Some say it is for peace negotiations. It may be, because we are all afraid. But it is most probably for conscription. The touch of death is very cold and horrible on us all. » *L. 222-223.*

213. « And what duty is it, which makes us forfeit everything, because Germany invaded Belgium ? Is there nothing beyond my fellow man ? If not, then there is nothing beyond myself, beyond my own throat, which may be cut and my own purse, which may be slit: because I am the fellow-man of all the world, my neighbour is but myself in a mirror. So we toil in a circle of pure egoism. » *C. L. 459.*

214. « I should have died if they had made me a soldier. » *C. L. 458.*

216. « There were thousands of C men, men who *wanted* to have jobs as C men, so they were not very likely to fetch him up. He would only be a nuisance anyhow. That was clear all round. » *Kangaroo, 259.*

219. « As for flourishing, I should like to flourish a pistol under the nose of the fools that govern us. » *C. L. 516.*

224. « His face was pale and still and distant, unconscious that the other people were real human beings. To him they were not: they were just *things*, obeying orders. And his eyes showed that. » *Kangaroo, 274.*

225. « I cannot even conceive how I have incurred suspicion — have not the faintest notion. We are as innocent even of pacifist activities, let alone spying of any sort as the rabbits in the field outside. » *C. L. 527.*

226. « We don't know in the least why this has taken place. Of course my wife was corresponding with her people in Germany, through a friend in Switzerland — but through the ordinary post. » *C. L. 528-9.*

228. « There was an atmosphere of terror all through London, as under the Czar when no man dared open his mouth. » *Kangaroo, 279.*

230. « I had rather be hanged or put in prison than endure any more. So now I shall move actively, personally, do what I can. I am a desperado. » *C. L. 527.*

231. « I sent [the papers] back — and said, how could they expect me to do anything if I am still a black-marked person. » *C. L. 528-9.*

234. « I want a job under the Ministry of Education: not where I shall be kicked about like an old can: I've had enough of that. You must help me to something where I shall not be ashamed. Don't you know that man Fisher ? He sounds decent. Really try and get me introduced and started fairly. I need a start — and I'm not going to be an under-servant to anybody: no, I'm not. If these military *canaille* call me up for any of their filthy jobs — I am graded for sedentary work — I shall just remove myself, and be a deserter. » *C. L. 563.* « I'd rather be a soldier than a schoolteacher, anyhow. » *C. L. 455, 19. 6. 16.*

LIVRE II, CHAPITRE IV (pages 317 à 368)

2. « ... the moment a slender, lithe figure stepped lightly into the room, we both realised almost with the shock of a collision that something new and startling had come into our lives. » *C. Asquith, R & BG, 133-4.*

7. « He is a sweet man, — so simple and kind, touchingly childlike, and brimful of sensibility and perception. I should think he understands most human matters at a first glance. » *D. Radford, quoted by Muriel Radford, in Nehls, 292.*

8. « His uncontrolled irritabilities astonished me at first, but I soon realized that one must know Lawrence all-of-a-piece or not at all. ... Lawrence was in his angelic, child-like mood. » *Eleanor Farjeon, London Magazine,* II, *4. 4. 1955.*

9. « He has begun to write to me again and quite in the old way — all about the leaves of the melon plant « speckled like a newt », and all about « the social egg which must collapse into nothingness, into non-being ». I am so fond of him for many things. I cannot shut my heart against him and I never shall. » *K. Mansfield, Letters of K. M., 79, 15. 8. 17.*

10. « I loved him. He was just his old, merry, rich self, laughing, describing things, giving you pictures, full of enthusiasm and joy in a future where we become all « vagabonds » — we simply did not talk about people. We kept to things like nuts and cowslips and fires in woods and his black self *was* not. Oh, there is something so loveable about him and his eagerness, his passionate eagerness for life, that is what one loves so. » *Id. ib. 215, 12. 10. 18.*

14. « I am no democrat, save in politics. I think the State is a vulgar institution. But life itself is an affair of aristocrats. » *C. L. 305.*

18. « I feel I should go mad when I think of your set, Duncan Grant and Keynes and Birrell. It makes me dream of beetles. In Cambridge I had a similar dream. I had felt it slightly before in the Stracheys. But it came full upon me in Keynes and in Duncan Grant. And yesterday I knew it again in Birrell — you must leave these friends, these beetles. Birrell and Duncan Grant are done forever. Keynes I am not sure — when I saw Keynes that morning in Cambridge it was one of the crises of my life, It sent me mad with misery and hostility and rage. The Oliviers and such girls are wrong... You have always known the wrong people. Harolds and Olivier girls. » *D. Garnett, Flowers of the Forest, 54.*

19. « As always, Ottoline was keeping more than one world. Except for Bertie, the Cambridge and Bloomsbury world was only just beginning to hold her. Lawrence, Gertler, Carrington were a different strand in her furbelows. Lawrence was jealous of the other lot; and Cambridge rationalism and cynicism, then at its heights, were, of course, repulsive to him. Bertie gave him what must have been, I think, his first glimpse of Cambridge. It overwhelmed, attracted and repulsed him — which was the other emotional disturbance... Now Bunny had come into his life quite independently, neither through Ottoline nor from Cambridge and

Bloomsbury; he was evidently very fond of Bunny; and when he saw *him* being seduced by Cambridge, he was yet more jealous, just as he was jealous of Ottoline's new leanings that way. And jealousy apart, it is impossible to imagine moods more antagonistic than those of Lawrence and of pre—war Cambridge. » *J.M. Keynes, Two Memoirs, 80, in Nehls, 287.*

20. « I wish that story was at the bottom of the sea, before ever it had been printed. » *Carswell, S. P., 55.* « No, *I don't* wish I had never written that story. It should do good, at the long run. » *C. L. 469.*

22. « I asked: « What is civilization ? What is it, this man-made world that I don't understand ? » *Not I... 66.*

25. « Whereas I had been quite naturally at home with his former plan of escaping to the island of Rananim, and crystallized my daydreams about it as freely as he did his own, now when he strove to enlist me under the banner of Revolution I was out of my depth. » *Murry, BTW, 33.*

28. « I want to gather together about twenty souls and sail away from this world of war and squalor and found a little colony where there shall be no money but a sort of communism as far as necessaries of life go, and some real decency. It is to be a colony built up on the real decency which is in each member of the community. A community which is established upon the assumption of goodness in the members, instead of the assumption of badness. » *C. L. 307.*

30. « Anyway, the New England type is your clue to Lawrence, who came from much the same stock. Note how proud he was at having been brought up in Oliver Cromwell's sect, the Congregationalists... H. D. and L. had the same passion for flowers and used them as symbols for beauty. Of course behind both is the ancient Norse-Teuton-Saxon strain, hating big cities, and crazy about ideal little « communities ». I was always having to crawfish out of the schemes for them. » *Aldington, Letter to E. Nehls, in Nehls, 569, p. 25.*

32. « I want you to form the nucleus of a new community which shall start a new life amongst us — a life in which the only riches is integrity of character. So that each one may fulfil his own nature and deep desires to the utmost, but wherein tho', the ultimate satisfaction and joy is in the completeness of us all as one. Let us be good all together, instead of just in the privacy of our chambers, let us know that the intrinsic part of all of us is the best part, the believing part, the passionate, generous part. We can all come croppers, but what does it matter ? We can laugh at each other, and dislike each other, but the good remains and we know it. And the new community shall be established upon the known, eternal good part in us. This present community consists, as far as it is a framed thing, in a myriad contrivances for preventing us from being let down by the meanness in ourselves or in our neighbours... I hold this the most sacred duty — the gathering together of a number of people who shall so agree to live by the *best* they know, that they shall be *free* to live by the best they know. The ideal, the religion, must now be *lived, practised*. We will have no more *churches*. We will bring church and house and shop together... It is no good plastering and tinkering with this community. Every strong soul must put off its connection

with this society, its vanity and chiefly its fear, and go naked with its fellows, weaponless, armourless, without shield or spear, but only with naked hands and open eyes. Not self-sacrifice, but fulfilment, the flesh and the spirit in league together not in arms against one another. And each man shall know that he is part of the greater body, each man shall submit that his own soul is not supreme even to himself. « To be or not to be » is no longer the question. The question now is, how shall we fulfil our declaration, « God is » ? For all our life is now based on the assumption that God is not — or except on rare occasions. » ... « It is Communism based, not on poverty but on riches, not on humility but on pride, not on sacrifice but upon complete fulfilment in the flesh of all strong desire, not in Heaven but on earth. We will be Sons of God who walk here on earth, not bent on getting and having, because we know we inherit all things. We will be aristocrats, and as wise as the serpent in dealing with the mob. For the mob shall not crush us nor starve us nor cry us to death. We will deal cunningly with the mob, the greedy soul, we will gradually bring it to subjection. We will found an order, and we will all be Princes, as the angels are. » *C. L. 311-12.*

33. « You see for this thing which I stutter at so damnably I want us to form a league — you and Murry and me and perhaps Forster — and our women — and anyone who will be added on to us — so long as we are centred around a core of reality, and carried on one impulse. » *Letter to G. Campbell, in Lady Glenavy, Today we will only gossip, 1964, 99.*

38. « Now egotism is abolished by the gospel relation to Christ. The grand mystery of the gospel is vital union with Christ; the merging of self in his life; the extinguishment of the pronoun *I* at the spiritual center... The grand distinction between the Christian and the unbeliever, between heaven and the world, is, that in one reigns the We-spirit, and in the other the I - spirit. » *Noyes, 626.*

41. « The first thing to be done, in an attempt to redeem man and reorganize society, is to bring about reconciliation with God; and the second thing is to bring about a true union of the sexes. In other words, religion is the first subject of interest, and sexual morality the second, in the great enterprise of establishing the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. » *Noyes, 630.*

42. « The sin-system, the marriage-system, the work-system, and the death-system, are all one, and must be abolished together. Holiness, free-love, association in labor, and immortality, constitute the chain of redemption, and must come together in their true order. » *Noyes, 630-631.*

45. « Amativeness was the natural agency of the distribution and mutual action of these two forms of life. In his primitive position of the sexes (which is their normal position in Christ), each reflects upon the other the love of God; each excites and develops the divine action in the other. » *Noyes, 632.*

47. « Vital society increases strength, diminishes work, and makes labor attractive, thus removing the antecedents of death. » *Noyes, 636.*

48. « We must look to God, not only for a Constitution, but for Presidential outlook and counsel; for a cabinet and corps of officers; for national aims and plans; for direction, not only in regard to principles to be carried out, but in regard to time and circumstance. In other words, the men who are called to usher in the Kingdom of God, will be guided, not merely by theoretical truth, but by the Spirit of God and specific manifestations of his will and policy, as were Abraham, Moses, David, Jesus Christ, Paul, etc. This will be called a fanatical principle, because it requires *bona fide* communication with the heavens, and displaces the sanctified maxim that 'the age of miracles and inspiration is past'. But it is clearly a Bible principle; and we must place it on high, above all others, as the palladium of conservatism in the introduction of the new social order. » *Noyes, 637.*

49. « It is not *I* who matter — it is what is said through me. » *C. L. 316.*

51. « Unless I have the Father and the hierarchies of Angels, I have no Christ, no crucifixion... the Eternal God... is surrounded by the Hierarchy of the Cherubim and Seraphim, the Great Ones who partake of his being and transmit his glory: and they are *absorbed in praise eternally.* Beyond the Cherubim are the Dominions and Powers: and beyond these great ones, the Principalities, Archangels, and Angels, which come as messengers and guardians and carriers of blessing at last to mankind... From the mutual love of the Father and the Son, proceeds the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the Reconciler, the Comforter, the Annunciation. It is very beautiful, and a very great conception which, when one feels it, satisfies one, and one is at rest... But I don't believe your truths of egoistic ecstasy... Give us the Resurrection after the Crucifixion. » *C. L. 302-303.*

52. « The war doesn't alter my beliefs or visions. I am not Freudian and never was — Freudianism is only a branch of medical science, interesting. I believe there is no getting of a vision, as you call it, before we get our sex right: before we get our souls fertilized by the *female.* I don't mean the feminine: I mean the female. Because life tends to take two streams, male and female, and only some female influence (not necessarily woman, but most obviously woman) can fertilize the soul of man to vision or being. Then the vision we are after, I don't know what it is, but it is something that contains awe and dread and submission, not pride or sensuous egotism and assertion. I went to the British Museum — and I know, from the Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures — what we are after. We want to realize the tremendous *non-human* quality of life —, it is wonderful. It is not the emotions, nor the personal feelings and attachments that matter. These are all only expressive, and expression has become mechanical. Beyond in all are the tremendous unknown forces of life, coming unseen and unperceived as out of the desert to the Egyptians and driving us, forcing us, destroying us if we do not submit to be swept away. » *C. L. 291.*

53. « We are going to struggle with my island idea — Rananim. But they say, the island shall be England, that we shall start our new community in the midst of this old one, as a seed falls among the roots of the parent. » *C. L. 314.*

54. « The freedom of the soul within the denied body is a sheer conceit. » *C. L. 317.*

55. « They know that they are enclosed entirely by the shell, the form of living... Now either we have to break the shell, the form, the whole frame, or we have got to turn to this inward activity of setting the house in order and drawing up a list before we die... Then, and then only, shall we be able to *begin* living. Then we shall be able to *begin* to work. Then we can examine marriage and love and all. Till then, we are fast within the hard, unliving, impervious shell. » *C. L. 320.*

56. « It is very dangerous to use these old terms lest they sound like cant. » *C. L. 303.*

57. « And now I wonder: are my words gone like seed spilt on a hard floor, only reckoned an untidiness there. I must tell you I am very sad, as if it hurt very much. » *C. L. 315.*

58. « Sometimes I am afraid of the terrible things that are real, in the darkness, and of the entire unreality of these things I see... The subterranean black universe of the things which have not yet had being has conquered for me now, and I can't escape. So I think with fear of having to talk to anybody, because I can't talk. » *C. L. 330.*

59. « The old symbols were each a word in a great attempt at formulating the whole history of the soul of Man. They *are unintelligible* except in their whole context. » *C. L. 302.*

60. « Keep somewhere, in the darkness of reality, a connection with me... I wish you would swear a sort of allegiance with me. » *C. L. 330.*

61. « My world is real, it is a true world, and it is a world I have in my measure understood. But no doubt you also have a true world, which I can't understand. » *C. L. 324.*

62. « I shall write all my philosophy again. Last time I came out of the Christian Camp. This time I must come out of these early Greek philosophers. » *C. L. 351.*

63. « I have been wrong, much too Christian, in my philosophy. These early Greeks have clarified my soul. I must drop all about God. You must drop all your democracy. » « I am rid of all my Christian religiosity. It was only muddiness. You need not mistrust me. » *C. L. 352.*

69. « He is one of the men of the future, you will see. He is with me for the Revolution. » *C. L. 321.*

70. « I was like a woman instinctively humouring her husband by accepting his arguments and principles, although in fact they are quite indifferent to her. » *Murry, BTW, 332.*

73. « Whenever Frieda announced to us that something which Lawrence was writing was magnificent and wonderful, our hearts promptly sank; when, in Lawrence's presence and with his evident approval, she told us that such and such a chapter was really hers, we felt uncomfortable, and in secret sighed and shook our heads. Was sex really so

important, could it be ? Or was it important in that particular way ? » *Murry, BTW, 351.*

78. « Lawrence believed, or tried to believe, that the relation between Katherine and me was false and deadly; and that the relation between Frieda and himself was real and life-giving: but that his relation with Frieda needed to be completed by a new relation between himself and me, which I evaded. [The] curious structure [of this conception] is evident. The foundation of it all is the relation between Lawrence and Frieda. That is as it were, the ultimate reality. That foundation secure, Lawrence needs or desires a further relation with me, in which Katherine is temporarily but totally ignored. By virtue of this « mystical » relation with Lawrence, I participate in this premental reality, the « dark sources » of my being come alive. From this changed personality, I, in turn, enter a new relation with Katherine. » *Murry, BTW, 413.*

79. « I was an obscene bug that was sucking his life away. » *Id. ib. 416.*

81. « There was more freedom in the Kaiser's Germany than there is now in any country outside Britain and Scandinavia. » *Russell, Portraits from Memory, 104.*

84. « I feel you are tolerant when you listen. Which is rather saddening, I wish you'd tell me when I am foolish and overinsistent. » *C. L. 323.*

85. « I felt him to be a man of a certain imaginative genius and, at first, when I felt inclined to disagree with him, I thought that perhaps his insight into human nature was deeper than mine. » *Russell, loc. cit. 104.*

88. « Which practically solves the whole economic question for the present. » *C. L. 320.*

89. « But each one would create the work of art, the living man, achieve that piece of supreme art, a man's life. » *C. L. 327.*

90. « ... He... said very little, apart from indefinite expressions of irritable dissent, all morning » *J.M. Keynes, Two Memoirs, 78.*

91. « Well, in the evening they drank port and they walked up and down the room and talked about the Balkan situation and things like that, and they know nothing about it. » *Not I..., 76.*

92. « I cannot help being very much interested in God and the Devil — particularly the devil — and in immortality... » *C. L. 329.* « It is true Cambridge made me very black and down. I cannot bear its smell of rottenness, marsh-stagnancy. I get a melancholic malaria. How can so sick people rise up ? They must die first. » *C. L. 330.*

93. « ... it is pure reasoning from the knowledge of God and the truth. » *C. L. 343.*

94. « Entire separation, that is what must happen to one... One must be entirely cast forth... Leave your Cambridge then: that is very good. » *C. L. 346.*

« Where are my peers ? I acknowledge no more than five or six — not so many in the world. » *C. L. 347.*

95. « You must drop all your democracy. You must not believe in « the people ». One class is no better than another. It must be a case of Wisdom, or Truth. Let the working classes be working classes. That is the truth. There must be an aristocracy of people who have wisdom, and there must be a Ruler: a Kaiser: no Presidents and democracies.» *C. L. 352.*

97. « And the desire is to have a perfect government perfectly related in all its parts, the highest aim of the government is the highest good of the *soul*, of the individual, the fulfilment in the Infinite, in the Absolute. » *C. L. 354.*

98. « Wholeness of Movement, Unanimity of Purpose, Oneness in Construction. *This the principle of Construction.* The rest is all criticism, destruction. » *C. L. 354.*

99. « Every living community is a living State. You must go very deep into the State, and its relation to the individual. » ... « the women must elect and govern the domestic side... Above all there must be no democratic control — that is the worst of all. There must be an elected aristocracy. » *C. L. 355-356.*

100. « They say I cannot think. » *C. L. 362*

104. « Let us become strangers again, I think it is better. » *C. L. 366.*

105. « But he found a pleasure in denouncing me and continued for some months to write letters containing sufficient friendliness to keep the correspondence alive. In the end, it faded away without any dramatic termination. » « This seemed to me frankly rubbish, and I rejected it vehemently, though I did not then know that it led straight to Auschwitz. » *Russell, Portraits from Memory, 107.*

111. « This all sounds utterly wild, an irresponsible adventure, unthinkable to the cautious. But good God, one must plunge, even if one never comes up again. I am in a state of flux — my mind is a whirlpool of alternating excitement and depression. » *C. Gray, Peter Warlock, 108.*

112. « He is a very great artist, but hard and autocratic in his views and outlook. » *Id. ib. 109.*

113. « Mr Lawrence's philosophical work, *Goats and Compasses.* » *Id. ib. 112.*

115. « Lawrence is a fine artist and a hard, though horribly distorted, thinker. But personal relationship with him is impossible — he acts as a subtle and deadly poison. » « I request that you do not talk about me in London. » *Id. ib. 119.*

118. « Somers loved these people. He loved the sensitiveness of their intelligence. They were not educated. But they had an endless curiosity about the world, and an endless interest in what was *right.* » *Kangaroo, 265.*

119. « While having one of those meals I passed the remark to him, « You are getting more like one of us every day, Mr Lawrence. » He made a smile at that. » *BBC broadcast, November 1953, in Nehls, 365.*

121. « I wonder if I *am* a bit dotty. » *C. L. 482.*

126. « Don't talk about me with *those others* » *C. L. 447.* « I am glad you are beginning to reject people... They *are* a destructive force » *C. L. 481.* « Don't tell anybody what I say here » *C. L. 482.* « Don't say anything about our going (to America) will you ? » *C. L. 498, etc.*

127. « I am willing to give up people altogether — they are what they are, why should they be as I want them to be ? » *C. L. 409-10.*

128. « I *know* my Florida idea was right: it was quite right, all save the people. It is wrong to seek adherents. One must be single. » *C. L. 482.*

129. « As for republics, they are the imaginary chickens of an addled egg. » *C. L. 518.*

130. « but humanity, mankind — *crotte!* » *C. L. 524.*

134. « I do so want to *get out* — out of England — really, out of Europe. And I *will* get out. We must do it. » *C. L. 571, 27. 12. 18.*

135. « Epstein took me to the British Museum and there revealed to me such wonders in works of art that my inspiration knew no bounds and I came to the conclusion that Egyptian art is *by far, by far, by far,* the greatest of *all* art... We moderns are but ants in comparison. But ants! » *Gertler, Selected Letters, 43.*

137. « I think it is great, and true. But it is horrible and terrifying... I believe there was something in Pompeian art of this terrible and soul-tearing obscenity... You are all absorbed in the violent and lurid processes of inner decomposition, your inner flame... It would take a Jew to paint this picture. It would take your national history to get you here, without disintegrating you first... At last your race is at an end — these pictures are its death-cry. And it will be left for the Jews to utter the final and great death-cry of this epoch: the Christians are not reduced sufficiently. » *C. L. 477.*

143. « Also I think, L. would be fonder of you if I were not there; your attitude to me is not really and truly a good one. I can feel it. You think I do not count besides *(sic)* Lawrence, but I take myself, my ideals and life quite as seriously as he does his. » *M. & C., 195. (9. 2. 15).*

144. « If you don't want to lose Lawrence's friendship » (Koteliansky) said, « you must be careful never to let him guess that you are doing anything for him. » *D. Goldring, Life Interests, cité par Nehls, 492.*

145. « You are there for all eternity, our love is written in blood », he said, « for all eternity. » But whose love ? His and Elsa's ? No — that was taken for granted. It was to be perfect triangle, Elsa acquiesced. « This will leave me free », she muttered in her German guttural, « for Vanio »... p. 78. [Julia] *(i. e. H. D.)* « was to be used, a little heap of firewood, brushwood, to feed the flame of Rico... » *Ib. 88.*

146. « It is a mistake for Ivy to have children (*don't tell her*). For her, that is clutching at the past, the back origins, for fulfilment. And fulfilment *does not lie in the past.* You should be glad you have no

children: they are a stumbling-block now. There are plenty of children, and no hope. » *C. L. 468.*

147. « So he was « fetching » people, was he ? No fish was too small for his net, was it ? Julia was suddenly repelled by the mask he seemed suddenly to clap on his face... The mouth (now that he laughed like that) made him a Satyr. There, suddenly in a second, he was stamped on her mind, the flame of the red beard, aggressive, hornsymbol, horn of plenty. The mouth showed the teeth, not remarkable in any way for symmetry or lack of symmetry, but teeth to tear, to devour. » *Bid me to live, 84.*

148. « She was beautiful, reckless, one of the poetesses whose poetry Richard feared and wondered over. » *Kangaroo, 279.*

149. « His marriage with Frieda was a step which inevitably created a morass about the paths of friendship. I saw one person after another flounder in that morass. » *Carswell, SP, 37-38.*

151. « Post [Jung] direct to her... so that the Jewish magpie shall not settle chattering on my roof. » *C. L. 367.*

157. « Why don't you have the pride of your own intrinsic self ? Why must you tamper with the idea of being an ordinary physical woman — wife, mother, mistress. Primarily, you are none of these things. Primarily, you belong to a special type, a special race of women: like Cassandra in Greece, and some of the great woman saints. They were the great media of *truth,* of the deepest truth: through them, as through Cassandra, the truth came as through a fissure from the depths and the burning darkness that lies out of the depth of time. It is necessary for this great type to reassert itself on the face of the earth. It is not the *salon* lady and the blue stocking — it is not the critic and judge, but the priestess, the medium, the prophetess... It is not your brain you must trust to, nor your will— but to that fundamental pathetic faculty for receiving the hidden waves that come from the depths of life, and for transfering them to the unreceptive world. It is something which happens below the consciousness, and below the range of the will— it is something which is unrecognized and frustrated and destroyed. » *C. L. 326.*

158. « She is like an old, tragic queen who knows that her life has been spent in conflict with a Kingdom that was not worth her life. » *C. L. 381.*

162. « ... I got such a stupid answer... vague and conditional like Mr Balfour discussing peace terms. To Hell with Ott. — the whole Ottlerie — what am I doing temporising with them ? » *C. L. 339.*

163. « At this distance of time I am more inclined to suspect that there was a certain element of sour grapes in my denunciation of his acceptance of adoration and homage from an adoring circle of attractive female disciples, whom Frieda had painted for me in glowing and slightly venomous colours. » *C. Gray, Musical Chairs, 133.*

164. « The Cornish Saint Anthony was finding the burden of chastity excessive, and he had no difficulty in finding an excuse for a visit to the metropolis in order to investigate the situation — which he duly did.

This violent intrusion of the hair-shirted monk from the Cornish Thebaïd caused a certain disarray and havoc in the ranks of the Orphic maenads before he returned to his hermitage. » *Id. ib. 133.*

165. « I accused him, in point of fact, of allowing himself to become the object of a kind of esoteric female cult, an Adonis, Atthis, Dionysos religion of wich was the central figure, a Jesus Christ to a regiment of Mary Magdalenes. » *Id. ib. 132.*

166. « As for me and my « women », I know what they are and aren't, and though there is a certain messiness, there is a further reality... The pure understanding between the Magdalene and Jesus went deeper than the understanding between the disciples and Jesus, or Jesus and the Bethany women. But Jesus himself was frightened of the knowledge which subsisted between the Magdalene and him, a knowledge deeper than the knowledge of Christianity and « good » deeper than love, anyhow... And your hatred of me, like Frieda's hatred of me, is your cleavage to a world of knowledge and being which you ought to forsake, which, by organic law, you must depart from or die. And my « women » represent, in an impure and unproud, subservient, cringing, bad fashion, I admit — but represent none the less the threshold of a new world, or underworld, of knowledge and being... You want an emotional sensuous underworld, like Frieda and the Hebrideans: my « women » want an ecstatic subtly-intellectual underworld, like the Greeks — Orphicism — like Magdalene at her feet-washing — and there you are. *C. L. 531-2.*

167. « Lawrence made an omelette and it rose up so high in the frying-pan in a mountain of foam that he called us all down to the kitchen to see it. It was then carried in triumph to the next room to be eaten. Just as all seemed happy, something suddenly annoyed Lawrence and he said furiously, « Everyone must change wives. Kot can have Beatrice and Gertler can have Frieda ». In a minute Frieda was attacking Lawrence and everything was spoilt. » *B. Campbell, Lady Glenavy, To-day we will only gossip, 92.*

170. « But I will write to you because I feel a sort of love for your hard, stoical spirit — not for anything else. » *C. L. 341.*

172. « The fact of resurrection, in this life, is all in all to me now... Whether we dead can rise from the dead and love, and live, in a new life, here. » *C. L. 372.*

173. « If war prevails, I dot not love. If love prevails, there is no war. War is a great and necessary disintegrating autumnal process. Love is the great creative process, like spring, the making of an integral unity out of many disintegrated factors. » *C. L. 375.*

178. « ... like the relation of two suns which, revolving in fluent and rebounding curves, only recede from each other in order to return again with renewed swiftness into close proximity — and which together blend their rays into the glow of one double star. » *E. Carpenter, Love's Coming of Age, 121.*

183. « What we want is the fulfilment of our desires, down to the deepest and most spiritual desire. The body is immediate, the spirit is

beyond: first the leaves and then the flower: but the plant is an integral whole: therefore *every* desire, to the very deepest. And I shall find my deepest desire to be a wish for pure, unadulterated relationship with the universe, for truth in being. My pure relationship with one woman is marriage, physical and spiritual; with another, is another form of happiness, according to our nature. And so on for ever. » *C. L. 467, 16. 7. 16 (a).*

184. « In a way, Frieda is the devouring mother. It is awfully hard, once the sex relation has gone this way, to recover. If we don't recover, we die. But Frieda says I am antedeluvian in my positive attitude. I do think a woman must yield some sort of precedence to a man, and he must take this precedence. I do think men must go ahead absolutly in front of their women, without turning round to ask for permission or approval of their women... Secondly, I do believe in friendship. I believe tremendously in friendship between man and man, a pledging of men to each other inviolably. But I have not ever met or formed such a friendship. Also I believe the same way in friendship between men and women, and between women and women, sworn, pledged, eternal, as eternal as the marriage bond, and as deep. But I have not met or formed such friendship. » *C. L. 565.*

LIVRRE II, CHAPITRE V (pages 369 à 434)

2. « One weary little word. This pseudo-philosophy of mine — « pollyanalytics », as one of my respected critics might say — is deduced from the novels and poems, not the reverse. The novels and poems come unwatched out of one's pen. And then the absolute need which one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude towards oneself and things in general makes one try to abstract some definite conclusions from one's experiences as a writer and as a man. The novels and poems are pure passionate experience. These « pollyanalytics » are inferences made afterwards, from the experience. » *Fantasia, 10.*

3. « And finally, it seems to me that even art is utterly dependent on philosophy: or if you prefer it, on a metaphysic. The metaphysic or philosophy may not be anywhere very accurately stated and may be quite unconscious, in the artist, yet it is a metaphysic that governs men at the time, and is by all men more or less comprehended, and lived. Men live and see according to some gradually developing and gradually withering vision. This vision exists also as a dynamic idea or metaphysics — exists first as such. Then it is unfolded into life and art. » *Id. 11.*

9. « I knew I was writing a destructive work, otherwise I would not have called it *The Rainbow* — in reference to the Flood... And I knew, as I revised the book, that it was a kind of working up to the dark

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(a) The text, at present scarcely intelligible, might be clarified by changing « is » into « in » before marriage; by placing a comma instead of a semicolon after « spiritual ».

sensual or Dionysic or Aphrodisic ecstasy, which does actually burst the world, burst the world-consciousness in every indivimual. » *C. L. 519.*

11. « It might find a good public amongst the Meredithy public. It is quite different in manner from my other stuff — far less visualised. » *C. L. 183.*

12. « It is all analytical — quite unlike *Sons and Lovers,* not a bit visualised » *C. L. 193.*

14. « What a miserable world. What colossal idiocy, this war. Out of sheer rage I've begun my book about Thomas Hardy. It will be about anything but Thomas Hardy, I am afraid — queer stuff ? but not bad. » *C. L. 290.*

15. « I am just finishing a book, supposed to be on Thomas Hardy, but in reality a sort of Confessions of my Heart. » *Damon, Amy Lowell, etc., 279.*

20. « For a moment wasting himself that he might know himself. » « It is a moment of joy, of saying « I am ». *L. 101.*

21. « And the flame was all the story and all triumph... He had seen the flower in all its evanescence and its being. » *T. H., Phœnix, 399.*

22. « The excess is the thing itself at its maximum of being. » *Id. 402.*

23. « Children and good works are a minor aim... The final aim of every living thing, creature, or being is the full achievement of itself... The world is a world because of the poppy's red. » *Ib. 403, 404.*

28. « Where does my poppy spill over in red, but where the two streams have flowed and clasped together, where the pollen stream clashes into the pistil stream, where the male clashes into the female, and the two heave out in utterance... the male seethes and whirls in incredible speed upon the pivot of the female, where the two are one, as axle and wheel are one, and the motions travel out to infinity. » *Phœnix, 442.*

29. « The spinning of the wheel *upon the hub* may be a frictionless whole, complete, an unbroken sleep that is infinite, motion that is utter rest, a duality that is sheerly one. » *Phœnix, 443.*

32. « as if any external power could give us the right to ourselves. » *Phœnix, 404.*

36. « A selfish person is an impure person, one who wants that which is not himself. » *Phœnix, 432.*

37. « ... till, in the future, wonderful, distinct individuals, like angels, move about, each one being himself, perfect as a complete melody or a pure colour. » *Phœnix, 432.*

38. « She is of an old line, and has the aristocratic quality of respect for the other being. She does not see the other person as an extension of herself, existing in a universe of which she is the centre and pivot. She knows that other people are outside her. Therein she is an aristocrat. » *Phœnix, 482-483.*

39. « It would seem as if each soul, detaching itself from the mass, the matrix, should achieve its own knowledge. Yet this is not so. Many a soul which we feel should have detached itself and become distinct, remains embedded, and struggles with knowledge that does not pertain to it. It reached a point of distinctness and a degree of personal knowledge, and then became confused, lost itself. » *Phœnix, 433.*

40. « So we struggle mechanically, unformed, unbegotten, unborn, repeating some old process of life, unable to become ourselves, unable to produce anything new. » *Phœnix, 434.*

41. « But the act, called the sexual act, is not for the depositing of the seed. It is for leaping off into the unknown, as from a cliff's edge, like Sappho into the sea. » *Phœnix, 441.*

42. « ... the pure male stream meets the pure female stream in a heave and an overflowing: there, there is the flower indeed. » *Phœnix, 442.*

44. « The physical, what we call in its narrowest meaning, the sex, is only a definite indication of the great male and female duality and unity... Man is man, and woman is woman, whether no children be born any more for ever. As long as time lasts, man is man. In eternity, where infinite motion becomes rest, the two may be one. But until eternity man is man. Until eternity, there shall be this separateness, this interaction of man upon woman, male upon female, this suffering, this delight, this imperfection. In eternity, maybe, the action may be perfect. In infinity, the spinning of the wheel upon the hub may be a frictionless whole, complete, an unbroken sleep that is infinite, motion that is utter rest, a duality that is sheerly one.

But except in infinity, everything of life is male or female, distinct. But the consciousness, that is of both; and the flower, that is of both. Every impulse that stirs in life, every single impulse, is either male or female, distinct, except the being of the complete flower, of the complete consciousness, which is two in one, fused. These are infinite and eternal. The consciousness, what we call the truth, is eternal, beyond change or motion, beyond time or limit. But that which is not conscious, which is Time, and Life, that is our field. » *Ib. 443-444.*

46. « In life, then, no new thing has ever arisen, or can arise, save out of the impulse of the male upon the female, the female upon the male. The interaction of the male and female spirit begot the wheel, the plough, and the first utterance that was made on the face of the earth. » *Ib. 444.*

49. « Indeed, a sense of fault or failure is the usual cause of a man's making himself a metaphysic, to justify himself. » *Phœnix, 479.*

50. « So with a man who looks at his work which was not begotten in him by the woman of his body. He rejoices, troubles, and suffers an agony like death which contains resurrection. » *Ib. 445.*

51. « Usually, sex is only functional, a matter of relief or sensation, equivalent to eating or drinking or passing of excrement... In this case, a man must seek elsewhere than in woman for the female to possess his soul... And the finding of it for himself gives a man his vision, his God...

he must seek to make conscious his desire to find a symbol, to create and define in his consciousness the object of his desire. » *Ib. 445-446.*

52. « God... is his unrealized complement... Consciousness is the same effort in male and female to obtain perfect frictionless interaction, perfect as Nirvana. It is the reflex both of male and female from defect in their dual motion. Being reflex from the dual motion, consciousness contains the two in one, and is therefore in itself an Absolute. » *Ib. 446.*

53. « And desire is the admitting of deficiency... so that the attributes of God will reveal that which man lacked and yearned for in his living. And these attributes are always, in their essence, Eternality, Infinity, Immutability. » *Ib. 446.*

55. « ... Everything that we see and know and are is the resultant of those two Wills... And according as the Will-to-Motion predominates in the race, or the Will-to-Inertia, so must that race's conception of the One Will enlarge the attributes which are lacking or deficient in the race. » *Phœnix, 447.*

58. « This will to inertia is not negative, and the other positive. Rather, according to some conception, is Motion negative and Inertia, the static, geometric idea, positive. That is according to point of view. » *Phœnix, 448.*

65. « The great assertion of the Male was the New Testament, and, in its beauty, the Union of Male and Female. Christ was born of Woman, begotten by the Holy Spirit. This was why Christ should be called the Son of Man. For He was born of Woman. He was born to the Spirit, the Word, the Man, the Male. » *Phœnix, 452.*

66. « That which is Not-Me, that is God. All is God, except that which I know immediately as Myself. First I must lose Myself, then I find God. » *Ib. 453.*

72. « There shall be the art which... utters the glad embraces and the struggle between (man and woman), and the submission of one... the struggle between the two conflicting laws, and knows the final reconciliation, when both are equal, two in one, complete. » *Ib. 515-516.*

76. « Spiritual creation *à deux* is a happening so rare as to be negligible. » *Harrison, Ancient Art and Rimal, 216.*

77. « Art and religion, though perhaps not wholly ritual, spring from the incomplete cycle, from unsatisfied desire, from the perception and emotion that have somehow not found immediate outlet in practical action. » *Ib. 41.*

80. « In the Father, we are one flesh, in Christ we are crucified, and rise again, and are One with Him in Spirit. It is the difference between Law and Love. » *Phœnix, 465.*

82. « It is always for this consummation, this momentary contact or union of male with female, of spirit with spirit and flesh with flesh, when each is complete in itself and rejoices in its own being, when each is in himself or herself complete and single and essential. And love is

the great aspiration towards this complete consummation and this joy; it is the aspiration of each man that all men, that all life shall know it and rejoice. Since, until all men shall know it, no man shall fully know it. Since, by the Law, we are all one flesh. » *Phœnix, 465-466.*

83. « Self-consciousness is fatal to love, which is the true expression of the soul. » « Regeneration is the key to the meaning of love — to be in the first place born again *in* someone else or *through* someone else; in the second place only, to be born again through a child. » *Love's Coming of Age, 151, 160.*

87. « For every man comprises male and female in his being, the male always struggling for predominance. A woman likewise consists in male and female, with female predominant. » *Phœnix, 481.*

« Sex, as we call it, is only the point where the dual stream begins to divide, where it is nearly together, almost one. An infant is of no very determinate sex: that is, it is of both. Only at adolescence is there a real differentiation, the one is singled out to predominate. » *Ib. 459.*

88. « In Love, in the act of love, that which is mixed in me becomes pure, that which is female in me is given to the female; we rejoice in contact perfect and naked and clear, singled out unto ourselves, and given the surpassing freedom. No longer we see through a glass, darkly. For she is she, and I am I, clasped together with her, I know how perfectly she is not me, how perfectly I am not her, how utterly we are two, the light and the darkness, and how infinitely and eternally not-to-be-comprehended by either of us is the surpassing One we make. Yet of this One, this incomprehensible, we have an inkling that satisfies us. » *Ib. 468.*

89. « There has never been, in England, the great embrace, the surprising consummation, which Botticcelli recorded and which Raphael fixed in a perfect Abstraction. » *Ib. 464-465.*

91. « And since the Renaissance, disappointed in the flesh, the northern races have sought the consummation through Love; and they have denied the Father... Northern humanity has sought for consummation in the spirit, it has sought for the female apart from woman... Why is a race, like the Italian race, fundamentally melancholy, save that it has circumscribed its consummation within the body ? And the Jewish race, for the same reason, has become now almost hollow, with a pit of emptiness and misery in their eyes. And why is the English race neutral, indifferent, like a thing that eschews life... ? The body at last begins to wilt and become corrupt. But before it submits, half the life of the English race must be a lie. The life of the body, denied by the professed adherence to the spirit, must be something disowned, corrupt, ugly. » *Phœnix, 468-469.*

92. « It is light, actual sunlight or the luminous quality of day, which has infused more and more into the defined body, fusing away the outline, absolving the concrete reality, making a marriage, an embrace between the two things, light and object. » *Ib. 470.*

94. « But the two must be for ever reconciled, even if they exist on occasions apart one from the other. » *Phœnix, 474-475.*

95. « ... Active force meeting and overcoming and yet not overcoming inertia. » « It is the conjunction of the two which makes form... » « Each work of art has its own form, which has no relation to any other form. » *Ib. 476.*

96. « When a young painter studies an old master, he studies, not the form, that is an abstraction which does not exist: he studies maybe the method of the old artist: But he studies chiefly to understand how the old great artist suffered in himself the conflict of Love and Law, and brought them to a reconciliation. Apart from artistic method, it is not the Art that the young man is studying, but the State of the Soul of the great old artist, so that he, the young artist, may understand his own soul and gain a reconciliation between the aspiration and the resistant. » *Ib. 477-478.*

102. « It is no war for the freedom of man from militarism or the Prussian yoke; it is a war for freedom of the bonds of our own cowardice and sluggish greed of security and well-being; it is a fight to regain ourselves out of the grip of our own caution... We ought to be grateful to Germany that she still has the power to burst the bound hide of the cabbage. Where do I meet a man or a woman who does not draw deep and thorough satisfaction from this war... ? And this is the only good that can result from the « world disaster »: that we realize once more that self-preservation is not the final goal of life: that we realize that we can still squander life and property and inflict suffering wholesale. That will free us, perhaps, from the bushel we cower under, from the paucity of our lives, from the cowardice that will not let us *be,* which will only let us exist in security, unflowering, unreal, fat, under the cosy jam-pot of the State, under the shelter of the social frame. And we must be prepared to fight, after the war, a renewed rage of activity for greater self-preservation, a renewed outcry for a stronger bushel to shelter our light. » *Phœnix, 407.*

104. « One thing about them is that none of the heroes and heroines care very much for money or immediate self-preservation, and all of them are struggling hard to come into being. » *Phœnix, 410.*

105. « It is the primitive, primal earth, where the instinctive life heaves up. » *Ib. 415.*

106. « Man has a purpose which he has divorced from the passionate purpose that issued him out of the earth into being. » *Ib. 415.*

107. « The vast, unexplored morality of life itself, what we call the immorality of nature, surrounds us in its eternal incomprehensibility, and in its midst goes on the little human morality play, with its queer frame of morality and its mechanized movement. » *Ib. 419.*

110. « And a man who is strongly male tends to deny, to refute the female in him. A real « man » takes no heed of his body, which is the more female part of him. He considers himself only as an instrument, to be used in the service of some idea.

The true female, on the other hand, will eternally hold herself superior to any idea, will hold full life in the body to be the real

happiness. The male exists in doing, the female in being. The male lives in the satisfaction of some purpose achieved, the female in the satisfaction of some purpose contained. » *Ib. 481.*

113. « Few women, indeed, dared have made Jude marry them... And no ordinary woman would want Jude. Moreover, no ordinary woman could have laid her hands on Jude... A coarse, shallow woman does not want to marry a sensitive, deepfeeling man... She wants a man to correspond to herself. » *Ib. 489.*

114. « Arabella, was, under all her disguise of pig-fat and false hair, and vulgar speech, in character somewhat an aristocrat. » « ... amazingly lawless, even splendidly so. » *Ib. 490.*

115. « Arabella hated his books, and hated his whole attitude to study... That she would not, or could not, combine her life with him for the fulfilment of a purpose was their misfortune. » *Ib. 494.*

117. « Like Jude, she wanted to live partially, in the consciousness, in the mind only. She wanted no experience in the senses, she wished only to know. » *Phœnix, 496.*

118. « She belonged, like Tess, to the old-woman type of witch or prophetess, which adhered to the male principle, and destroyed the female. But in the true prophetess, in Cassandra, for example, the denial of the female cost a strong and almost maddening effect. » *Ib. 497.*

119. « When (Jude) came to Sue, he found her physically impotent, but spiritually potent. » *Phœnix, 500.*

120. « And then the horror when, because of Jude's unsatisfaction, he must take Sue sexually... They exhausted their lives, he in the consciousness, she in the body. » *Ib. 507.*

121. « And this tragedy is the result of overdevelopment of one principle of human life at the expense of the other... If we had reverence for what we are, our life would take real form, and Sue would have a place, as Cassandra had a place; she would have a place which does not yet exist, because we are all so vulgar, we have nothing. » *Ib. 509-510.*

127. « How can one say, there is motion and rest ? If all things move together in one infinite motion, that is rest. Rest and motion are only two degrees of motion, or two degrees of rest. Infinite motion and infinite rest are the same thing. It is obvious. Since, if motion were infinite, there would be no standing-ground from which to regard it as motion. And the same with rest... So there is no such thing as rest. There is only infinite motion. But infinite motion must contain every degree of rest. So that motion and rest are the same thing. Rest is the lowest speed of motion which I recognize under normal conditions. » *Phœnix, 448.*

129. « Race lifts a man above himself: it endows him with extraordinary — I might almost say supernatural — powers, so entirely does it distinguish him from the individual who springs from the chaotic jumble of peoples drawn from all parts of the world. » *Foundations, etc. vol. I, ch. IV, 269.* « Individualists » are presented as « genuine perso-

nalities who have built the world. » *Vol. II, ch. IX: The Teutons as Creators of a New Culture, 199.*

130. It is important to understand « the organic relation of race to its quintessence, the hero or genius... The richer the blood that courses invisibly through the veins, the more luxuriant will be the blossoms of life that spring forth. » *Ib.*, I, *297-298.*

131. « Teutons, to make room for themselves, slaughtering whole tribes and races, or slowly killing them by systematic demoralization... One must admit that in the very places where they were most cruel... they laid by their own means the surest foundation of what is highest and most moral. » *Ib. vol. I, 542 and ff.; vol. II, 228: The Teutonic World.*

136. « If... we regard this age as the end of the world, we are almost oppressed by the near splendour of the great Italian epoch, but if we take refuge in the arms of an extravagantly generous future, that wonderful splendour of plastic art will perhaps appear as a mere episode in a much greater whole. » *Foundations, etc. II, 363.*

140. « The relative value of a *Weltanschauung* depends more upon power of seeing than upon abstract power of thinking, more upon the correctness of the perspective, upon the vividness of the picture, upon its artistic qualities... than upon the amount seen... Beauty is man's addition: *by it nature grows into art, and chaos into intuitive perception.* » *Ib. II, 242-243.*

149. « This is the creating of nothingness. » *RDP, 17.*

150. « Anything that *triumphs*, perishes. The consummation comes from perfect relatedness. To this a man may *win*. But he who triumphs, perishes. » *Ib. 17.*

151. « There are myriads of human lives that are not absolute nor timeless, myriads that just waver and toss temporarily, never become more than relative, never come into being. They have no being, no immortality. » *Ib. 24.*

152. « There is one eternity, one infinite, one God. Thou shalt have no other God before me... The partial soul cries out in a convulsion of insistence that the darkness alone is infinite and eternal. » *The Signature, No II, 7-8, 9-10.*

153. « This I, which I am, has no being save in timelessness. In my consummation, when that which came from the Beginning and that which came from the End are transfused into oneness, then I come into being, I have existence. Till then I am only a part of nature; I am not. » *RDP, 37.*

154. « The soul does not come into being at birth. The soul comes into being in the midst of life, just as the phœnix in her maturity becomes immortal in flame. » *Ib. 38.*

159. « It became at last a collective activity, a war, when, within the great rind of virtue we thresh destruction further and further, till our whole civilization is like a great rind full of corruption, of breaking down, a mere shell threatened with collapse upon itself. » *RDP, 46.*

160. « Within the closed shell of the Christian conception, we lapse utterly back, through reduction, back to the Beginning. It is the triumph of death, of decomposition. » *Ib. 46-47.*

167. « The flower is timeless and beyond condition. » *RDP, 21.*

171. « It is not a question of time. It is a question of being. It is a question of submitting to the divine grace, in suffering and self-obliteration, and it is a question of conquering by divine grace, as the tiger leaps on the trembling deer, in utter satisfaction of the Self, in complete fulfilment of desire. » *Ib. 91.*

172. « If he could have known a great humanity, where to live one's animal would be to create oneself, *in fact, be the artist creating a man in living fact*... and where the art was the final expression of the created animal or man... » *C. L. 327.*

173. « This is art, the revelation of a pure, an absolute relation between the two eternities. Matter is a slow, big wave flowing back to the Origin. And Spirit is a slow, infinite wave flowing back to the Goal, the ultimate Future. On the slow wave of matter and spirit, on marble or bronze or colour or air, and on the consciousness, we imprint a perfect revelation, and this is art: whether it reveal the relation in creation or in corruption, it is the same, it is a revelation of God... Because the revelation is imprinted on stone or granite, on the slow, last-receding wave, therefore it remains with us for a long, long time, like the sculptures of Egypt. » *RDP, 93.*

174. « The true God is *created* every time a pure relationship, or a consummation out of twoness into oneness takes place. So that the poppy flower is God come red out of the poppy plant. And a man, if he win to a sheer fusion in himself of all the manifold creation, a pure relation, a sheer gleam of oneness out of manyness, then this man is God created where before God was uncreate. He is the Holy Ghost in tissue of flame and flesh, whereas before, the Holy Ghost was but Ghost. » *Ib. 94.*

175. « And then starts the one glorious activity of man: the getting himself into a new relationship with a new heaven and a new earth. » *Ib. 99.*

176. « For that which is made up of both the opposites is one; and, when the one is divided, the opposites are disclosed. » *Burnet, Early Greek Philosophy, 145.*

179. « The persistent nothingness of the war makes me feel like a paralytic convulsed with rage. Meanwhile I am writing a book of sketches, or preparing a book of sketches, about the nations, Italian, German and English, full of philosophising and struggling to show things real. » *C. L. 364, 5. IX. 1915.*

180. « Let us have done with this foolish form of government, and this idea of democratic control. Let us submit to the knowledge that there are aristocrats and plebeians born, not made. Some amongst us are born fit to govern, and some are born only fit to be governed. Some are born to be artisans and labourers, some to be lords and governors.

But it is not a question of tradition and heritage. It is a question of the incontrovertible soul... We are a nation which must be built up according to a living idea, a great architecture of living people, which shall express the greatest truth of which we are capable... It is a question of spirit even more than of intelligence. A bad spirit in a nation chooses a bad spirit in a governor. » *C. L. 361, 16. VIII. 1915.*

182.« This is my first try at direct approach to the public: art after all is indirect and ultimate. I want this to be more immediate... You see I want to initiate, if possible, a new movement for real life and real freedom. » *C. L. 368, Letter to W. Hopkin, 14. IX. 1915.*

183. « One must speak for life and growth, amid all this mass of destruction and disintegration. » *C. L. 369.* « But there must be a new heaven and a new earth, a clearer, eternal moon above, and a clean world below. » *C. L. 366.* « It *(The Signature)* is really *something:* the seed, I hope, of a great change in life: the beginning of a new religious era, from my point. » *L. 258.*

184. « One must try to save the quick, to send up the new shoots of a new era: a great, utter revolution, and the dawn of a new historical epoch: either that, or the vast amorphous dust. » *C. L. 374.*

185. « Germany, Prussia, is not evil through and through. Her mood is now *evil.* But we reap what we have sowed. It is as with a child: if with a sullen, evil soul one provokes an evil mood in the child, there is destruction. But no child is all evil. And Germany is the child of Europe: and senile Europe, with her conventions and arbitrary rules of conduct and life and very being, has provoked Germany into a purely destructive mood... And if Prussia for a time imposes her rule on us, let us bear it, as a mother temporarily bears the ugly tyranny of the child, trusting to the ultimate good. » *C. L. 375-376, 2. XI. 1915.*

186. « ... My book of *Italian Studies*... contains a plainer statement of a « message » (than the *Rainbow*). » *C. L. 393-394; 422-423.*

187. « I can rob the tiger of his ecstasy, his consummation, his very *raison d'être,* by my non-resistance. » *T. I. 52.*

188. « If only nations would realize that they have certain natural characteristics, if only they could understand and agree to each other's particular nature, how much simpler it would all be. » *T. I. 7.*

190. « Their large, full-moulded limbs and erect bodies are distinct, separate, as if they were perfectly chiselled out of the stuff of life, static, cut off... Yet they are convivial, they are almost the only race with the souls of artists... It is a race that moves on the poles of mystic sensual delight. Every gesture is a gesture from the blood, every expression is a symbolic utterance. » *T. I. 10, 11.*

192. « Everything is of the blood, of the senses. There is no mind... Whether it is singing or dancing or play-acting or physical transport of love, or vengeance or cruelty, or whether it is work or sorrow or religion... There is no flux nor hope nor becoming, all *is,* once and for all. Hence the strange beauty and finality and isolation of the Bavarian peasant. » *T. I. 11-12.*

197. « Her eyes were clear as the sky, blue, empyrean, transcendent. » *T. I. 31.*

198. « ... They paced the narrow path of the twilight, treading in the neutrality of the law. Neither the blood nor the spirit spoke in them, only the law, the abstraction of the average... The flesh neutralizing the spirit, the spirit neutralizing the flesh, the law of the average asserted, this was the monks as they paced backward and forward. *T. I. 40-41.*

206. « I thought of England, the great mass of London, and the black, fuming, laborious Midlands and North-country. It seemed horrible. And yet... it is better to go forward into error and decay than to stay fixed inextricably in the past. » *T. I. 73.*

207. « Far away, beyond... was this England, black and foul and dry, with her soul worn down, almost worn away. And England was conquering the world with her machines and her horrible destruction of natural life. She was conquering the whole world... She had conquered the natural life to the end: *she was replete with the conquest of the outer world, satisfied with the destruction of the Self.* She would cease, she would turn round, or else expire. If she still lived, *she would begin to build her knowledge into a great structure of truth.* » *T. I. 73.*

208. « The war is resolving itself into a war between Labour and Capital. Unless real leaders step forward, to lead in the light of a wide-embracing philosophy, there will be another French Revolution muddle. We shall never finish our fight with Germany. The fight will shift to England. » *C. L. 351.*

209. « The whole drama is the tragedy of the convulsed reaction of the mind from the flesh, of the spirit from the self, the reaction from the great aristocratic to the great democratic principle. » *T. I. 94.*

210. « Yet Gertrude, like Clytemnestra, is the potential murderer of her husband, as Lady Macbeth is murderess, as the daughters of Lear. The women murder the supreme male, the ideal Self, the King and Father... The woman rejects, repudiates the ideal Self which the male represents to her. » *T. I. 96.*

211. « The great religious, philosophic tide, which had been swelling all through the Middle Ages, had brought (Hamlet... to decide that the Self must die)... And the decision is, not to be... If my fulfilment is the fulfilment and establishment of the unknown divine Self which I am..., my order of life will be kingly, imperial, aristocratic... In the body politic I shall desire a king, an emperor, a tyrant, glorious, mighty, in whom I see myself consummated and fulfilled... With Savonarola and Martin Luther the living Church actually transformed itself, for the Roman Church was still pagan... The King, the Emperor is killed in the soul of man, the old order of life is over, the old tree is dead at the root. So said Shakespeare. It was finally enacted in Cromwell... After Cromwell the idea was « For the good of my neighbour », or « For the good of the people », or « For the good of the whole ». » *T. I. 96-100.*

212. « We are tempted, like Nietzsche, to return back to the old pagan Infinite, to say that is supreme. Or we are inclined, like the

English and the Pragmatist, to say, « There is no Infinite, there is no Absolute. The only Absolute is expediency, the only reality is sensation and momentariness »... But we never believe it... What is really Absolute is the mystic Reason which connects both Infinites, the Holy Ghost that relates both natures to God. If we now wish to make a living state, we must build it up to the idea of the Holy Spirit, the supreme Relationship. » *T. I. 100.*

LIVRE II, CHAPITRE VI (pages 435 à 484)

2. « In the *Sisters* was the germ of this novel: woman becoming individual, self-responsible, taking her own initiative. » *C. L. 273.*

3. « Once you've known what love *can* be, there's no disappointment anymore, and no despair... I think folk have got sceptic about love — that's because nearly everybody fails. It's their own fault. I'll do my life work, sticking up for the love between man and woman... I shall always be a priest of love, and now a glad one — and I'll preach my heart out. Lord bless you. » *C. L. 172-173.*

5. « I think the only re-sourcing of art, revivifying it, is to make it more the joint work of man and woman... That is the start — by bringing themselves together, men and women— revealing themselves each to the other, gaining great blind knowledge and suffering and joy, which it will take a big further lapse of civilization to exploit and work out. Because the source of all living is in the interchange and the meeting and mingling of these two: man-life and woman-life, man-knowledge and woman-knowledge, man-being and woman-being. » *C. L. 280.*

6. « But when I read Marinetti — 'the profound intutitions of life added one to the other, word by word, according to their illogical conception, will give us the general lines of an intuitive physiology of matter' — I see something of what I am after... Somehow — that which is physic — non-human, in humanity, is more interesting to me than the old-fashioned human element — which causes one to conceive a character in a certain moral scheme and make him consistent. The certain moral scheme is what I object to. » *C. L. 281.*

7. (Marinetti) « is stupid, as an artist, for contrasting the heat of the iron and the laugh of the woman... It is the inhuman will, call it physiology, or like Marinetti, physiology of matter, that fascinates me. I don't so much care about what the woman *feels* — in the ordinary usage of the word. That presumes an *ego* to feel with. I only care about what the woman *is* — what she IS — inhumanly, physiologically, materially — according to the use of the word: but for me, what she is as a phenomenon (or as representing some greater, inhuman will), instead of what she feels according to the human conception. » *C. L. 282.*

8. « You mustn't look in my novel for the old stable *ego* — of the character. There is another *ego*, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which

it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercice, to discover are states of the same single radically unchanged element. » *C. L. 282.*

9. « Again I say, don't look for the development of the novel to follow the lines of certain characters: the characters fall into the form of some other rhythmic form, as when one draws a fiddle-bow across a fine tray delicately sanded, the sand takes lines unknown. » *C. L. 282.*

11. « We want to realize the tremendous *non-human* quality of life — it is wonderful. It is not the emotions, nor the personal feelings and attachments, that matter. These are all only expressive, and expression has become mechanical. » *C. L. 291.*

12. « You see a novel, after all this period of coming into being, has a definite organic form, just as a man when he is grown. » *C. L. 334.*

14. « I have been reading Frazer's *Golden Bough* and *Totemism and Exogamy*. Now I am convinced of what I believed when I was about twenty — that there is another seat of consciousness than the brain and the nerve system: there is a blood consciousness which exists in us independently of the ordinary mental consciousness, which depends on the eye as its source or connector. There is the blood-consciousness, with the sexual connection holding the same relation as the eye, in seeing, holds to the mental consciousness. One lives, knows, and has one's being in the blood, without any reference to nerves and brain. This is one half of life, belonging to the darkness. And the tragedy of this our life and of your life, is that the mental and nerve consciousness exerts a tyranny over the blood-consciousness and that your will has gone completely over to the mental consciousness, and is engaged in the destruction of your blood-being or blood-consciousness, the final liberating of the one, which is only death in result. Plato was the same. » *C. L. 393.*

15. « ... there is this other great half of our life active in the darkness, the blood relationship: ... when I *see*, there is a connection between my mental-consciousness and an outside body, forming a percept; but at the same time, there is a transmission through the darkness which is never absent from the light, into my blood-consciousness: but in seeing, the blood-percept is perhaps not strong. On the other hand, when I take a woman, then the blood-percept is supreme, my blood-knowing is overwhelming. There is a transmission, I don't know of what, between her blood and mine, in the act of connection. » *C. L. 393.*

17. « You ask me about the message of *The Rainbow*. I don't know myself what it is: except that the older world is done for, toppling on top of us: and that it's no use the men looking to the women for salvation, nor the women looking to sensuous satisfaction for their fulfilment. There must be a new world. » *C. L. 422.*

19. « It was all written before the war, though revised during Sept. and Oct. of 1914. I don't think the war had much to do with it — I don't think the war altered it, from its pre-war statement. I only clarified a little, in revision. » *C. L. 519.*

20. « I knew I was writing a destructive work, otherwise I couldn't have called it *The Rainbow* — in reference to the Flood. And the book was

written and named in Italy, by the Mediterranean, before there was any thought of war. And I knew, as I revised the book, that it was a kind of working up to the dark sensual or Dionysic or Aphrodisic ecstasy, which does actually burst the world, burst the world-consciousness in every individual. What I did through individuals, the world has done through the war... There is a great *consummation* in death, or sensual ecstasy, as in the *Rainbow*. » *C. L. 519.*

22. « The tale is about becoming complete or about the failure to become complete. » *Phœnix, 410.*

24. « To express the same moment » (union between the male and the female) « Botticelli uses no symbol, but builds up a complicated system of circles, of movements wheeling in their horizontal plane about their fixed centres, the whole builded up dome-shaped, and then the dome surpassed by another singing cycle in the open air above. This is Botticelli always: different cycles of joy, different moments of embrace, different forms of dancing round, all contained in one picture, without solution. He has not solved it yet.

And Raphaël, in reaching the pure symbolic solution, has surpassed art and become almost mathematics. Since the business of art is never to solve, but only to declare. There is no such thing as solution. Nietzsche talks about the *Ewige Wiederkehr*. It is like Botticelli singing cycles. But each cycle is different. There is no real recurrence. » *Ib. 460-461.*

26. « I think there is the dual way of looking at things: our way, which is to say « I am all. All other things are but radiation out from me. » — The other way is to try to conceive the whole, to build up a whole by means of symbolism, because symbolism avoids the I and puts aside the egotist; and, in the whole, to take our decent place. That was how man built the cathedrals. He didn't say « out of my breast springs this cathedral ! » But « in this vast whole I am a small part, I move and live and have my being »... The old symbols were each a word in a great attempt at formulating the whole history of the soul of Man. They *are unintelligible* except in their whole context. » *C. L. 302.*

27. « His heart was tormented within him, he did not try to smile. The time of his trial and his admittance, his Gethsemane and his Triumphal Entry in one, had come now. » *RW, 50.*

28. « There was an inner reality, a logic of the soul, which connected her with him. » *RW, 34.*

35. « So he had to begin the bitter lesson, to abate himself, to take less than he wanted. For she was Woman to him, all other women were her shadows. For she had satisfied him. And he wanted it to go on. And it could not. » *RW, 75.*

36. « She was again the active unknown facing him... » « Why aren't you satisfied with me ? — I'm not satisfied with you. Paul used to come to me and take me like a man does. You only leave me alone or take me like your cattle, quickly, to forget me again — so that you can forget me again... I want you to know there is somebody there besides yourself... You come to me as if it was for nothing, as if I was nothing

there. When Paul came to me, I *was* something to him — a woman, I was. To you I am nothing — it is like cattle — or nothing — » « — You make me feel as if *I* was nothing », he said. »

« And her hands on him seemed to reveal to him the mould of his own nakedness, he was passionately lovely to himself... He suffered from the compulsion to her. She was the awful unknown... Easiest he could kiss her feet. But he was too ashamed for the actual deed, which were like an affront. She waited for him to meet her, not to bow before her and serve her. She wanted his active participation, not his submission. She put her fingers on him. And it was torture to him, that he must give himself to her actively, participate in her, that he must meet and embrace and know her, who was other than himself... But he let go his hold on himself, he relinquished himself and knew the subterranean force of his desire to come to her, to be with her, to mingle with her, losing himself to find her, to find himself in her. » *RW, 85-86.*

37. « I thought it was woman, indiscriminate woman,
mere female adjunct of what I was.
Ah, that was torment enough
and a thing to be afraid of,
a threatening, torturing, phallic Moloch.
A woman fed that hunger in me at last.
What many women cannot give, one woman can;
so I have known it.

She stood before me like riches that were mine.
Even then, in the dark, I was tortured, ravening, unfree,
Ashamed, and shameful, and vicious...

.. .. ..

What remains in me, is to be known even as I know.
I know her now: or perhaps, I know my limitation against her.
I suppose, ultimately she is all beyond me,
she is all not-me, ultimately.

.. .. ..

She touches me as if I were herself, her own.
She has not realized yet, that fearful thing, that I am the other,
she thinks we are all of one piece.
It is painfully untrue.

I want her to touch me at last, ah, on the root and quick of my [darkness
and perish on me as I have perished on her.

Then, we shall be two and distinct, we shall have each our [separate being.
And that will be pure existence, real liberty.
Till then, we are confused, a mixture, unresolved, unextricated [one from the other.

.. .. ..

When she has put her hand on my secret, darkest sources, the [darkest outgoings,

when it has struck home to her, like a death, « this is *him !* »
she has no part in it, no part whatever,
it is the terrible *other*...

then I shall be glad, I shall not be confused with her,
I shall be cleared, distinct, single, as if burnished in silver,
having no adherence, no adhesion anywhere,

one clear, burnished, isolated being, unique,
and she also, pure, isolated, complete,
two of us, unutterably distinguished, and in unutterable con-
[junction.
Then we shall be free, freer than angels, ah, perfect. »

C. P. 264 and ff.

39. « Those who are truly married on earth are in heaven one Angel. » *The Drama of Love and Death, 239.*

40. « There's no marriage in heaven » went on Tom Brangwen ; « but on earth there is marriage... » « *If* we've got to be Angels » went on Tom Brangwen, haranguing the company at large, « and if there's no such thing as a man nor a woman amongst them, then it seems to me as a married couple makes one Angel... » ... « they rise united at the Judgment Day as one Angel. » *R.W., 127-128.*

43. « He did not know what meant much to him. Living close to Anna Brangwen, his mind was always suffused through with physical heat. He moved from instinct to instinct, groping, always groping on. » *R.W. 394.*

44. « Driven by fear of her departure into a state of helplessness, almost of imbecility, he wandered about the house. » *R.W., 141.*

46. « He was so detached, so purely objective. A woman was thoroughly outside him. There was no confusion. So he could give that fine, deliberate response. He was something separate and interesting... » *R.W., 186.*

47. « Was this not her natural element ? Was not the close Brangwen life stifling to her ? » *R.W., 187.*

51. « He had failed to become really articulate, failed to find real expression. He had to continue in the old form. But in spirit, he was uncreated. » *R.W., 194.*

55. « The Brangwen girls had all a curious blind dignity, even a kind of nobility in their bearing. By some result of breed and upbringing, they seemed to rush along their own lives without caring that they existed to other people. » *R.W., 247.*

60. « Then she found that the way to escape was easy. One departed from the whole circumstances. One went away to the Grammar School, and left the little school, the meagre teachers, the Phillipses whom she had tried to love but who had made her fail, and whom she could not forgive. » *R.W., 248.*

61. « But she was a traveller, she was a traveller on the face of the earth, and he was an isolated creature living in the fulfilment of his own senses. » *R.W., 394.*

« And then the two girls began to drift apart, as Ursula broke from that form of life wherein Maggie must remain enclosed. » *R.W., 389.*

62. « An all-containing will in her for complete independence, complete social independence, complete independence from any personal authority, kept her dullishly at her studies. » *R.W., 315.*

63. « It seems to me as if you weren't anybody — as if there weren't anybody there, where you are. Are you anybody, really? You seem like nothing to me. » *R.W., 293.*

64. « Why could he not himself desire a woman so? Why did he never really want a woman, not with the whole of him: never loved, never worshipped, only physically wanted her? » *R.W., 298.*

66. « Ursula was aware of some influence looking in upon her... She wanted the moon to fill in to her, she wanted more, more communion with the moon, consummation. But Skrebensky put his arm round her and led her away. » *R.W., 300.*

67. « She half started, to go in actuality, to fling away her clothing and flee away, away from this dark confusion and chaos of people to the hill and the moon. But the people stood round her like stones, like magnetic stones, and she could not go, in actuality. Skrebensky, like a loadstone weighed on her, the weight of his presence detained her... She felt like bright metal weighted down by dark, impure magnetism. He was the dross, people were the dross. If she could but get away to the clean free moonlight. » *R.W., 300.*

69. « She took him in the kiss, hard her kiss seized upon him, hard and fierce and burning, corrosive as the moonlight... But hard and fierce she had fastened upon him, cold as the moon and burning as a fierce salt. Till gradually his warm, soft iron yielded, yielded, and she was there fierce, corrosive, seething with his destruction, seething like some cruel, corrosive salt around the last substance of his being, destroying him, destroying him in the kiss... So she held him there, the victim, consumed, annihilated. » *R.W., 303.*

70. « Had she been mad: what horrible thing had possessed her?... » « There was no core to him: as a distinct male he had no core... He would be subject now, reciprocal, never the indomitable thing with a core of overweening, unabateable fire. She had abated that fire, she had broken him. » *R.W., 303-304.*

75. « But Ursula never told about Winifred Inger. That was a sort of secret side-show to her life, never to be opened. She did not even think of it. It was the closed door she had not the strength to open. » *R.W., 384.*

79. « She was fascinated by the stange laws of the vegetable world. She had there a glimpse of something working entirely apart from the purpose of the human world. » *R.W., 411.*

80. « It intended to be itself. But what self ?... She only knew that it was not limited mechanical energy, nor mere purpose of self-preservation and self-assertion. It was a consummation, a being infinite. Self was a oneness with the infinite. To be oneself was a supreme, gleaming triumph of infinity. » *R.W., 416-417.*

82. « She could see him so well out there in India — one of the governing class, superimposed upon an old civilization, lord and master of a clumsier civilization then his own...The country... did need his roads and bridges, and the enlightenment of which he was part. He would go to India. But that was not her road. » « What do you govern for, but to make things there as dead and mean as they are here! » *R.W., 419, 435.*

83. « She turned to it as if to something she had forgotten, and wanted. This was now the reality; this great stone cathedral slumbering there in its mass, which knew no transience nor heard any denial. It was majestic in its stability, its splendid absoluteness. » *R.W., 430.*

86. « She was the naked, clear kernel thrusting forth the clear, powerful shoot... the kernel was free and naked and striving to take new roots to create a new knowledge of Eternity in the flux of Time. » *466.* « It was not for her to create, but to recognize a man created by God. » *R.W., 464.*

88. « I have no father nor mother nor lover. I have no allocated place in the world of things, I do not belong to Beldover nor to Nottingham nor to England nor to this world, they none of them exist, I am trammelled and entangled in them, but they are all unreal. I must break out of it, like a nut from its shell which is an unreality. » *R.W., 464.*

93. « But what are the people ? Each one of them is a money interest. I hate it, that anybody is my equal who has the same amount of money as I have. I *know* I am better than all of them... I hate equality on a money basis. It is the equality of dirt. » *R.W., 435.*

95. « Only the greedy and ugly people come up to the top in a democracy » she said, « because they are the only people who will push themselves there. Only degenerate races are democratic. » *R.W., 434-435.*

96. « But she could see the glimmer of dark movement just out of range, she saw the eyes of the wild beast gleaming from the darkness, watching the vanity of the camp fire and the sleepers... Yea, and no man dared even throw a fire brand into the darkness. For if he did he was jeered to death by the others, who cried: « Fool, anti-social knave, why would you disturb us with bogeys ? There *is* no darkness... Fool and knave, how dare you belittle us with the darkness ? » *R.W., 412-414.*

99. « And the rainbow stood on the earth. She knew that the sordid people who crept hard-scaled and separate on the face of the world's corruption were living still... that new, clean, naked bodies would issue to new germination, to a new growth, rising to the light and the wind and the clean rain of heaven. » *R.W., 467.*

LIVRE II, CHAPITRE VII (pages 485 à 534)

2. « a... treatise dealing largely with homosexuality — a subject... in which Lawrence displayed a suspiciously lively interest at that time. » *Gray, Peter Warlock, 114.*

3. « but there was another side to the picture, which was very much in the ascendant during that period of his life: dark, sinister, baleful, wholly corrupt and evil. I believe myself that this aspect of Lawrence was the real and fundamental one... » *Id. ib. 122.*

4. « I am not a theosophist, though the esoteric doctrines are marvellously illuminating, historically. » *C. L. 519.*

« The old symbols were each a word in a great attempt at formulating the whole history of the Soul of Man. » *C. L. 302.*

5. « Certainly magic is a reality — not by any means the nonsense Bertie Russell says it is. » *C. L. 551.*

6. « Only satire is decent now. The rest is a lie. Until we act, move, rip ourselves off the rock. » *C. L. 317.*

7. « You cannot *really* do anything now: no one can do anything... This world of ours has got to collapse now, in violence and injustice and destruction, nothing will stop it... The only thing now to be done is either to go down with the ship... or, as much as one can *leave* the ship, and like a castaway live a life apart. As for me, I do not belong to the ship; I will not, if I can help it, sink with it. I will not live any more in this time. I know what it is. I reject it. As far as I possibly can, I will stand outside this time, I will live my life, and, if possible, be happy, though the whole world slides in horror down into the bottomless pit. There is a greater truth than the truth of the present, there is a God beyond these Gods of to-day. Let them fight and fall round their idols, my fellow men; it is their affair. As for me, as far as I can, I will save myself, for I believe that the highest virtue is to be happy, living in the greater truth, not submitting to the falsehood of these personal times. » *L. 317.*

8. « I am willing to give up people altogether — they are what they are, why should they be as I want them to be...? There is my intimate art, and my thoughts, as you say. Very good, so be it. It is enough, more than enough if they will only leave me alone. » *C. L. 409-410.*

11. « Stages further in social hatred. » he said... « He's further on than we are. He hates the ideal more acutely. He *hates* the ideal utterly, yet it still dominates him. I expect he is a Jew — or part Jewish. » ... « He is a gnawing little negation, gnawing at the roots of life. » *W.L., 451.*

14. « In the storey above has come to live a hunchback and his mother and their maid. He is an artist, about 40, a painter. He talks a bit of weird, glutinous French. He is my first acquaintance. » *C. L. 152, 30. X. 1912.*

15. « And that Egyptian book of Melle Baillot's is a real pleasure. Please give her my thanks for it. » *C. L. 420, 1. II. 1916.* « I should like

you to get me out of the (London ?) library a history of early Egypt, before the Greeks: a book not too big, because *I like to fill it in myself*, and *the contentions of learned men are so irritating. The text of Melle's book is impossible.* » *C. L. 425, 7. II. 1916.*

18. « I want to know it », he replied. « One gets more of China, copying this picture, than *reading all the books.* » ... « I know what centres they live from — what they perceive and feel — the hot, stinging centrality of a goose in the flux of cold water and mud — the curious bitter stinging heat of a goose's blood, entering their own blood like an inoculation of corruptive fire — fire of the cold-burning mud — the lotus mystery. » *W. L. 91.*

21. « His totem is the wolf », she repeated to herself. « His mother is an old, unbroken wolf. » *W. L. 15.*

28. « Hadn't they better be animals, simple animals, crude, violent, *anything*, rather than this self-consciousness, this incapacity to be spontaneous... » « Imprisoned within a limited, false set of concepts », he cried... « In the blood, when the mind and the known world is drowned in darkness — everything must go — there must be a deluge. Then you find yourself a palpable body of darkness, a demon. » « *Woman wailing for her demon lover* (a) », he quoted. *W. L. 41-44.*

31. « Even your animalism, you want it in your head. You don't want to be an animal, you want to observe your animal functions, to get a mental thrill out of them... » *W. L. 42-43.* « You are the real devil who won't let life exist. » *W. L. 44.*

33. « She did not believe in her own universals — they were sham. She did not believe in the inner life — it was a trick, not a reality. She did not believe in the spiritual world — it was an affectation. In the last resort she believed in Mammon, the flesh, and the devil — these at least were not sham. She was a priestess without belief, without conviction, suckled in a creed outworn, and condemned to the reiteration of mysteries that were not divine to her. » *W. L. 308.*

35. « He did not want a woman — not in the least. The leaves and the primroses and the trees, they were really lovely and cool and desirable, they really came into the blood and were added on to him. He was enrichened now immeasurabley, and so glad... Why should he pretend to have anything to do with human beings at all ? Here was his world, he wanted nobody and nothing but the lovely, subtle, responsive vegetation, and himself, his own living self. » *W. L. 111.*

37. « I found... that one needs some one *really* pure single activity — I should call love a single pure activity... » « I want the finality of love... Just one woman... It seems to me there remains only this perfect union with a woman — sort of ultimate marriage — and there isn't anything else. » *W. L. 58-59.*

(a) Coleridge, Kubla Khan.

40. « I don't believe in love at all — that is, any more than I believe in hate, or in grief. Love is one of the emotions like all the others — and so it is all right whilst you feel it. But I can't see how it becomes an absolute. It is just part of human relationships, that's all. » *W. L, 133.*

41. « What thing ? » she asked in challenge. « I don't know — freedom together », he said. » *W. L. 136.*

42. « And it is there I would want to meet you — not in the emotional, loving plane — but there beyond, where there is no speech and no terms of agreement. There we are two stark, unknown beings, two utterly strange creatures, I would want to approach you, and you me. And there could be no obligation, because there is no standard for action, there... — because one is outside the pale of all that is accepted, and nothing known applies... only each taking according to the primal desire. » *W. L. 151-152.*

43. « What I want is a strange conjunction with you — not meeting and mingling... but an equilibrium, a pure balance of two single beings: — as the stars balance each other. » *W. L. 153.* « I did not say, nor imply, a satellite. I meant two single equal stars balanced in conjunction. » *W. L. 157.*

44. « The old way of love seemed a dreadful bondage, a sort of conscription... The thought of love, marriage, and children, and a life lived together, in the horrible privacy of domestic and connubial satisfaction, was repulsive... And a liaison was only another kind of coupling, reactionary from the legal marriage. » *W. L. 208.*

45. « On the whole, he hated sex, it was such a limitation. It was sex that turned a man into a broken half of a couple, the woman into the other broken half. And he wanted to be single in himself, the woman single in herself. He wanted sex to revert to the level of the other appetites, to be regarded as a functional process, not as a fulfilment. He believed in sex marriage. But beyond this, he wanted a further conjunction, where man had being and woman had being, two pure beings, each constituting the freedom of the other, balancing each other like two poles of one force, like two angels, or two demons. » *W. L. 208.*

46. « And he wanted to be with Ursula as free as with himself, single and clear and cool, yet balanced, polarised with her. » *W. L. 209.*

47. « Woman had such a lure for possession, a greed of self-importance in love... all was hers, because she had borne it... It was intolerable this possession at the hands of woman. Always a man must be considered as the broken off fragment of a woman, and the sex was the still aching scar of the laceration. » *W. L. 209-210.*

48. « We are not broken fragments of one whole. Rather we are the singling away into purity and clear being, of things that were mixed. Rather the sex is that which remains in us of the mixed, the unresolved. And passion is the further separating of this mixture, that which is mainly being taken into the being of the man, that which is womanly passing to the woman, till the two are clear and whole as angels, the

admixture of sex in the highest sense surpassed, leaving two single beings constellated together like two stars. » *W. L. 210.*

50. « In the old age, before sex was, we were mixed, each one a mixture. The process of singling into individuality resulted into the great polarisation of sex. The womanly withdrew to one side, the manly to the other. But the separation was imperfect even then. And so our world-cycle passes. There is now come the new day, when we are beings each of us, fulfilled in difference. » *W. L. 210.* « There is the grass, and hares and adders, and *the unseen hosts, actual angels* that go about freely when a dirty humanity doesn't interrupt them — and good pure-tissued demons: very nice. » *W. L. 132.* « I believe in the unseen hosts, « he said. » *W. L. 133.*

51. « The man is pure man, the woman pure woman, they are perfectly polarised. But there is no longer any of the horrible merging, mingling, self-abnegation of love. There is only the pure duality of polarisation, each one free from any contamination of the other. In each, the individual is primal, sex is subordinate, but perfectly polarised. Each has a single, separate being, with its own laws. The man has his pure freedom, the woman hers. Each acknowledges the perfection of the polarised sex-circuit. Each admits the different nature of the other. » *W. L. 210.*

53. « This (i. e. West African art) was far beyond any phallic knowledge, sensual, subtle realities far beyond the scope of phallic investigation. » *W. L. 266.*

54. « Love strives to cover guilt, instead of conquering it; it elevates woman instead of nullifying her. » *Weininger, Sex and Character, XII, Woman and her significance, 300.*

55.« The first race which was imperfect, i. e. was born before the « balance » (the sexes) existed, and which was therefore destroyed. » *H. Blavatsky, The Secret Doctrine, 1888, vol. II, 2.*

59. « What you want me to serve, is nothing, mere nothing. It isn't even you, it is your mere female quality... » « I don't mean let yourself go in the Dionysic ecstatic way », he said. « I know you can do that. But I hate ecstasy. Dionysic or other. It's like going round in a squirrel cage. » *W. L. 263.* « But this warm breath on her ears... kindled the old destructive fires. She cleaved to him... But he too had his idea and his will. He wanted only gentle communion, no other, no passion now. » *W. L. 264-265.*

60. « Perhaps he had been wrong to go her with an idea of what he wanted. Was it really only an idea, or was it the interpretation of a profound yearning ? If the latter, how was it he was always talking about sensual fulfilment ? The two did not agree very well. » *W. L. 265.*

63. « It is only the perfect meeting, the perfect interpenetration into oneness, the kiss, the blow, the two-in-one, that is timeless and absolute... This is evil, when that which is temporal and relative asserts itself eternal and absolute. This I, which I am, has no being save in timelessness. In my consummation, when that which came from the Beginning and that which

came from the End are transfused into oneness, then I come into being, I have existence. Till then I am only a part of nature. I am not... But as part of nature, as part of the flux, I have my instrumental identity, my inferior I, my self-consciousness. » *R.DP 37-38.*

64. « The soul does not come into being at birth. The soul comes into being in the midst of life, just as the phœnix in her maturity becomes immortal in flame. That is not her perishing: it is her becoming absolute: a blossom of fire. » *Ib. 38.*

65. « He did not know she was there. Supposing he did something he would not wish to be seen doing, thinking he was quite private ? But there, what did it matter ? What did the small privacies matter ? How could it matter, what he did ? How can there be any secrets, we are all the same organisms ? How can there be any secrecy, when everything is known to us all ? *W. L. 258.*

67. « We always consider the silver river of life's rolling on and quickening all the world to a brightness, on and on to heaven, flowing into a bright eternal sea, a heaven of angels thronging. But the other is our real reality. »

« But what other ? I don't see any other », said Ursula.

« It is your reality, nevertheless », he said; that dark river of dissolution. You see it rolls in us just as the other rolls — the black river of corruption. And our flowers are of this — our sea-born Aphrodite, all our white phosphorescent flowers of sensuous perfection, all our reality nowadays... Aphrodite... is the flowering mystery of the death process... When the stream of synthetic creation lapses, we find ourselves part of the inverse process, the flood of destructive creation. Aphrodite is born in the first spasm of universal dissolution — then the snakes and swans and lotus — marsh flowers — and Gudrun and Gerald — born in the process of destructive creation. »

« And you and me ? » she asked.

« Probably », he replied. « In part certainly. Whether we are that, in toto, I don't yet know. » *W. L. 178-180.*

68. « There was another way, the way of freedom. There was the paradisal entry into pure, single being, the individual soul taking precedence over love and desire for union, stronger than any pangs of emotion, a lovely state of free proud singleness, which accepted the obligation of the permanent connection with others, and with the other, submits to the yoke and leash of love, but never forfeits its own proud individual singleness, even while it loves and yields. » *W. L. 217.*

69. He had taken her as he had never been taken himself. He had taken her at the roots of her darkness and shame — like a demon, laughing over the fountain of mystic corruption which was one of the sources of her being, laughing, shrugging, accepting finally. As for her, when would she so much go beyond herself as to accept him at the quick of death ? » *W. L. 320-321.*

70. « It is what Hermione *stands for* that I *hate*. I *hate* it. It is lies, it is false, it is death... Go to your spiritual brides — but don't come to

me as well... Do you think I don't know the foulness of your sex life — and hers ? I do. » *W. L. 323-324.*

71. « Ursula's way of emotional intimacy, emotional and physical, was it not just as dangerous as Hermione's abstract, spiritual intimacy ? » ... And Ursula was the perfect Womb, the bath of birth, to which all men must come. » *W. L. 326.*

72. « New eyes were opened in her soul. She saw a strange creature from another world, in him... » « Unconsciously, with her sensitive fingertips, she was tracing the back of his thighs, following some mysterious life-flow there. She had discovered something, something more than wonderful, more wonderful than life itself. It was the strange mystery of his life-motion, there, at the back of the thighs, down the flanks... a living fire ran through her, from him, darkly. It was a dark flood of electric passion she released from him, drew into herself. She had established a rich new circuit, a new current of passional electric energy, between the two of them, released from the darkest poles of the body and established in perfect circuit. It was a dark fire of electricity that rushed from him to her, and flooded them both with rich peace, satisfaction. » *W. L. 329-330.*

73. « She seemed to touch the quick of the mystery of darkness that was bodily him. She seemed to faint beneath, and he seemed to faint, stooping over her. It was a perfect passing away for both of them, and at the same time the most intolerable accession into being, the marvellous fulness of immediate gratification, overwhelming, outflooding from the source of the deepest life-force, the darkest, deepest, strangest life-source of the human body, at the back and base of the loins. » *W. L. 331.*

80. « The tea-pot poured beautifully from a proud slender spout. » *W. L. 331-332.*

81. « So bestial, they two! — So degraded! She winced. But after all, why not ? She exulted as well. Why not be bestial, and go the whole round of experience ? She exulted in it. She was bestial. How good it was to be really shameful! There would be no shameful thing she had not experienced. Yet she was unabashed, she was herself. Why not ? She was free, when she knew everything, and no dark shameful things were denied her. » *W. L. 435-436.*

82. « Suddenly he saw himself confronted with another problem — the problem of love and eternal conjunction between two men. Of course this was necessary — it had been a necessity inside himself all his life — to love a man purely and fully. Of course he had been loving Gerald all along, and all along denying it. » *W. L. 216.*

83. « No wounds, that is obsolete. But we ought to swear to love each other, you and I, implicitly, and perfectly, finally, without any possibility of going back on it. » *W. L. 216.*

84. « He seemed now to see... the man himself, complete, and as if fated, doomed, limited... as if he were limited to one form of existence, one knowledge, one activity, a sort of fatal halfness, which to himself seemed wholeness. » *W. L. 217.*

85. « Gerald's clasp had been sudden and momentaneous. » *W. L. 285.*

86. « The wrestling had some deep meaning to them — an unfinished meaning. « We are mentally, spiritually intimate, therefore we should be more or less physically intimate too — it is more whole »... « I don't know why one should have to justify oneself. » ... The two men began to dress. « I think also that you are beautiful, » said Birkin to Gerald, « and that is enjoyable too. » One should enjoy what is given »... « Yes, you have a northern kind of beauty, like light refracted from snow — and a beautiful, plastic form. Yes, that is there to enjoy as well. We should enjoy everything » *W. L. 286.*

87. « ... he was half thinking of the difference between (the handsome figure of the other man) and himself — so different; as far, perhaps, apart as man from woman, yet in another direction. » *W. L. 287.*

88. « But to make it completely, really happy, I wanted eternal union with a man too: another kind of love », he said. « I don't believe it », she said. « It's an obstinacy, a theory, a perversity. » « Well — » he said... « You can't have it, because it's false, impossible, » she said. « I don't believe that », he answered. » *W. L. 507-508.*

89. « He wanted to cast out these desires, wanted not to know them. Yet a man can no more slay a living desire in him, than he can prevent his body from feeling heat and cold. » *Moore, Int. H., 282.*

92. « Every round... brings about a new development and even an entire change in the mental, psychic, spiritual and physical constitution of man, all these principles evoluting *(sic)* on an ever ascending scale. Thence it follows that persons who, like Confucius and Plato, belonged psychically, mentally and spiritually to the higfer planes of evolution, were in our Fourth Round as the average man will be in the Fifth Round, whose mankind is destined to find itself, on this scale of Evolution, immensely higher than in our present humanity. » *H. Blavatsky, The Secret Doctrine,* 1888, *Vol. I, 162.*

93. « Fire is the (element) that has ever eluded definite analysis... It is the effect of combustion, we are gravely answered... What says the esoteric teaching with regard to fire? « Fire », it says « is the most perfect unadulterated reflection, in Heaven as on Earth, of the ONE FLAME. It is Life and Death, the origin and the end of every material thing. It is divine « SUBSTANCE ». *Id. ib. 121.*

94. « I believe in the proud angels and the demons that are our fore-runners. That will destroy us, because we are not proud enough. » *W. L. 132-133.*

95. « Let mankind pass away — time it did. » *W. L. 60.*

96. « Man is one of the mistakes of creation — like the ichthyosauri. If only he were gone again, think what lovely things would come out of the liberated days: things straight out of fire. » *W. L. 132.*

97. « It is a progressive process — and it ends in universal nothing — the end of the world, if you like... » « It means a new cycle of creation after — but not for us. » *W. L. 179-180.*

100. « a mystery of ice-destructive knowledge, snow-abstract annihilation... » *W. L. 266-267.*

101. « Then, satisfied and shattered, fulfilled and destroyed, he went home away from her... Far away, far away, there seemed to be a small lament in the darkness... What did anything matter save this ultimate and triumphant experience of physical passion, that had blazed up again like a new spell of life. « I was becoming quite dead-alive, nothing but a wordbag », he said in triumph, *scorning his other self.* Yet, somewhere far off and small, the other hovered. » *W. L. 195.*

103. « He wanted sex to revert to the level of the other appetites, to be regarded as a functional process, not as a fulfilment. » *W. L. 208.*

105. « We've got to bust (this life) completely, or shrivel inside it, as in a tight skin. For it won't expand any more. » « We cover the earth with foulness. » ... « What then, when you've made a real fair start with your material things ? » *W. L. 55-57.*

107. « Well, if mankind is destroyed, if our race is destroyed like Sodom, and there is this beautiful evening with the luminous land and trees, I am satisfied... After all, what is mankind but just one expression of the incomprehensible. And if mankind passes away, it will only mean that this particular expression is completed and done. That which is expressed, and that which is to be expressed, cannot be diminished. There it is, in the shining evening. Let mankind pass away — time it did... Humanity doesn't embody the utterance of the incomprehensible any more. Humanity is a dead letter. There will be a new embodiment, in a new way. Let humanity disappear as quick as possible. » *W. L. 60.*

109. « They are really very thorough rejecters of the world — perhaps they live only in the gesture of rejection and negation — but negatively something, at any rate. » *W. L. 61.*

112. « Can't you see that to help my neighbour to eat is no more than eating myself. « I eat, thou eatest, he eats, we eat, you eat, they eat » — and what then ? Why should every man decline the whole verb. First person singular is enough for me. » *W. L. 57.*

113. « Houses and furniture and clothes, they are all terms of an old base world, a detestable society of man... It is all possessions, possessions, bullying you and turning you into a generalisation... You must leave your surroundings sketchy, unfinished, so that you are never contained, never confined, never dominated from the outside. » *W. L. 376-377.*

115. « She hated it, she knew how utterly cut off it was, how hideous and how sickeningly mindless. » *W. L. 119.*

116. « The majority, luckily for (Th. Crich) were much too proud to ask for anything, much too independent to come knocking at his door. » *W. L. 226.*

« Mrs Crich... recoiled away from this world of creeping democracy... » *W. L. 227.*

117. « There was a new world, a new order, strict, terrible, inhuman, but satisfying in its very destructiveness. The men were satisfied to belong to the great and wonderful machine, even whilst it destroyed them. It was what they wanted... Their hearts died within them, but their souls were satisfied... It was the first great step in undoing, the first great phase of chaos, the substitution of the mechanical principle to the organic, the destruction of the organic purposes, the organic unity, and the subordination of every organic unit to the great mechanical purpose. It was pure organic disintegration and pure mechanical organisation. This is the first and finest state of chaos. » *W. L. 242.*

118. « But the desire for chaos had risen, and the idea of mechanical equality was the weapon of disruption which should execute the will of man, the will for chaos. » *W. L. 237.*

121. « Your democracy is an absolute lie — your brotherhood of man is a pure falsity, if you apply it further than the mathematical abstraction. We all drank milk first, we all eat bread and meat, we all want to ride in motor-cars — therein lies the beginning and end of the brotherhood of man. But no equality. « But I myself, who am myself, what have I to do with equality with any other man or woman ? In the spirit, I am as separate as one star is from another, as different in quality and quantity. Establish a state on *that*... The minute you begin to compare, one man is seen to be much better than another, all the inequality you can imagine is there by nature. I want every man to have his share in the world's goods, so that I am rid of his importunity, so that I can tell him : « Now you've got what you want — you've got your fair share of the world's gear. Now, you one-mouthed fool, mind yourself and don't obstruct me. » *W. L. 106-107.*

122. « It *sounds* like megalomania, Rupert », said Gerald, genially. *W. L. 127.*

123. « She must always work small things, that one can put between one's hands, birds and tiny animals. She likes to look through the wrong end of the opera glasses, and see the world that way. » *W. L. 40.* « But rich and poor, she despised both alike. » *W. L. 441.*

125. « The true conception of the State is foreign to the Jew, because he, like the woman, is wanting in personality; his failure to grasp the idea of true society is due to his lack of a free intelligible ego. Like women, Jews tend to adhere together, but they do not associate as free independent individuals mutually respecting each other's individuality. » *Sex and Character, 307-308.*

« The Jew is not really anti-moral. But, none the less, he does not represent the highest ethical type. He is rather non-moral, neither very good nor very bad, *with nothing in him of either the angel or the devil*... Greatness is absent from the nature of the woman and the Jew, the greatness of morality, or the greatness of evil... In the Jew and the woman, good and evil are not distinct from are another. » *Ib. 309.*

« He is at the opposite pole from aristocrats, with whom *the preservation of the limits between individuals is the leading idea.* The Jew is an inborn community. » *Ib. 311.*

« The Jew is of all persons the least perturbed by mechanical, materialistic theories of the world; he is readily beguiled by Darwinism and the ridiculous notion that men are derived from monkeys; and now he is disposed to accept the view that the soul of man is an evolution that has taken place within the human race. » *Ib. 314-315.*

126. « It was a representation of a fair, with peasants and artisans in an orgy of enjoyment, drunk and absurd in their modern dress, whirling ridiculously in roundabouts, gaping at shows, kissing and staggering and rolling in knots, swinging in swing-boats, and firing down shooting galleries, a frenzy of chaotic motion. » *W. L. 446-447.*

127. « Art should *interpret industry, as art once interpreted religion* », he said. *W. L. 448.*

128. « It is part of a work of art, a piece of form... It has no relation to anything outside that work of art. » ... « Do you see, you *must not* confuse the relative world of action with the absolute world of art. That you *must not do.* » *W. L. 453-454.*

129. « Art and Life were to them the Reality and the Unreality. « Of course, said Gudrun, life doesn't *really matter* — it is one's art which is central. What one does in one's life has *peu de rapport*, it doesn't signify much. » *W. L. 474.*

131. « Whatever the mystery which has brought forth man and the universe, it is a non-human mystery, it has its own great ends, man is not the criterion... God can do without man... The eternal creative mystery could dispose of man, and replace him with a finer created being. » *W. L. 504-505.*

133. « They've got to disappear from their own special brand of Englishness, anyhow. » *W. L. 418.*

136. « We should enjoy everything. » *W. L. 286.* « How could anything that gave one satisfaction be excluded ? » *W. L. 435.*

LIVRE II, CHAPITRE VIII (pages 535 à 557)

1. « Believe me, I am infinitely hurt by being thus torn off from the body of mankind, but so it is, and it is right... And never again will I say, generally, « the war » only « the war to me ». For to every man the war is himself, and I cannot dictate what the war is or should be to any other being, than myself. Therefore I am sorry for all my generalities, which must be falsities to another man, and almost insults. » *L. 379.*

2. « I send you also a story, re-written from M. S. I got a week or two back, from Italy — stuff done before the war — called « The Mortal Coil ». It is a first-class story, one of my purest creations... » *C. L. 480.*

4. « The dream was still stronger than the reality. In the dream he was at home on a hot summer afternoon... » *Eng. Rev., October 1915, 238.*

5. « ... Or when he came near her, he only wanted the physical contact with her, the passion. » *Ib. 241.*

6. « The house was hard and sterile with negation. Only the mother gave herself up with ethical rigour to look after the children and to discipline her own flesh. » *Ib. 243.*

7. « As he worked in the garden he felt the seethe of the war was with him. His consciousness had now a field of activity. The reaction in his soul could cease from being mental; it had a positive form to take... He was aware of the positive activity of destruction, the seethe of friction... » *Ib. 243.*

8. « She tried to tell him he was one of the saviours of mankind. He listened to these things; they were very gratifying to his self-esteem. But he knew it was all cant. He was out to kill and destroy; he did not even want to be an angel of salvation. Some chaps might feel that way. He couldn't that was all. All he could feel was that at best it was a case of kill or be killed. As for the saviour of mankind: well, a German was a much mankind as an Englishman. What are the odds ? We're all out to kill, so don't let us call it anything else. » *Ib. 245.*

9. « The spirit of place lingered on primeval, as when the Saxons came, so long ago. » *CSSt, II, 303.*

10. « His heart went back to the savage old spirit of the place: the desire for old gods, old, lost passions, the passion of the cold-blooded, darting snakes that hissed and shot away from him, the mystery of blood-sacrifices, all the lost, intense sensations of the primeval people of the place, whose passions seethed in the air still, from those long days before the Romans came. » *Ib. 323.*

11. « There was German military aggression, and the English non-military idea of liberty and the « conquests of peace » — meaning industrialism. Even if the choice between militarism and industrialism were a choice of evils, the elderly man asserted his choice of the latter, perforce. He whose soul was quick with the instinct of power. Egbert... just refused even to decide between German militarism and British industrialism... He refused to make a choice... The deterrent was the giving himself over into the power... of the mob-spirit of a democratic army... He was going to be ordered about by petty *canaille* of non-commissioned officers — and even commissioned officers. » *Ib. 327.*

12. « The fact of resurrection, in this life, is all in all to me now... What is the whole empire, and kingdom, save the thimble in my story ? » *C. L. 372-373.*

14. « It was a pleasure to him to rock thus through a world of things, carried on the flood in a sort of blood-prescience... It was a pleasure to... possess (the unseen object) in pure contact. He did not try to remember, to visualise. He did not want to. The new way of consciousness substituted itself in him. » *CSSt, II, 355.*

15. « Maurice's hand closed over the thin white fingers of the barrister. Bertie carefully extricated himself. » *Ib. 358.*

16. « Isabel knew... his incurable weakness, which made him unable to enter into close contact of any sort. He was ashamed of himself, because he could not marry, could not approach women physically... At the centre of him he was afraid, helplessly and even brutally afraid. » *Ib. 359.*

17. « Oh, my God », he said, « we shall know each other now, shan't we ? We shall know each other now. »

Bertie could not answer. He gazed mute and terror-struck, overcome by his own weakness. He knew he could not answer. He had an unreasonable fear, lest the other man should suddendy destroy him. Whereas Maurice was actually filled with hot, poignant love, the passion of friendship. Perhaps it was this very passion of friendship which Bertie shrank from most.

« We're allright together now, aren't we ? » said Maurice. « It's allright now, as long as we live, so far as we're concerned. » « Yes », said Bertie, trying by any means to escape. » *Ib. 363-365.*

22. « The soft, straying tenderness of her hand on his face startled something out of his soul. He was a charity boy, aloof and more or less at bay. The fragile exquisiteness of her caress startled him most, revealed unknown things to him. » *CSSt, II, 402.*

25. « She had loved her brilliant and ambitious cousin, who had jilted her, and who had died. » *CSSt, II, 459.*

33. « The proletariat isn't poor. Everybody is poor except Capital and Labour. » *Plays of DHL, 83.*

34. « Men who are somebody, not men who are something. » *Ib. 85.*

35. « That old bull-dog, the British capitalist, has got the bone in his teeth. That unsatisfied mongrel, Plebs, the proletariat, shivers with rage not so much at sight of the bone, as at sight of the great wrinkled jowl that holds it... It is hands against head, the shambling, senile body in a rage of insurrection against the wrinkled, heavy head... But the old Shylock of the proletariat persists... If we really could know what we were fighting for, if we could deeply believe in what we were fighting for, then the struggle might have dignity, beauty, satisfaction for us. If it were a profound struggle for something that was coming to life in us, a struggle that we were convinced would bring us to a new freedom, a new life, then it would be a creative activity, a creative activity in which death is a climax in the progression towards new being. And this is a tragedy. » *Ib. 88-90.*

36. « Therefore if we could but comprehend or feel the tragedy in the great Labour struggle, the intrinsic tragedy of having to pass through death to birth, our souls would still know some happiness, the very happiness of creative suffering. » *Ib. 90.*

37. « You don't know his sneering attitude to me in the deepest things — because he shared the deepest things with you. He had a passion for me. But he loved you. » *Ib. 109.*

38. « But why feel guilty for the system ? — everybody supports it, the poor as much as the rich... It's the people that are wrong. They want

the system much more than the rich do — because they are much more anxious than the rich — never having been rich, poor devils. » *Ib. 124.*

39. « They just simply couldn't control modern industry — they haven't the intelligence. They've no *life* intelligence. The owners may have little enough, but Labour has none. They're just mechanical little things that can make one or two motions, and they're done. They've no more idea of life than a lawn-mower has. » *Ib. 145.*

40. « I am doing some philosophic essays, also, very spasmodically, another daft novel. It goes slowly — very slowly and fitfully. But I don't care. » *C. L. 543.* 21. II. 1918.

42. « The illusion of love was gone for ever. Love was a battle in which each party trove for the mastery of the other's soul. So far, man had yielded the mastery to woman. Now he was fighting for it back again. And too late, for the woman would never yield.

But whether woman yielded or not, he would keep the mastery of his own soul and conscience and actions. He would never yield himself up to her judgment again. He would hold himself for ever beyond her juridiction.

Henceforth, life single, not life double. » *AR, 135-136.*

43. « As for future unions, too soon to think about it. Let there be clean and pure division first, perfected singleness. That is the only way to final, living unison: through sheer, finished singleness. » *Ib. 136.*

LIVRE II, CHAPITRE IX (pages 559 à 614)

1. « Philosophy interests me most now — not novels or stories. I find people ultimately boring: and you can't have fiction without people. » *C. L. 514.* 23. V. 1917.

2. « I think there ought to be some system of private publication and private circulation. I disbelieve *utterly* in the public, in humanity, in the mass. There should be again a body of esoteric doctrines, defended from the herd. The herd will destroy everything. Pure thought, pure understanding, this alone matters — the impure herd is a herd of Gadarene swine, rushing possessed to extinction. But oh, the sheer essence of man, the sheer supreme understanding, cannot we save this to mankind ? We must. And it needs a detachment from the masses, it needs a body of pure thought, kept sacred and clean from the herd. It needs *this*, before ever there can be any new earth and new heaven. It needs the sanctity of a mystery, the mystery of the initiation into pure being. And this must needs be purely private, preserved inviolate. » *C. L. 520.* 27. VII. 1917.

3. « Now I am doing a set of essays on « The Mystic Import of American Literature ». I hope the title doesn't seem ludicrous, perhaps I shall find a better. These were begun in the hopes of making money: for money is a shy bird. But I am afraid they have already passed beyond all price. It is a pity. » *C. L. 526.*

10. « We only know that the end is the heaven on earth, like the wild rose in blossom. » *Phœnix 669.*

11. « We are like the blood that travels... We fly according to the perfect impulse, and we have peace. We resist, and we have the gnawing misery of nullification... » *Ib. 669.*

12. « I must submit my will... to the exquisitest suggestion from the unknown that comes upon me... We must give ourselves... to the river of peace that bears us... Peace is when I accept life. » *Ib. 670-674.*

13. « For all strife between things old is pure death. » *Ib. 675.*

« They are in fact nauseous slaves of decay... It has triumphed, this slave herd, and its tyranny is the tyranny of a pack of jackals. But it can be frightened back to its place. For its cowardice is as great as its arrogance. » *Ib. 686.*

14. « When it is autumn in the world, the autumn of a human epoch then the desire for death becomes single and dominant. I want to kill, I want violent sensationalism, I want to break down, I want to put asunder, I want anarchic revolution — it is all the same, the single desire for death... So with very many human lives, especially in what is called the periods of decadence. They have mouths and stomachs, and an obscene *will* of their own. Yes, they have also prolific procreative wombs whence they bring forth increasing insufficiency. But of the germ of intrinsic creation they have none, neither have they the courage of true death... These will never understand, neither life nor death... The quick can encompass death, but the living dead are encompassed. Let the living dead attend to the dead dead. What has creation to do with them ? » *Ib. 682-684.*

15. « Give us a chance, sweet death, to escape from the herd and gather together against it a few living beings... Cleanse from us the rank stench, the intolerable oneness with a negative humanity... Smash, beautiful destructive death, smash the complete will of the hosts of man, the will of the self-absorbed bug. Smash the great obscene unisson. Death, assert your strength now, for it is time. They have defied you so long. They have even, in their mad arrogance, begun to deal in death as if it also were subjugated. They thought to use death as they have used life this long time, for their own base end of nullification, swift death was to serve their end of enclosed, arrogant self-assertion. Death was to help them maintain themselves *in statu quo*, the benevolent and selfrighteous bugs of humanity.

Let there be no humanity; let there be a few men. Sweet death, save us from humanity. Death, noble unstainable death, smash the glassy rind of humanity, as one would smash the brittle hide of the insulated bug. Smash humanity, and make an end of it. Let there emerge a few pure and single men — men who give themselves to the unknown of life and death and are fulfilled. Make an end of our unholy oneness, O death, give us to our single being. Release me from the debased social body, O death, release me at last; let me be by myself, let me be myself. Let me know other men who are single and not contained by any multiple oneness. Let me find a few men who are distinct and at ease in themselves

like stars. Let me derive no more from the body of mankind. Let me derive direct from life or direct from death, according to the impulse that is in me. » *Ib. 686-687.*

17. « So much free will there is... That we are contained within the vast nullity of humanity does not make us other than null. That we are a vast colony of wood-lice, fabricating elaborate social communities like the bees or the wasps or the ants, does not make us any less... immune in a vast and multiple negation. » *Phœnix 688.*

18. « There is peace in that perfect consummation when duality and polarity is transcended into absorption. » *Ib. 693.*

19. « I am born uncreated. I am a mixed handful of life as I issue from the womb. Thenceforth I extricate myself into singleness, the slow-developed singleness of manhood. And then I set out to meet the other, the unknown of womanhood. I give myself to the love that makes me join and fuse towards a universal oneness; I give myself to the hate that makes me detach myself, extricate myself vividly from the other in sharp passion; I am given up into universality of fellowship and communion, I am distinguished in keen resistance and isolation, both so utterly, so exquisitely, that I am and I am not at once; suddenly I lapse out of the duality into a sheer beauty of fulfilment. I am a rose of lovely peace. » *Ib. 694.*

20. « The love between man and woman is the perfect heartbeat of life, systole, diastole. » *Ib. 153.*

21. « Profane love seeks its own. I seek my own in the beloved, I wrestle with her to wrest it from her. We are not clear, we are mixed and mingled... In pure communion I become whole in love. And in pure, fierce passion of sensuality I am burned into essentiality... The profane love... is the only fire that will purify us into singleness, fuse us from the chaos into our own unique gem-like separateness of being. » *Ib. 153-154.*

22. (Man) « is the quick of creation... he is creation itself, that which is perfect... Man is born unfulfilled from chaos, uncreated, incomplete... When he comes into his own, man has being beyond life and beyond death... There he comprehends the singing of birds and the silence of the snake. » *Phœnix 695.*

23. « We are balanced like a flame between the two darknesses, the darkness of the beginning and the darkness of the end. We derive from the unknown, and we result into the unknown... It is our business to burn, pure flame, between the two unknowns. We are to be fulfilled in the world of perfection, which is the world of pure creation. We must come into being in the transcendent other world of perfection, consummated in life and death both, two in one. » *Ib. 696.*

24. « I do but conduct the unknown of my beginning to the unknown of my end, through the transfiguration of perfect being... In my completeness of being the two unknowns are consummated in a oneness, a rose of perfect explanation. » *Ib. 697.*

25. « And do I fear the invisible dark hand of death plucking me into the darkness, gathering me blossom by blossom from the stem of

my life into the unknown of my afterwards ? I fear it only in reverence and with strange satisfaction. » *Ib. 698.*

28. « Lawrence has written a stupendous book... has become the mouthpiece of some one incredibly great. The real authors are, no doubt, in eternity. » *C. Gray, Peter Warlock, 181.* « The supreme utterance of all modern philosophy... the prophet Ezekiel redivivus. » *Ib. 168.*

29. « His intellect was... in my opinion of wide range, of sterner mettle, of tougher integrity, of more persistent energy and of more imaginative quality in the metaphysic sense than that of Lawrence. There was something very earthy, very literal about Lawrence's mind. He lacked imagination, as may be seen by the pitiable futility of his views on Shelley. » *R. Nichols in Gray, Peter Warlock, 86-87.*

30. « Symbolism in literature — in the special sense ulterior to that wherein all words are symbols — has its roots in the mystical and magical writers from Hermes Trismegistus onwards: it is a little part of a great tradition which has been followed alike by the French Symbolists, by Yeats and by countless others who are not indebted to one another so much as to the central tradition itself. » *Id. ib. 186, letter of* 30. V. 1918.

31. « There are near some herb-eating occultists, a Meredith Starr and Lady Mary ditto: she is a half-caste, daughter of the Earl of Stamford. They fast, or eat nettles: they descend naked into old mine-shafts, and there meditate for hours and hours, upon their own transcendent infinitude: they descend on us like a swarm of locusts, and devour all the food on the shelf or board. » *C. L. 523.*

32. « But there is a quality in your sky, a salt in your earth, that will, without the agency of man, *destroy you all,* and procreate new beings — not men, in our sense of the word. Oh, for a new human race of man! » *C. L. 525.*

33. « Also I have been reading another book on *Occultism.* Do you know anybody who cares for this — magic, astrology, anything of that sort ? It is very interesting, and important — though autipathetic to me. Certainly magic is a reality — not by any means the nonsense Bertie Russell says it is. » *C. L. 551.*

35. « As you feel about your story, so I feel about the reality of the moon, for example. I can hardly talk about it, it goes so deep into one's bowels and makes me a little sick. » *L. 454-455,* 24. IX. 1918.

36. (The Moon) « is now doomed for long ages to be ever pursning the Earth, to be attracted by and to attract her progeny. Constantly *vampirised* by her child, she revenges herself on it by soaking it through and through with the nefarious, invisible and poisoned influence which emanates from the occult side of her nature. For she is a *dead,* yet a *living body.* The particles of her decaying corpse are full of active and destructive life, although the body which they had formed is soulless and lifeless. Therefore its emanations are at the same time beneficent and maleficent... And like all ghouls or vampires, the moon is the friend of the sorcerers and the foe of the unwary. » *H. Blavatsky, The Secret Doctrine, 1888, Vol. I, 155-156.*

38. « Try and get hold of Mme Blavatsky's books — they are big and expensive — the friends I used to borrow them from are out of England now. But get from some library or other *Isis Unveiled*, and better still the 2-vol. work whose name I forget. Rider, the publisher of the *Occult Review* — try that — publishes all these books... But look in the *Occult Review*. You see, I never owned the books I had — and they are all big, 10/6 and £1. 1. 0. And they're not *very* much good. But try Rider, he has a good shop. » *L. 476.*

39. « I am not a theosophist, though the esoteric doctrines are marvellously illuminating, historically. I hate the exoteric forms. Magic has also interested me a good deal. But it is all part of the past, and part of a past self in us: and it is no good going back, even to the wonderful things. They are ultimately *vieux jeu.* » *C. L. 519.*

40. « They mean a moment in the history of my soul... But it is a moment fixed in context... It is necessary to grasp the whole. » *C. L. 302.*

43. « a... shifting of the great mystic-magnetic polarity. » *S. M. 20-23.*

46. « It is certain that St John gives us in the Apocalypse a cypher-account of the process of the conquest of the lower or sensual dynamic centres by the upper or spiritual dynamic consciousness... This account is of scientific exactitude... » *S. M. 75.*

47. « Our plasmic psyche is radio-active.. » *S. M. 176.* « ... for practically the whole of psychometry and psycho-analysis depends on the understanding of symbols. » *S. M. 18.*

48. « I want to come to America... for the strange salt which must be in the American soil, and the different ether which is in the sky, which may feed a new mind in one. » *C. L. 518.*

49. « All art partakes of the Spirit of Place in which it is produced... The deliberate ideas of the man veil, conceal, obscure that which the artist has to reveal... The artist, who writes as a somnambulist, in the spell of pure truth as in a dream, is contravened and contradicted by the wakeful man and moralist who sits at the desk. » *S. M. 16-18.*

50. « We read the English utterance without getting the alien American implication... Now we must learn to think in terms of difference and otherness. The present reality is a reality of untranslatable otherness... The oneness is historic only. » *S. M. 16-17.*

51. « Thus race is ultimately as much a question of place as of heredity... The place attracts its own human element, and the race drifts inevitably to its own psychic geographical pole. » *S. M. 20.*

52. « There is the slow and terrible process of transubstantiation. » « Their subtlest plasm was changed under the radiation of new skies, new influence of light, their first and rarest life-stuff transmuted. » *S. M. 29-30.*

53. « The occultists say that once there was a universal mystic language, known to the initiated, or to the adept, or to the priesthood of

the whole world, whether Chinese or Atlantean or Maya or Druid... perhaps before the Flood. » *S. M. 18.*

54. « Art-speech is also a language of pure symbols. But whereas the authorized symbol stands always for a thought or an idea, some mental *concept*, the art-symbol or art-term stands for a pure experience, emotional and passional, spiritual and perceptual, all at once. The intellectual idea remains implicit, latent and nascent. Art communicates a state of being... Art-speech is a use of symbols which are pulsations on the blood and seizures upon the nerves, and at the same time pure percepts of the mind and pure terms of spiritual aspiration. » *S. M. 19.*

57. « The savages, we may say *all* savages, are remnants of the once civilised world-people, who had their splendour and their being for countless centuries in the way of sensual knowledge, that conservative way which Egypt shows us at its conclusion, mysterious and long-enduring. » *S. M. 223.*

59. « Italy suddenly scintillated, and was finished in her polar potentiality... Europe and America became the great poles of negative and positive vitalism... (the first individuals... who discovered America) had no choice, because the influence which was upon them was prior to all knowledge and all option. » *S. M. 20-21.*

60. « The Celtic and Iberian races... existed in the spell of the vital magnetism of the unknown continent... Legend is supposed to be race-memory. But surely it is just as likely to be a kind of race-clairvoyance... The Pilgrim Fathers did not sail to America in search of religious freedom... America, dark, violent, aboriginal, would lend them force to satisfy their lust of anti-life. » *S. M. 22-25.*

61. « The living cosmos divided itself, and there was Heaven and Earth: by which we mean... an inexplicable first duality, a division in the cosmos. » *S. M. 176.*

62. « The mystic Earth is the cosmic Waters, and the mystic Heaven the dark cosmic Fire. The Spirit of God, moving between the two great cosmic principles... brought forth the first created apparition, Light... Surely this is true, scientifically of the birth of light. » *S. M. 177.*

63. « Which means, scientifically, that invisible waters steal towards the sun, right up to feed the sun, whilst new waters are shed away from the sun, into space; whilst invisible dark fire rolls its waves to the sun, and new fire floods out into space... So the ancient cosmology, always so perfect theoretically, becomes, by the help of our scientific knowledge, physically, actually perfect. » *S. M. 178.*

65. « So creation goes on. At each new impulse from the creative body, All comes together with All: that is, the one half of the cosmos comes together with the other half, with a dual result. First issues the new oneness, the new singleness, the new life-state, the new being, the new individual; and secondly, from the locked opposition of inanimate dual matter, another singleness is born, another creation takes place, new matter, a new chemical element appears... Every new thing is born from the consummation of the two halves of the universe, the two great halves

being the cosmic waters and the cosmic fire of the First Day. In procreation, the two germs of the male and female epitomise the two cosmic principles... Life-plasm mysteriously corresponds with inanimate matter. » *S. M. 179-180.*

66. « We have first the mystic dualism of pure otherness... This... extends through everything, even through the *soul* or *self* or *being* of any living being... Consequent upon this principle of dual *otherness*, comes the scientific dualism of polarity. » *S. M. 183.*

68. « ... The duality of sex, the mystery of creative *otherness*, is manifest and given the sexual polarity, we have the fourfold motion. The coming together of the sexes may be the soft, delicate union of pure creation, or it may be the tremendous conjunction of opposition, a vivid struggle, as fire struggles with water in the sun. » *S. M. 185.*

69. « The first kind of birth takes place in the youth of an era, in the mystery of accord; the second kind preponderates in the times of disintegration, the crumbling of an era. But at all times beings are born from the two ways, and life is made up of the duality. » *S. M. 185.*

70. « Man is divided, according to old-fashioned phraseology, into the upper and lower man: that is, the spiritual and sensual being. And this division is physical and actual. The upper body, breast and throat and face, this is the spiritual body; the lower is the sensual. By spiritual being we mean that state of being where the self excels into the universe, and knows all things by passing into all things. It is all blissful consciousness which glows upon the flowers and trees and sky, so that I am sky and flowers, I, who am myself. It is that movement towards a state of infinitude wherein I experience my living oneness with all things.

By sensual being, on the other hand, we mean that state in which the self is the magnificent centre wherein all life pivots, and lapses, as all space passes into the core of the sun. It is a magnificent central positivity, wherein the being sleeps upon the strength of its own reality, as a wheel sleeps in speed on its positive hub. It is a state portrayed in the great dark statues of the seated lords of Egypt. The self is incontestable and unsurpassable.

... But in the lower part of the body there is darkness and pivotal pride. There in the abdomen the contiguous universe is drunk into the blood, assimilated, as a wheel's great speed is assimilated into the hub. There the great whirlpool of the dark blood revolves and assimilates all unto itself. Here is the world of living dark waters, where the fire is quenched in watery creation. Here, in the navel, flowers the water-born lotus, the soul of the water begotten by one germ of fire. And the lotus is the symbol of our perfected sensual first-being, which rises in blossom from the unfathomable waters. » *S. M. 186-187.*

71. « All the time, there is some great incomprehensible balance between the upper and lower centres, as when the kiss of the mouth accompanies the passionate embrace of the loins... The face and breast belong to the heavens, the luminous infinite. But in the loins we have our unbreakable root, the root of the lotus. There we have our passionate self-possession, our unshakable and indomitable being. There deep calls unto deep. » *S. M. 188.*

73. « The great plexuses of the breast and face act in the motion of oneing, from these the soul goes forth in the spiritual oneing. Corresponding to this, the thoracic ganglion and the cervical ganglia are the great centres of spiritual compulsion or control or dominion, the great *second* or negative activity of the spiritual self. From these ganglia go forth the motions and commands which *force* the external universe into that state which accords with the spiritual will-to-unification, the will for equality. Equality, and religious agreement, and social virtue are enforced as well as found. And it is from the ganglia of the upper body that this compulsion to equality and virtue is enforced.

In the same way, from the lumbar ganglion and from the sacral ganglion acts the great sensual will to dominion. From these centres the soul goes forth haughty and indomitable, seeking for mastery. These are the great centres of activity in soldiers, fighters: as also in the tiger and the cat the power-centre is at the base of the spine, in the sacral ganglion. All the tremendous sense of power and mastery is located in these centres of volition, there where the back is walled and strong, set blank against life.

So the division of the psychic body is fourfold. If we are divided horizontally at the diaphragm, we are divided also perpendicularly. The upright division gives us our polarity, our for and against, our mystery of right and left.

Any man who is perfect and fulfilled lives in fourfold activity. He knows the sweet spiritual communion, and he is at the same time a sword to enforce the spiritual level; he knows the tender unspeakable sensual communion, but he is a tiger against anyone who would abate his pride and his liberty. » *S. M. 188-189.*

74. « We shall love, we shall hate,
but it will be like music, sheer utterance,
issuing straight out of the unknown,
the lightning and the rainbow appearing in us unbidden, unchecked,
like ambassadors. » *C. P. 268.*

75. « ... art-speech, art-utterance, is, and always will be, the greatest universal language of mankind, greater than any esoteric symbolism. » *S. M. 18-19.*

77. « ... for certain purposes, it is necessary to degrade a work of art into a thing of meanings and reasoned exposition. This process of reduction is part of the science of criticism. There is always a dual import in these works of art: first the didactic import given by the author from his own moral consciousness; and then the profound symbolic import which proceeds from his unconscious or subconscious soul, as he works in a state of creation which is something like somnambulism or dreaming. » *S. M. 19.*

78. « Every great locality expresses itself perfectly, in its own flowers, its own birds and beasts, lastly its own men, with their perfected works. Mountains convey themselves in unutterable expressed perfection in the blue gentian flower and in the edelweiss flower, so soft, yet shaped like snow-crystals. The very strata of the earth come to a point of perfect,

unutterable concentration in the inherent sapphires and emeralds. It is so with all worlds and all places of the world. We may take it as a law. » *S. M. 30.*

79. « What we call « instinct » in creatures such as bees, or ants, or whales, or foxes, or larks, is the sure and perfect working of the primary mind in these creatures. All the tissue of the body is all the time aware. The blood is awake: the whole blood-system of the body is a great field of primal consciousness... When a bee leaves its hive and circles round to sense the locality, it is... establishing a primary *rapport* between its own, very tissue and the tissue of adjacent objects. » *S. M. 135.*

80. « The primary or sensual mind of man expresses itself most profoundly in myth... Myth is the utterance of the primary self-knowledge of the dynamic psyche of man... (which)... utters, in terms more of less monstrous, its own fundamental knowledge of its own genesis. Owing to the great coordination of everything in the universe, the genesis of the psyche of the human species is at the same time the genesis of the sun, the moon, and the thunderbolt: indeed, the genesis of everything... And the clue or active quick of the creative mystery lies in the human psyche... Hence the only form of worship is *to be*: each man to be his own self, that which has issue from the mystery and takes form as an inscrutable self. In the soul, the self, the very man unto himself, the god-mystery is active and evident first and foremost. » *S. M. 136-137.*

81. « The progress of religion is to remove all that is repugnant to reason, and the progress of science is towards a reconciliation with the personal, passional soul. The last steps remain to be taken, and then man can really begin to be free, really to live his whole self, his whole life, in fulness... When the unison between art and philosophy is complete, then knowledge will be in full, not always in part, as it is now. » *S. M. 138.*

84. « ... both asserted.. the triumph of the will of man and of the laws of the mechanical universe, over the creative mystery itself. » *S. M. 58.*

85. « They wanted to have power over all immediate life... lusting in their dark power to annihilate all living impulses... Into Puritanism and Calvinism had already entered the dangerous *negative* religious passion of repression... » *S. M. 25.*

88. « This vast mechanical concord of innumerable machine-parts... is the clue to the western democracy. » *S. M. 27.*

89. « And as long as we believe in Equality, so long shall we grind mechanically till, like most Jews, we have no living soul, no living self, but only a super machine faculty which will coin money. » *S. M. 85.*

90. « This is not the reality of America. It is only the reality of our own negation that the vast aboriginal continent reflects back at us. There will come an America which we cannot foretell, a new creation on the face of the earth, a world beyond us. The early Christianity produced monstrous growths, monstrous reflections of the world then dying, distorted and made huge by the new spirit. These monstrosities, like

enormous horrifying phantoms that men do not care to remember, disappeared, leaving the new era to roll slowly on the the European summer. So the mechanical monstrosity of the West will presently disappear. » *S. M. 28-29.*

92. « He can only see insects, birds, and snakes in their own pristine being. » *S. M. 61.*

93. « All futurity for him lay latent, not in the white woman, but in the dark, magnificent presence of American warriors, with whom he would be at one in the ultimate atonement between races. » *S. M. 96.*

95. « It is probable that even the blood as it runs has its own sympathies and responses to the material world, quite apart from seeing. » *S. M. 116, 126.*

96. « The woman isolate or in advance of man is always mystically destructive. » *S. M. 143.*

97. « The Sea, the great Waters, is the material home of the deep sacral-sexual consciousness. » *S. M. 235.*

100. « The Christians, phase by phase, set out actually to *annihilate* the sensual being in man... The aesthetes and symbolists, from Baudelaire and Maeterlinck and Oscar Wilde onwards, and nearly all later Russian, French and English novelists set up their reactions in the mind and reflect them by a secondary process down into the body. This makes a vicious living and a spurious art. It is one of the last and most fatal effects of idealism... But Whitman has gone forward in life-knowledge. It is he who surmounts the grand climacteric of our civilization. » *S. M. 255-256.*

101. « Whitman enters on the last phase of spiritual triumph. He really arrives at that stage of infinity which the seers sought. By subjecting the *deepest centres* of the lower self, he attains the maximum consciousness in the higher self: a degree of extensive consciousness greater, perhaps, than any man in the modern world. » *S. M. 256.*

104. « Now we must remember that the way, even towards a state of infinite comprehension, is through the externals towards the quick... The quick is the living being, the quick of quicks is the individual soul. And it is here, at the quick, that Whitman proceeds to find the experience of infinitude, his vast extension, or concentrated intensification into Allness. He carries the conquest to its end... The great oneness, the experience of infinity, the triumph of the living spirit, which at last includes everything, is here accomplished. » *S. M. 257.*

105. « So he pours forth his words, his chants of praise and acclamation. It is man's maximum state of consciousness, his highest state of spiritual being. Supreme spiritual consciousness, and the divine drunkenness of supreme consciousness... Thus Whitman becomes in his own person the whole world, the whole universe, the whole eternity of time. » ... « But even at his maximum a man is not more than himself. When he is infinite he is still himself. He still has a nose to wipe. » *S. M. 257-258.*

106. « ... his One Identity, his En-Masse, his Democracy, is only a half-truth, an enormous half-truth. The other half is Jehovah, and Egypt, and Sennacherib: the other form of Allness, terrible and grand, even as in the Psalms. » *S. M. 258.*

107. « The direction is twofold. Whitman's *one direction* becomes a hideous tyranny once he has attained his goal of Allness. His One Identity is a prison of horror, once realized. » *S. M. 259.*

108. « Creator, I looked at my creation;
created, I looked at myself, the creator:
it was a maniacal horror in the end. » *C. P. 257.*

109. « But what is woman to Whitman? Not much: she is a great function — no more... The woman is reduced, really, to a submissive function. She is no longer an individual being with a living soul... Function of sex, function of birth...

Acting from the last and profoundest centres, man acts womanless. It is no longer a question of race continuance. It is a question of sheer, ultimate being, the perfection of life, nearest to death. Acting from these centres, man is an extreme being, the unthinkable warrior, creator, mover and maker.

And the polarity is between man and man. Whitman alone of all moderns has known this positively. Others have known it negatively, *pour épater les bourgeois*. But Whitman knew it positively, in its tremendous knowledge, knew the extremity, the perfectness and the fatality.

... And he tells the mystery of manly love, the love of comrades. Continually he tells us the same truth: the new world will be built upon the love of comrades, the new great dynamic of life will be manly love. Out of this inspiration the creation of the future. » *S. M. 260-261.*

110. « But creative life must come near to death, to link up the mystic circuit. The pure warriors must stand on the brink of death. So must the man of a pure creative nation. » *S. M. 262.*

111. « A wife or husband who sets about to annul the old, pre-marriage affections and connections ruins the foundations of marriage. And so with the last, extremest love, the love of comrades... The ultimate comradeship is the final progression from marriage; it is the last seedless flower of pure beauty, beyond purpose. But if it destroys marriage it makes itself purely deathly. In its beauty, the ultimate comradeship flowers on the brink of death. But it flowers from the root of all life upon the blossoming tree of life.

The life-circuit now depends entirely upon the sex-unison of marriage. This circuit must never be broken. But it must be still surpassed. We cannot help the laws of life. » *S. M. 263.*

113. « I understand that the smut hunters want to raise a howl over you — *canaille!*... The essay on Whitman you may find it politic not to publish — if so leave it out altogether — don't alter it. The rest is unexceptionable. » *C. L. 595.*

114. « Whitman, at his best, is purely himself. His verse springs sheer from the spontaneous sources of his being. Hence its lovely, lovely form and rhythm: at the best. It is sheer, perfect human spontaneity, spontaneous as a nightingale throbbing, but still controlled, the highest loveliness of human spontaneity, undecorated, unclothed. The wole being is there sensually throbbing, spiritually quivering, mentally, ideally speaking. It is not, like Swinburne, an exaggeration of the one part of being. It is perfect and whole. The whole soul speaks at once, and it is too pure for mechanical assistance of rhyme and measure. The perfect utterance of a concentrated spontaneous soul. The unforgettable loveliness of Whitman's lines! » *S. M. 264.*

115. « One realm we have never conquered: the pure present... The most superb mystery we have hardly recognised: the immediate, instant self. The quick of all time is the instant. The quick of all the universe, of all creation, is the incarnate, carnal self. » *Poetry of the Present. C. P. 185.*

119. « But if you can't cure people of being frightened for their own existence, you'll educate them in vain. » *Phœnix 591.*

121. « Teach the three R's and leave the children to look out for their own aims. » *Phœnix, 594.*

122. « The odds against your earning your living are one in five thousand... There is no cure for this craven terror of poverty save in human courage and insouciance. » *Ib. 591.*

123. « Every teacher knows that it is worse than useless trying to educate at least fifty per cent of his scholars. Worse than useless: it is dangerous, perilously dangerous... For the uninstructible outnumber the instructible by a very large majority. » *Ib. 596.*

125. « Our present system of education is extravagantly expensive, and simply dangerous to our social existence. It turns out a lot of half-informed youth who despise the whole business of understanding and wisdom, and who realize that in a world like ours nothing but money matters. » *Ib. 599.*

126. « We've got to shape our course by some just idea. We shaped it by a faulty idea of equality and the perfectibility of man. Now for the true idea: either that or the precipice edge. » *Ib. 600.*

127. « And on this great first-truth of the pristine incomparable nature of every individual soul is founded, mistakenly, the theory of equality. » *Ib. 602.*

128. « Every man... shall have every opportunity to come to his own intrinsic fullness of being. » *Ib. 603.*

129. « We want quality of life, not quantity... We want distinct individuals, and these are incompatible with swarms and masses. A small, choice population, not a horde of hopeless units. » *Ib. 606.*

130. « They will be the life-priests of the new era. And the leaders, the inspectors, will be men deeply initiated into the mysteries of life,

adepts in the dark mystery of living, fearing nothing but life itself, and subject to nothing but their own reverence for the incalculable life-gesture. » *Ib. 607.*

131. « It is obvious that a system of education such as the one we so briefly sketched out... will inevitably produce distinct classes of society. » *Ib. 607.*

132. « The whole business will be to estimate the profound life-quality, the very nature of the child... his soul-strength and his soul-wisdom, which cause him to be a natural master of life... The highest quality will be living understanding, not intellectual understanding. » *Ib. 607.*

133. « The great volcanoes stand isolate. And at the same time the life-issues concentrate in certain individuals. Why it is so, we don't know. But why should we know? We are, after all, *only* individuals, we are not the eternal life-mystery itself.

And therefore there will always be the vast, living masses of mankind, incoherent and almost expressionless by themselves, carried to perfect expression in the great individuals of their race and time. As the leaves of a tree accumulate towards blossom, so will the great bulk of mankind at all time accumulate towards its leaders. We don't want to turn every leaf of an apple tree into a flower. And so why should we want to turn every individual human being into a unit of complete expression? Why should it be our goal to turn every coal-miner into a Shelley or a Parnell? We can't do either. Coal-miners are consummated in a Parnell, and Parnells are consummated in a Shelley. That is how life takes its way: rising as a volcano rises to an apex, not in a countless multiplicity of small issues.

Time to recognize again this great truth of human life, and to put it once more into practice. Democracy is gone beyond itself. The true democracy is that in which a people gradually cumulate, from the vast base of the populace upwards through the zones of life and understanding to the summit where the great man, or the most perfect utterer, is alone. » *Ib. 609.*

134. « ... a new, organic system... which depends on the profound spontaneous soul of men... Let us first of all have compulsory instruction of all teachers in the new idea. » *Ib. 611-612.*

136. « There is no evolving, only unfolding. The lily is in the bit of dust which is its begining, lily and nothing but lily: and the lily in blossom is a *nec plus ultra*: there is no evolving beyond... So also, a pure Chinaman: there is no evolving beyond, only a slipping back, or rather rotting back, through all the coloured phases of retrogression and corruption, back to nought. This is the real truth. Man was man in eternity, has been man since the beginnings of time, and is man in the resultant eternity, no evolution only unfolding of what *is* man. And the same with the Chinaman: no evolution beyond the Chinaman, none, none, none... There are animal *principles* in man, which totemism recognizes, but these have nothing evolutionary. » *C. L. 518*, 21. VII. 1917.

137. « Let the schoolmaster... watch the individual lads, to find out the living nature in each child, so that, ultimately, a man's destiny shall

be shaped into the natural form of that man's being, not as now, where children are rammed down into ready-made destinies, like so much canned fish. » ... « Big classes will not matter. The *personal* element, personal supervision, is of no moment. » *Phœnix, 613.*

138. « But no populace will ever know, by itself, what to do with its own soul... The populace partakes of the flower of life: only leaves of grass. And shall we hew down the Tree of Life for the sake of the leaves of grass ? » *Ib. 610.*

139. « So now that the human soul is drawing near the conclusion of one of its great phases... We have got to discover a new mode of human relationship... And we have then to establish a new morality. » *Ib. 615.*

142. « But living, naked, flesh-to-flesh contest. Fierce, tense struggle of man with man, struggle to the death... the purpose of pure, perilous delight in contest, and profound, mystic delight in unified motion. Drop morality... Teach fencing, teach wrestling, teach ju-jutsu, every form of fierce hand-to-hand contest. And praise the wounds... Rouse the old male spirit again. The male is always a fighter. » *Ib. 657-658.*

143. « ... we're an equipoise in difference — but in difference, mind, not in sameness. » ... « Let (men) realize that they must go beyond their women, projected into a region of greater abstraction, more inhuman activity. » « There, in these womanless regions of fight, and pure thought and abstracted instrumentality, let men have a new attitude to one another. Let them have a new reverence for their heroes, a new regard for their comrades: deep, deep as life and death... And the extreme bond of deathless friendship supports them over the edge of the known and into the unknown... Marriage and deathless friendship, both should be inviolable and sacred: two great creative passions, separate, apart, but complementary: the one pivotal, the other adventurous: the one, marriage, the centre of human life; and the other the leap ahead. » *Ib. 664-665.*

145. « I feel in a historical mood, being very near the end of Gibbon. The chief feeling is, that men were always alike, and always will be, and one must view the species with contempt first and foremost, and find a few individuals, if possible — which seems, at this juncture, not possible — and ultimately, if the impossible were possible, to *rule* the species. It is proper ruling they need, and always have needed. But it is impossible, because they can only be ruled as they are willing to be ruled: and that is swinishly or hypocritically. » *C. L. 561,* 3. VII. 1918.

146. « These are movements which have no deducible origin. They have no reasonable cause, though they are so great that we must call them impersonal. » *MEH, VII.*

147. « ... some welling-up of unknown powers... inside the hearts of men... are the fountains and origins of human history. And the welling-up has no ascribable cause. It is naked cause itself... Yet no one can predict them, because the mysterious and untellable motion within the hearts of men is in some way related to the motion within the earth, so that even

earthquakes are unaccountably related to man's psychic being, and dependent upon it. » *Ib. VII.*

148. « All that real history can do is to note with wonder and reverence the tides which have surged out from the innermost heart of man... Life makes its own great gestures, of which men are the substance. History repeats the gesture... » *Ib. VIII.*

149. « The two opposite races of Europe have now met. The dark-eyed, swarthy, wine-loving men from the sunny lands met with the fierce, blue-eyed men... » *Ib. 45.*

151. « The tree-worship, the worship of the Tree of Life seems always to have entailed human sacrifice. Life is the fruit of that Tree. And the Tree is dark and terrible, it demands life back again. » *Ib. 53.*

152. « We are bound to feel that these Gallo-Romans, ancestors of the modern French, were during this period spiritless, made for slavery... Charlemagne struggled to improve the condition of the great servile mass of these serfs or villeins. But they were too apathetic, and the Franks were too contemptuous of them altogether to trouble about them. The Gallo-Romans dragged on their degraded existence, caring nothing for freedom, filled with strange and sometimes horrible superstitions, loving to make pilgrimages to shrines, neglecting all work, desiring to inflict strange penances on themselves, and performing mysterious rites before trees and groves and springs, using charms and practising magic, and willing to commit strange crimes. » *Ib. 111-112.*

153. « This was one Estate claiming to act for the whole nation, the populace acting for king and nobles and asking for no consent. » *Ib. 239-240.*

154. « You can't save mankind by politics. Liberty is not salvation. » *Ib. 272.* « No wonder liberty so often turns to ashes in the mouth, after being so fair a fruit to contemplate. Man needs more than liberty. » *Ib. 291.*

155. « But Germany and Russia step from one extreme to the other, from absolute monarchy such as Britain never knew, straight to the other extreme of government, government by the masses of the proletariat, strange, and as it seems, without true purpose: the masses of the working people governing themselves they know not why, except that they wish to destroy all authority, and to enjoy all an equal prosperity. » *Ib. 305-306.*

156. « Therefore a great united Europe of productive working-people, all materially equal, will never be able to continue and remain firm unless it unites also round one great chosen figure, some hero who can lead a great war, as well as administer a wide peace. It all depends on the will of the people. But the will of the people must concentrate in one figure, who is also supreme over the will of the people. He must be chosen, but at the same time responsible to God alone. Here is a problem of which a stormy future will have to evolve the solution. » *Ib. 306.*

LIVRE II, CHAPITRE X (pages 615 à 648)

2. « She could give herself up to his activity. But she could not be herself, she *dared* not come forth quite nakedly to his nakedness, abandoning all adjustment, lapsing in pure faith with him... They were never *quite* together, at the same moment, one was always a little left out. » *W. L. 459-460.*

5. « And so I cross into another world
shyly and in homage linger for an invitation
from this unknown that I would trespass on.

I am very glad, and all alone in the world,
all alone, and very glad, in a new world,
where I am disembarked at last.

I could cry with joy, because I am in the new world, just [ventured in.
I could cry with joy, and quite freely, there is nobody to know.

And whosoever the unknown people of this unknown world may be
they will never understand my weeping for joy to be adventuring [among them
because it will still be a gesture of the old world I am making
which they will not understand, because it is quite, quite foreign [to them. » *C. P. 256.*

6. « Skies, trees, flowers, birds, water,
people, houses, streets, vehicles, machines,
nations, armies, war, peace-talking,
work, recreation, governing, anarchy,
it was all tainted with myself, I knew it all to start with
because it was all myself.
When I gathered flowers, I knew it was myself plucking my own [flowering.
When I went in a train, I knew it was myself travelling by my [own invention.
When I heard the cannon of the war, I listened with my own [ears to my own destruction.
When I saw the torn dead, I knew it was my own torn dead body.
It was all me, I had done it all in my own flesh. » *Ib. 256-257.*

7. « I was a lover, I kissed the woman I loved,
and God of horror, I was kissing also myself.
I was a father and a begetter of children,
and oh, oh horror, I was begetting and conceiving in my own [body. » *Ib. 257.*

8. « I buried my beloved; it was good, I buried myself and was gone. » *Ib. 257.*

9. « ... then I am here
... risen, not born again, but risen, body the same as before,
new beyond knowledge of newness, alive beyond life,

... living where life was never yet dreamed of, nor hinted at,
here, in the other world, still terrestrial
myself, the same as before, yet unaccountably new. » *Ib. 258.*

11. « Yet rising from the tomb, from the black oblivion
stretching out my hand, my hand flung like a drowned man's
[hand on a rock,
I touched her flank and knew I was carried by the current in
[death
over to the new world, and was climbing out on the shore,
risen, not to the old world, the old, changeless I, the old life,
wakened not to the old knowledge
but to a new earth, a new I, a new knowledge, a new world
[of time. » *C. P. 260.*

12. « The unknown, strong current of life supreme
drowns me and sweeps me away and holds me down
to the sources of mystery, in the depths,
extinguishes there my risen resurrected life,
and kindles it further at the core of utter mystery. » *C. P. 260.*

16. ... « moving in freedom more than the angels,
conditioned only by our own pure single being,
having no laws but the laws of our own being. » *C. P. 267.*

17. « Then the dumb, aching, bitter, helpless need,
the pining to be initiated,
to have access to the knowledge that the great dead
have opened up for us, to know, to satisfy
the great and dominant hunger of the mind;
man's sweetest harvest of the centuries, sweet, printed books,
bright, glancing, exquisite corn of many a stubborn
glebe in the upturned darkness;
I thank mankind with passionate heart
that I just escaped the hunger for these,
that they were given when I needed them,
because I am the son of man.
I have eaten, and drunk, and warmed and clothed my body,
I have been taught the language of understanding,
I have chosen among the bright and marvellous books,
like any prince, such stores of the world's supply
were open to me, in the wisdom and goodness of man.
So far, so good,
wise, good provision that makes the heart swell with love. »
C. P. 263-264.

19. « To be, or not to be, is still the question.
This ache for being is the ultimate hunger. » *C. P. 265.*

21. « ... the North Americans lusted spiritually for utter repression in the sensual or passional self. The New Englanders, wielding the sword of the spirit backward, struck down the primal impulsive being in every man, leaving only a mechanical, automatic unit. » *S. M. 27.*

23. « Don't touch me and appreciate me.
It is an infamy.
You would think twice before you touched a weasel on a fence as it lifts its straight white throat.
Your hand would not be so flig and easy.
.. ..
Is there nothing in me to make you hesitate ?
I tell you there is all these.
And why should you overlook them in me ? » *C. P. 255-256.*

25. « But there is another kind of poetry: the poetry of that which is at hand: the immediate present. In the immediate present there is no perfection, no consummation, nothing finished. The strands are all flying, quivering, intermingling into the web, the waters are shaking the moon. There is no round, consummate moon on the face of running water, nor on the face of the unfinished tide. There are no gems of the living plasm. The living plasm vibrates unspeakably, it inhales the future, it exhales the past, it is the quick of both, and yet it is neither. There is no plasmic finality, nothing crystal, permanent. If we try to fix the living tissue, as the biologists fix it with formalin (a), we have only a hardened bit of the past, the bygone life under our observation. » *C. P. 182.*

26. « Do not ask for the qualities of the unfading timeless gems. Ask for the whiteness which is the seethe of mud, ask for that incipient putrescence which is the skies falling, ask for the never-pausing, never-ceasing life itself... the quality of life itself, without denouement or close. There must be the rapid momentaneous association of things which meet and pass on the forever incalculable journey of creation: everything left in its own rapid, fluid relationship with the rest of things. » *Ib. 183.*

27. « The utterance is like a spasm, naked contact with all influences at once. It does not want to get anywhere. It just takes place. » *Ib. 185.*

28. « It is the novelists and dramatists who have the hardest task in reconciling their metaphysic, their theory of being and knowing, with their living sense of being. Because a novel is a microcosm, and because man in viewing the universe must view it in the light of a theory, therefore every novel must have the background or the structural skeleton of some theory of being, some metaphysic... » *Phœnix, 479.*

29. « And the danger is, that a man shall make himself a metaphysic to excuse or cover his own faults or failure. Indeed, a sense of fault or failure is the usual cause of a man's making himself a metaphysic, to justify himself. » *Ib. 479.*

30. « ... the deliberate ideas of the man veil, conceal, obscure that which the artist has to reveal. This quality of duplicity which runs through so much of the art of the modern world is almost inevitable in an American book. The author is unconscious of it himself. And yet, all the time, the artist, who writes as a somnambulist, in the spell of pure truth as in a dream, is contravened and contradicted by the wakeful man and moralist who sits at the desk. » *S. M. 18.*

(a) We correct the misprint « formation ».

31. « The art-symbol or art-term stands for a pure experience, emotional and passional, spiritual and perceptual, all at once... Art communicates a state of being... (the) work of art is a subtle and complex *idea* expressed in symbols. » *Ib. 19.*

32. « ... the profound symbolic import which proceeds from his unconscious or subconscious soul, as he works in a state of creation which is something like somnambulism or dreaming. » *Ib. 19.*

33. « Also we must wake and sharpen in ourselves the subtle faculty for perceiving the greater inhuman forces that control us. » *Ib. 19.*

34. « Symbolism avoids the I and puts aside the egotist. » *C. L. 302,* XII, 1914.

37. « We should enjoy everything. » *W. L. 286.* « How could anything that gave one satisfaction be excluded ? » *W. L. 435.*

38. « We may not choose the world. We have hardly any choice of ourselves. We follow with our eyes the bloody and horrid line of march of extreme winter, as it passes away. But we cannot hold back the spring. We cannot make the birds silent, prevent the bubbling of the wood-pigeons. We cannot stay the fine world of silver-fecund creation from gathering itself and taking place upon us. Whether we will or no, the daphne tree will soon be giving off perfume, the lambs dancing on two feet, the celandines will twinkle all over the ground, there will be a new heaven and a new earth... Who can thwart the impulse that comes upon us ? It comes from the unknown upon us, and it behoves us to pass delicately and exquisitely upon the subtle new wind from heaven, conveyed like birds in unreasoning migration from death to life. » *Phœnix, 4-6.*

INDEX ALPHABETIQUE
DES NOMS PROPRES, DES PERSONNAGES DE LAWRENCE ET DES TITRES D'OUVRAGES CITÉS

Les noms et titres répertoriés renvoient aux pages, qu'il s'agisse du texte même ou des notes en bas de page. En ce qui concerne la note bibliographique, l'index renvoie aux sections I, II et III seulement. La liste des études critiques composant la section IV étant disposée en ordre alphabétique des noms d'auteurs peut être utilisée comme un index.

Les lectures de D. H. Lawrence ne sont indexées que par noms d'auteurs.

La table des matières détaillée et les sommaires analytiques plus complets figurant en tête des chapitres, peuvent servir d'index analytique.

Le code typographique suivant a été adopté:

Noms propres (personnes, lieux, etc.), bas de casse: Balzac.

Personnages de D. H. Lawrence, petites capitales: MOREL, Paul.

Œuvres et recueils d'œuvres de D. H. Lawrence, italiques: *Phœnix, The Fox.*

Poèmes et recueils de poèmes de D. H. Lawrence, italiques précédées d'un astérisque: * *After Many Days,* * *Amores.*

Autres titres (ouvrages et périodiques), capitales italiques: *SON OF WOMAN, THE ENGLISH REVIEW.*

Les titres de recueils partiels de poèmes qui ne figurent pas à la liste des abréviations (page 729) sont abrégés comme suit dans l'Index:

Am Amores.
BBF Birds, Beasts and Flowers.
Lk Look! we have come through.
NP New Poems.

Le fait qu'un même titre de poème soit suivi de deux abréviations indique l'existence de deux variantes du même poème.

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VU ET PERMIS D'IMPRIMER

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Fig. 1. — La famille Lawrence. *De gauche à droite :* Emily, George, Ernest ; Ada, Mrs Lawrence, Mr. Lawrence. Cf. livre I, chapitre I, p. 31. (Photographie due à l'obligeance du professeur Warren Roberts, The University of Texas.)

Fig. 2 *a*. — « Le Boursier du Roi », 1905. « La photo dont on avait dit qu'elle était celle d'un intellectuel poseur, mais qui était en réalité celle d'un jeune garçon sensitif, alerte et exquis. » *A Modern Lover*, C.S.St. 8. (Photographie parue dans *The Teacher*, 25 mars 1905. Reproduite avec la permission du British Museum.)

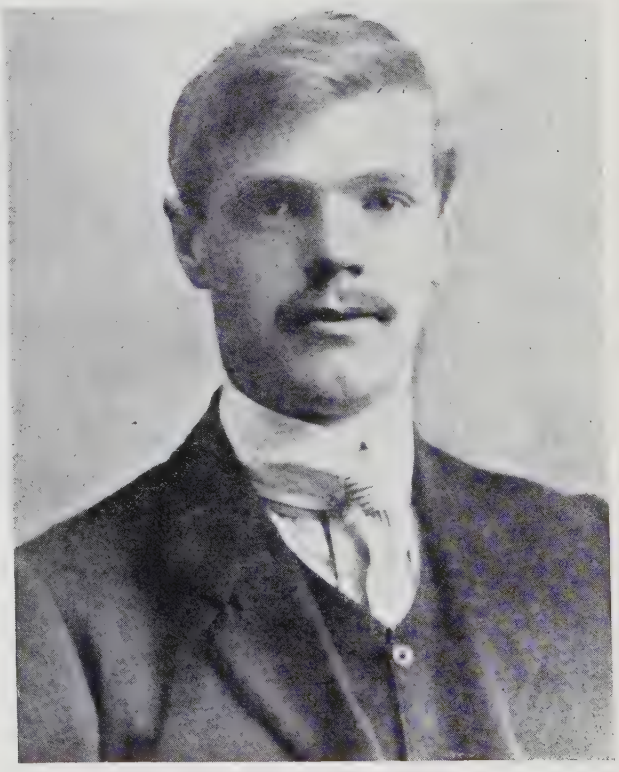

Fig. 2 *b*. — D. H. Lawrence en 1908. « Je ne suis pas aussi bien en réalité, mais je ne suis pas endimanché... Je n'ai pas souri, parce que je me sentais vaguement ridicule. Surprenant, n'est-ce pas ? » (C.L. 41). « Aimez-vous la photo ? Elle n'est pas mal. Elle me représente en gros ; elle est sans subtilité ni pénétration ; elle me plaît énormément ; j'aime me voir un peu rude, plutôt ordinaire, gras, assez viril » (C.L. 45). (Photographie due à l'obligeance de Mrs Margaret Needham.)

Fig. 3. — Jessie Chambers en 1913. « *Dans le bel éclair gris et noir de son regard, il vit des larmes et une étrange lueur, et au fond de tout cela, la calme acceptation d'elle-même, et un triomphe sur lui.* » *The Shades of Spring*, C.S.St.,202.(Photographie due à l'obligeance de Mr J. R. Wood.)

Fig. 4. — Frieda Weekley vers 1912. « *Un visage soulevé par l'impétuosité d'une vitalité naturelle... Elle avait quelque chose de la Gretchen. Mais ses yeux gardaient un curieux demi-sourire... Il y avait en eux une légère torsion qui ne parvenait pas à se relâcher, un rien de strabisme, comme de l'aversion pour lui, un soupçon de haine envers lui.* » *New Eve and Old Adam*, C.S.St. 71, 75-76. (Photographie due à l'obligeance du professeur Warren Roberts, The University of Texas.)

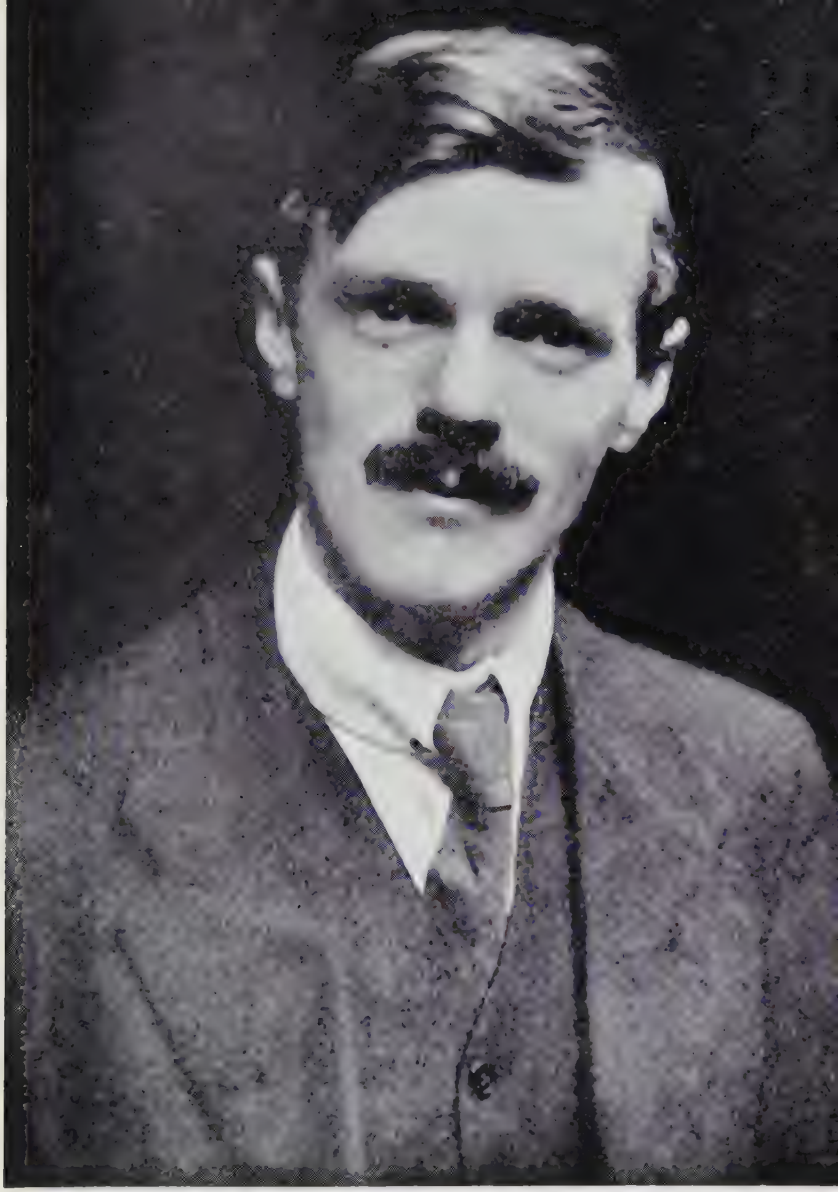

Fig. 5. — D. H. Lawrence en 1914. Voir livre II, chapitre Ier, p. 212 : « *Un Lawrence moins maigre avec de l'assurance dans le regard et le port de tête.* » Photographie due à l'obligeance du professeur Warren Roberts, The University of Texas.)

Fig. 6. — D. H. Lawrence vers 1915. « *J'ai été patraque et je me suis laissé pousser la barbe. Je me trouve hideux, mais elle est si chaude et si complète et elle vêt si bien ma nudité, qu'elle me plaît et que je la garde. Ne riez pas quand vous me verrez.* » C.L. 293. (Photographie due à l'obligeance du professeur Warren Roberts, The University of Texas.)

Fig. 7. — Hans Memling : *Triptyque du Jugement Dernier* (Muzeum Pomorskie de Gdansk). Ce volet figure en frontispice de Jenner, *Christian Symbolism*. On y retrouve les thèmes lawrenciens du Saint-Esprit, de l'Anneau ou Arc-en-ciel, des élus et des damnés, etc. (Reproduit grâce à l'obligeance et avec la permission de l'Ambassade de Pologne à Paris.)

Fig. 8. — Botticelli : *Nativité mystique* (National Gallery, Londres.) Voir livre II, chapitre VI, p. 448. « *Aucun symbole, mais... un système complexe de cercles, de mouvements tournant sur leur plan horizontal, autour d'un centre immobile, le tout édifié en forme de dôme, ce dôme surpassé par un autre cycle chantant à ciel ouvert... Cycles de joie, moments d'embrassement, danses en rond... sans solution.* » *Phœnix*, 460-461. (Reproduit avec la permission de la National Gallery, Londres).

Fig. 9. — Raphaël : *Madonna degli Ansidei* (National Gallery, Londres). « *Et Raphaël, en parvenant à la solution symbolique pure, a surpassé l'art, est devenu pour ainsi dire une mathématique. Or résoudre n'est jamais l'affaire de l'art : seulement déclarer.* » Voir livre II, chapitre VI, *The Rainbow*, p. 448 et *Phœnix*, 461. (Reproduit avec la permission de la National Gallery, Londres.)

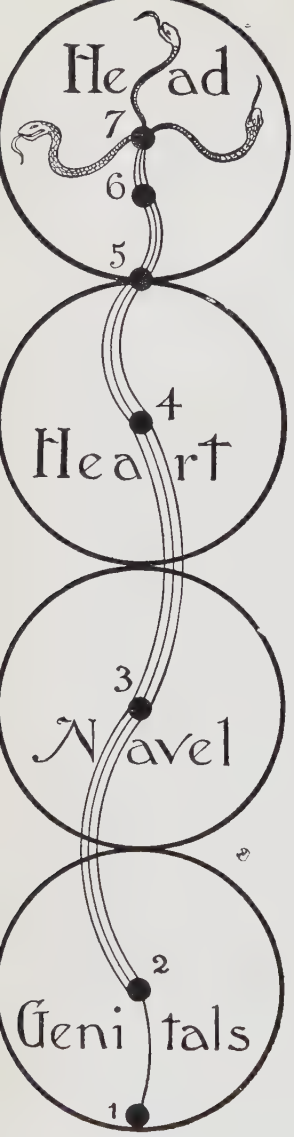

Fig. 10 *a*. — *Les Chakras*, diagramme de J. M. Pryse dans *The Apocalypse Unsealed*, p. 26. Lorsque le serpent Kundalini qui sommeille le long de la colonne vertébrale est éveillé, le voyant entend les sept « sons de l'esprit », puis la vue et l'ouïe se confondent en un seul sens ; il entend les couleurs et voit les sons... Goût et odorat se confondent et les deux sens procédant ainsi de quatre, s'unifient en un sens intime du toucher, qui à son tour se transforme en puissance gnostique du voyant, qui voit par la glande pinéale ou conarium. Voir livre II, chapitre VII, pp. 510-511 et notes 77 et 78. (Reproduit avec la permission du British Museum, Londres.)

Fig. 10 *b*. — *Les Oies de Meîdoum*. Voir livre II, chapitre VII, *Women in Love*, p. 492, note 16. Maspéro, *Egypte*, pp. 92 et 95. (Reproduit grâce à l'obligeance de M^me^ Ch. Desroches-Noblecourt, Musée du Louvre, et avec la permission de la Librairie Hachette.)

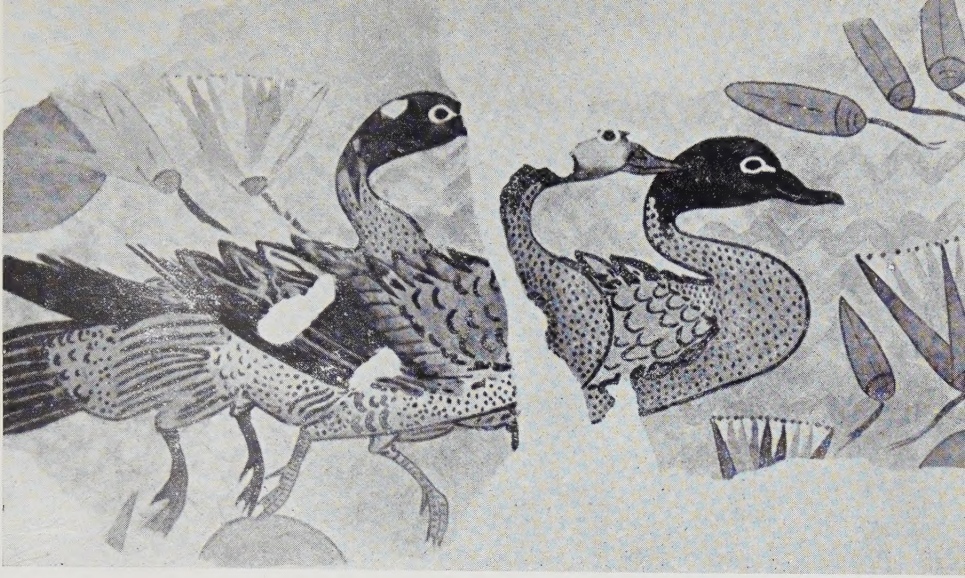

FIG. 11 *a*. — *Canards croisant entre les lotus, villa d'Aménothès III à Médinet-Habou :* Maspéro, *Egypte*, fig. 278 et p. 165. « *La chaude et brûlante centralité d'une oie dans le flux de l'eau froide et de la boue..., le feu de la boue qui brûle lentement, le mystère des lotus.* » (*Women in Love*, 91.) Cf. livre II, chapitre VII, p. 492, notes 17-18. (Reproduit grâce à l'obligeance et avec la permission de la Librairie Hachette.)

FIG. 11 *b*. — *Lutteurs de Beni Hassan :* Maspéro, *Egypte*, p. 111, fig. 197. Voir livre II, chapitre VII, p. 492, note 17. La lutte de Birkin avec Gerald (*Women ih Love*, chapitre XX) doit-elle quelque chose à ces images ? (Reproduit grâce à l'obligeance et avec la permission de M^me^ Ch. Desroches-Noblecourt, Musée du Louvre.)

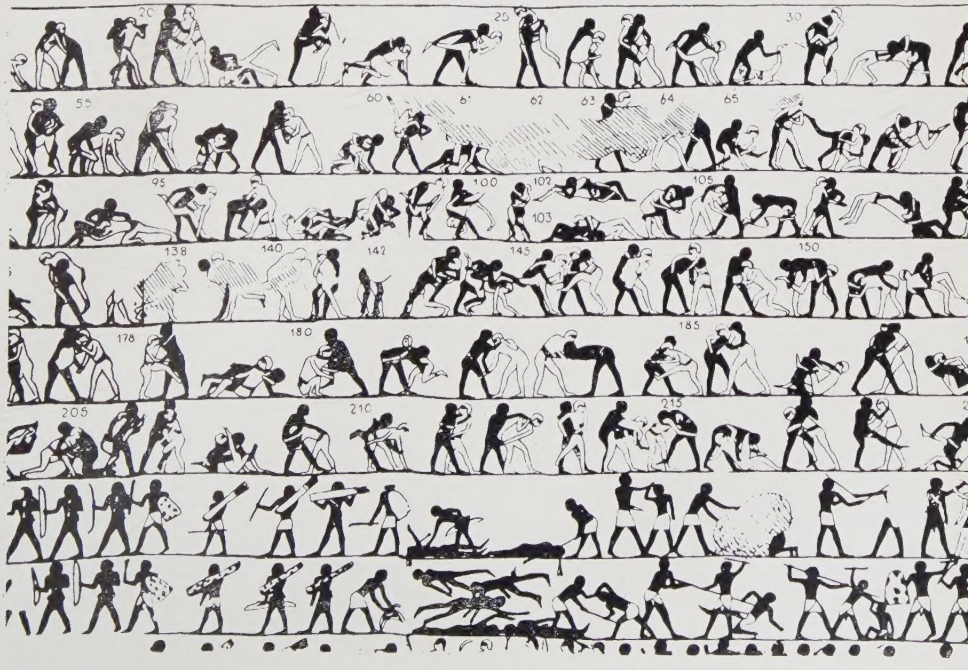

Fig. 12. — Mark Gertler : *The Merry-Go-Round*, 1916. Voir livre II, chapitre VII, pp. 490 et 528-529. « *Le grand et définitif cri de mort de notre époque... Il fallait un Juif pour peindre cette toile* » (C.L. 477.) « *Des paysans et des artisans dans une orgie de plaisir, tournoyant ridiculement dans des carroussels,... une frénésie de mouvement chaotique.* » (*Women in Love*, 446-447.)

« *C'est étonnant comme ça vous saoûle*
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête... » (Verlaine.)

(Reproduit avec la permission de la Ben-Uri Gallery, Londres.)